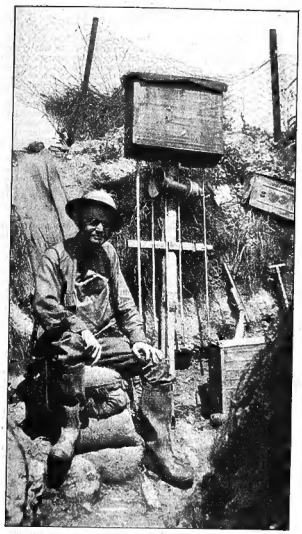
Branch Offices:
Chicago, Ill.
325 West Jackson Street
St. Louis, Mo.
505 North 7th Street
San Francisco, Cal.
985 Market Street

PICTORIAL REVIEW
NEW YORK
(Registered in the U. S. Patent Office)
ISSUED THE FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH AND DATED ONE MONTH IN ADVANCE
EDITED BY ARTHUR T. VANCE

Branch Offices:
Atlanta, Ga.
82-84 North Broad Street
Boston, Mass.
116 Bedford Street
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
263-267 Adelaide Street, West

VOL. XX. No. 3
DECEMBER, 1918



A Photograph of the Author in a Front Line Trench near Château-Thierry

Which Is the German Spy?

MAJOR LAND of the United States Secret Service is carrying a vital message from Paris to Washington. It is wrapped in silk. The Kaiser must know the contents of that package or all his plans to conquer the world will be frustrated. How to secure the package is his problem.

Two beautiful girls leave Belgium for America. One is a loyal Belgian. One is a German spy. They are both taken on board Major Land's ship from a German submarine. One of the girls is after that silk package. But which one is the spy? That's the question!

This is the theme of the most thrilling, most mystifying spy-story we have ever seen, read, or heard of—

"WRAPPED IN SILK"

By Clarence Budington Kelland

Author of "Sudden Jim," "The Source," Etc.

Mr. Kelland wrote this novel in France within sound of the big guns. It is the most baffling, mysterious, and entertaining story you could ever read.

Begin it in PICTORIAL REVIEW for January and you can finish it in two instalments after that. A complete novel in three issues.

Subscription Price:
$2.00 the year in the United States and Canada
Single copies 20 cents

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
WILLIAM PAUL AHNELT, President and Publisher
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING, 214-226 West 39th Street, NEW YORK

In sending notice of change of address, be sure to send previous address as well

PICTORIAL REVIEW is published by The Pictorial Review Company, 214-226 W. 39th Street, New York. William Paul Ahnelt, President and Treasurer; Chas. W. Nelson, First Vice-Pres.; Everett D. Trumbull, Second Vice-Pres.; Jay A. Weber, Secretary; Paul Block, Advertising Director; B. A. Mackinnon, Circulation Director
Copyright, 1918, by The Pictorial Review Company, in the United States and Great Britain. *Entered as Second-class Matter September 26, 1899, at the Post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Copyright, Committee on Public Information

YOUR BOY AND MINE

Copyright, Committee on Public Information

CONDUCTED BY

IDA CLYDE CLARKE

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Developments on the battle-fields of Europe, and consequent expansion of our own national war plans, bring quick changes, but Mrs. Clarke is in close touch with war activities at Washington and will be glad to continue to answer questions that may be of interest to the families of our enlisted men. Address enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelop: Mrs. Ida Clyde Clarke, Pictorial Review Washington Bureau, 707 20th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Don't Worry about Your Insurance Policy

I AM asked to state that relatives of enlisted men need not feel worried because they do not have insurance certificates in their possession. Possession of the certificate is not necessary to enforce a claim for insurance. The Bureau of War Risk Insurance has a large force at work day and night mailing these certificates to beneficiaries. The total amount of insurance applied for by men in the army exceeds $25,000,000,000. It does no good to write to the Bureau, and only increases its work.

Isn't This a Fine Showing?

A HEALTH rate, which as far as known has never been surpassed, has been established by the American Armies both here and overseas. In a single week in Midsummer the combined reports of the American Expeditionary Forces and of troops stationed in the United States show an annual death-rate for disease of 1.9 per thousand—less than two men per thousand per year. The annual death-rate from disease of men of military age in civil life is 6.7 per thousand. This new rate is based on an approximate strength of 2,500,000 men and includes men living under abnormal conditions. The overseas record was made while American soldiers were participating in the heavy fighting in the Marne salient, when they were frequently compelled to sleep and eat under the most primitive conditions. That this record is truly representative of the general health of the troops is shown by the combined reports which indicate the figure of 2.8 per thousand as the average death-rate from disease during the past two months. An idea of the progress being made in military sanitation is gained by a comparison with the following:

During the Mexican war, the annual death-rate from disease was 100 per 1,000. During the Civil War, the rate in 1862 was 40 per 1,000, while during 1863, the rate jumped to 60 per 1,000. The disease death-rate for the Spanish-American war was 25 per 1,000.

As far as available records show, the lowest figure heretofore recorded was 20 per 1,000 during the Russo-Japanese war.

Take Courage from This

OF ALL the soldiers sent to the hospitals, only 45 in every 1,000 die. These include those who die of disease as well as those who die of wounds. Of all soldiers wounded in action, more than four-fifths return to service, many of them in less than two months. It is necessary to discharge for physical disability only 14.5 per cent. These figures are official. They are based on an average of both British and French official reports, including both officers and men.

Small Losses in the Air

OFFICIAL figures authorized by the Division of Military Aeronautics from September 1, 1917, to July 20, 1918, inclusive, show that the United States Army instructors in the Air Service schools have established a new minimum record for losses sustained in the training flights. The average, in round numbers, is one man killed for every 3,300 hours of flying in the United States. This is a new world record for safety in training airmen in war time. Fatalities reported are as follows: Officers, 74; cadets, 65; enlisted men, 9; civilian instructors, 7; total, 155.

Consider the Source

COLONEL CHURCHILL, chief of the military intelligence branch of the General Staff, has directed attention to recently published letters from American prisoners of war in German camps in which the prisoners speak of the excellence of the food and general treatment of the prisoners. An officer of the military intelligence branch, who spent two years of the war in Germany, reports that there are certain rules laid down for all prisoners in letter-writing. The price they pay for the transmission of their letters is that they must state that they are well treated, also that the food is good and that they are contented. The letters of the prisoners are carefully censored at the camp, and any statements made contrary to the rules laid down for letter-writing simply means destruction of the letter. It is, therefore, concluded that any information coming from American prisoners in Germany is absolutely unreliable and should not be repeated as in any way authentic.

Can You Take Good Pictures?

THE Signal Corps announces an urgent need for a large number of men to engage in the compilation of a pictorial history of the war. About 60 more lieutenants and as many sergeants, first class, are to be selected for this work, and a few commissions are being given to men direct from civil life whose experience is ample enough to justify this procedure. Other men will be sent temporarily to the Signal Corps School of Photography at Columbia University, New York City, where they will be taught not how to take pictures, but rather what kind of pictures to take. Many of the men commissioned will become staff officers of army divisions, and as such will be in charge of the work of making a pictorial history of the activities of that division from the time of organization through active participation in the conflict. The successful newspaper photographer represents most nearly the type of man needed, that is to say, he must have a "nose for news" in addition to being able properly to set and expose his camera. A military photographer must possess a generous amount of initiative and originality, for he will have to act as his own boss, his own director, and dig up the type of picture that really tells the story.

The Signal Corps states that appointment will depend almost entirely on the man's previous experience. Application for service can be made and full particulars obtained by addressing the office of the *Chief Signal Officer, Photographic Section, Arcade Building, Washington, D. C.*

Can You Serve Here?

MEN are needed for active Red Cross field service in the military and naval camps in this country. This work includes: (1) Rendering emergency relief of every kind upon request and with the co-operation of the military authorities. (2) Helping soldiers who are worried about their families and affairs by communicating with their homes through local Red Cross organizations in every part of the United States. (3) Keeping in sympathetic touch with men in base hospitals, communication with families of patients, if necessary, and the furnishing of emergency supplies when called upon. (4) Supervising distribution of all Red Cross supplies, such as sweaters, socks, comfort-kits, etc. The qualifications demand high-grade men beyond draft age, acquainted with business methods, and with ability to deal successfully in a personal manner with other responsible men; they should be possessed of tact, forbearance, discretion, energy, and good personal appearance. Red Cross representatives in the camps have the status of officers.

While volunteers are desired, all expenses incurred by reason of Red Cross service will be paid, and where necessary a small salary in addition may be allowed. Acceptance of these positions will involve a personal sacrifice to any man who is qualified. This call is urgent, and offers a peculiarly desirable field for constructive patriotic service, as the volume of work to be executed is very large and is rapidly growing. If you are interested, write the *Bureau of Camp Service, National Headquarters, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.*

About Officers' Allotments

MANY inquiries are being received concerning officers' allotments. The following facts will answer many questions I am asked: Officers may make allotments to banks to their own credit. An officer can not allot his entire pay; the amount of the allotment must be less than the sum of the officers' base pay and longevity pay. Officers' allotments are paid between the first and fifth of the month following that in which the allotment accrued. If an officer's name appears on the casualty list, allotment is immediately discontinued. Application should be made to the Auditor for the War Department for all balances of pay and allowances due to the date of his death. If an officer is reported captured by the enemy, his allotment will be continued as usual. All correspondence concerning officers' allotments should be sent to *Officers' Allotment Branch, Centralizing Division, Office of the Quartermaster General, Washington, D. C.* Officers of the Army make allotments under a separate and distinct act from that authorizing War Risk Insurance. It is preferable that officers make allotments before leaving this country. However, allotments may be made by letter or cable from overseas. Officers should make payments on War Risk Insurance by deducting on their pay-vouchers each month to cover their premiums, or by sending checks to the War Risk Insurance Bureau. If premiums are not paid, his insurance will lapse.

This Is a Gratifying Report

WE HAVE reason to feel greatly encouraged over the reports recently compiled at five general hospitals concerning our wounded soldiers. Of the 537 cases sent to those hospitals from overseas and base hospitals, 151 have been returned to full duty and 212 have been returned to partial duty. Only 39 of these soldiers will be unable to follow their old occupations. A total of 363 will be able to return to their old employment and do efficient work despite their injuries. After the men reach the point where they are able to leave the hospitals they are instructed in shops and schools. Quartermasters repair shops are located near some of the hospitals and these are used to give instruction in mechanical occupations. At present 132 soldiers are taking courses in auto mechanics and repair work, while 151 are studying shorthand and typewriting.

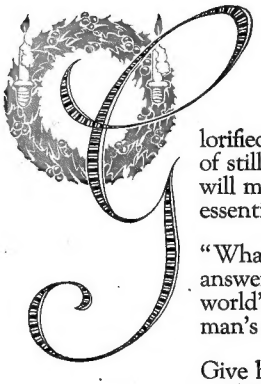
Democratizing the Army

THE War Department has promulgated a general order creating "The United States Army." The opening paragraph of the order says: "This country has but one army—the United States Army. It includes all the land forces in the service of the United States. Those forces, however raised, lose their identity in that of the United States Army. Distinctive appellations, such as the Regular Army, Reserve Corps, National Guard, and National Army, heretofore employed in administration and command, will be discontinued, and the single term, The United States Army, will be exclusively used." The chief of staff has been an advocate of this change and believes it will democratize our military establishment, as all promotions will be earned by merit only.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME



lorified by thoughts of deeds accomplished, and of still more work to do, the coming Christmas will mark an epoch in the elimination of "non-essentials" in every true American home.

"What shall I give him?" is a question easily answered in these important days when the world's work is being done on schedule—when man's most valued possession is Time.

Give him a watch—father, brother, sweetheart, husband, son—a Waltham, that stanch and never failing guide to a life of punctual activity.

See the many models at your jeweler's. Some exquisitely beautiful in the artistry of their slender lines and graceful contour. Others more suited to robust work, when such a watch is needed.

But all—no matter what their styles and sizes—possessing that faultless precision symbolic of the name they bear—a precision which brought the horological experts of the greatest nations to Waltham for their official time.

Give him a Waltham. No token of your affection or esteem will be so sincerely appreciated. No gift—through all a lifetime's faithful service—such an endearing reminder of one who thought and cared—and selected well.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

War Cake

A Conservation Delicacy—No Wheat, No Eggs, No Butter, No Milk

THE table at this season must have its dainties. Yet none of us would think for a moment of disregarding the wishes of the Food Administration. This recipe solves the problem.

You use Crisco instead of butter and to real advantage because Crisco more than takes the place of butter in richness, delicacy and uniformity. The best of butters vary in quality but Crisco never does.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Crisco-made cakes also have this advantage—they stay fresh and moist longer. Their texture is unusually fine.

Crisco is creamed edible oil, tasteless, odorless and purely vegetable. It easily blends with war flours and all other ingredients. It is a shortening you can depend upon any time and anywhere.

To use butter in cakes is an unnecessary expense for Crisco gives satisfactory results and it costs only about half as much as butter.

Careful housekeepers like Crisco because it comes to them safeguarded from impurities in sanitary, air-tight containers. Try it. Packages one pound and upward, net weight.

War Cake

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Mildred Maddocks, Director.

1 cupful water
1 cupful brown sugar
½ cupful Crisco
2 cupfuls seeded raisins
¼ teaspoonful grated nutmeg
1 teaspoonful cinnamon
½ teaspoonful cloves
½ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful soda
2¼ cupfuls barley flour
½ teaspoonful baking powder
(Use accurate level measurements)

Boil together for three minutes, the water, brown sugar, Crisco, raisins and spices. Let this mixture become thoroughly cold, then add the flour sifted with the salt, soda and baking powder. Beat these ingredients together thoroughly, and pour into a well Criscoed loaf pan. Bake in a slow oven for one hour.

Have You Seen "War Time Recipes"?

Here's a book by Janet McKenzie Hill that should be in the hands of every American woman. The editor of American Cookery tells how to use all substitute flours successfully and gives over 300 conservation recipes, appetizing foods that will save you money. The book is illustrated in color. If you have a copy yourself, it will make a nice little Christmas greeting to send to some young housekeeper. Published to sell for 25 cents, we will send a copy for 10 cents in stamps. Address Dept. N-12, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

PROCTER & GAMBLE STANDARD PRODUCTS

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Who's Who in Women's War Work

Leaders Who Take a Large Part in the War Activities of the Y. W. C. A.

MISS MABEL CRATTY

SINCE its formation in 1906, Miss Mabel Cratty has been general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. National Board. She is head of both the routine and emergency war work organizations. She is a magnetic speaker, and in spite of the huge amount of detail that is constantly on her mind, she keeps a personal relationship with a large proportion of the many war workers. Never for an instant does she lose sight of the supreme object of the Association, the upholding of Christian standards through personal service.

MISS HELEN DAVIS

HELEN DAVIS would be well known for her own sake even if she were not the sister of Dr. Katherine Bement Davis. She is executive secretary for the War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A., and all the war work of this organization, to the smallest detail, must pass through her very capable hands. Miss Davis administers the war work budget, which last year was five million dollars, and this year has advanced to the amount of fifteen million dollars.

MISS LENA PHILLIPS

FROM Lexington, Kentucky, came Miss Lena Phillips, a graduate of the University of that State. She studied law and practised it in Lexington until recently, when she gave up her practise to organize the Y. W. C. A. movement to mobilize business women throughout the entire country for war service of various kinds. The Y. W. C. A. cafeterias, where business women can obtain food at a minimum price, and the Y. W. C. A. standards for correct and appropriate business clothes, are well known factors all over the country.

MRS. JAMES S. CUSHMAN

AS CHAIRMAN of the War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A., Mrs. Cushman, of New York, has done good work. Recently she spent two months inspecting the work of the Association Secretaries on the other side, and her sane judgment has done much for the Y.W.C.A.

MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

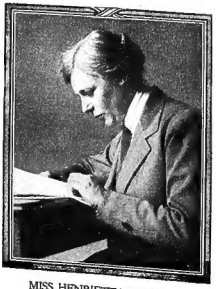
MRS. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., is chairman of the Housing Committee of the Y. W. C. A. War Work Council. Her pamphlet on the housing of women war workers is an authority, and under her supervision model dormitories have been built in several cities.

MRS. HARRY M. BREMER

DAUGHTER of a college professor and a graduate of Chicago University and the New York School of Philanthropy, Mrs. Harry M. Bremer's name is well known. She has done special investigating work for the Federal Government, and her remarkable executive ability has enabled her to solve many problems. Since 1910 she has been working at the head of the Y. W. C. A.'s department for the Americanization of foreign-born women. This includes translation work and the recruiting and training of workers. The International Service Bureau is a foreign-language press service conveying information of importance to women, such as food-conservation notes, etc.

MISS BLANCHE GEARY

MISS BLANCHE GEARY is one of the Y. W. C. A. housing experts. She planned the first Hostess House at Plattsburg, and there are now ninety-eight of them. She also opened, and managed for several months, the Hotel Petrograd in Paris, where American women war workers may be comfortable.



MISS HENRIETTA ROELOFS

THE canteens for French women munition workers which are called "Foyers des Alliées" (Foyers of the Allied Women) were started and organized by Miss Henrietta Roelofs. She also supervised the work for American nurses in base hospitals abroad.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

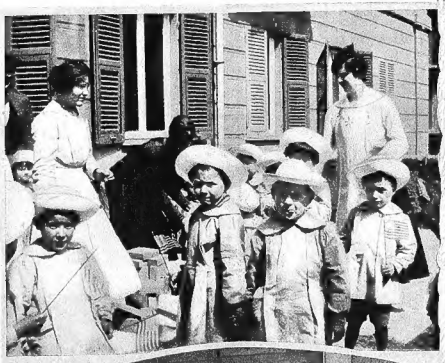
By the American Painter, Harry B. Lachman

Wounded by a German bomb, this little tot is being given a sun-bath by a Red Cross nurse. American gifts make this great work possible.

A Children's colony (above) established by the American Committee for Devastated France, in a château given by the French Ministry of War. Christmas to them will be what American generosity will make it.

This little Belgian girl (at the right), with only her kitten left, seems trying to remember her life before the Germans destroyed her home and killed her mother and sisters. The Red Cross cares for her.

These Italian children (shown below) have learned to know and love the Red Cross people from far-away America. Your gifts will help the Red Cross make a happy Christmas for them.



It Is More Blessed to Give than to Receive: A Suggestion for Christmas

TO MILLIONS of American children Christmas will bring good cheer and happiness. To the millions of children in war-stricken Europe the season of peace and good will can bring only suffering and desolation. How far this suffering will be alleviated, how much this desolation will be lessened, will depend on the kindness of American hearts and the generosity of American purses.

Are there children in your home? Teach them the joy of Christmas giving—spend at least a portion of your Christmas money in their name for the countless thousands of hungry, destitute babies in Europe; spend in memory of the babies of Belgium and France who have been impaled on bayonets and borne away by war-crazed brutes; spend and pray that your babies may be spared.

Are there little girls in your home? Remember the little girls of Belgium and France and Serbia who have been carried into a slavery that is far more horrible than death; teach your girls that it is more blessed to give than to receive; and teach them to consecrate their Christmas offerings to those little girls in far-away Europe who are less fortunate than themselves.

Oh, Mothers of America, remember those mothers of other lands who have seen their children slaughtered and their husbands bound and driven into the black unknown; remember the white-haired women of France and Belgium, the horrors they have witnessed and the suffering they have endured; remember how they have seen their husbands and their sons crucified because they dared to fight, that your homes may be kept safe. What you may spend for trifles in your comfortable American home may be enough to kindle a spark of hope on a darkened hearth in some distant, heart-broken land.

As you plan for the Christmas season, think of the two and a half million starving people in the Bible lands of Western Asia, including *four hundred thousand orphaned children*. Their pitiful eyes and haggard faces are turned toward America. A traveler relates that in one village through which he passed every house was deserted with the exception of one tiny cottage in whose door sat a tiny girl. The child had the face of an old woman, as she rocked back and forth, droning, "I'm hungry, I'm hungry." This instance could be multiplied by thousands. The death-rate in one section alone last year was *a thousand a day*. And this is the land where Christ once walked! Could you buy one useless gift while these millions starve? Five dollars a month will save a life. The Armenian, Syrian, and Greek Christians of Western Asia are scattered races to which the United States can not legally make a loan. Exiled from their homes, robbed of their possessions, wanderers in a desolate land, their only hope for life is in American charity. For centuries these people

Here was a bit of real Christmas cheer taken across the seas to French children last year made possible by gifts of American children to the American Committee for Devastated France.

This little girl is enjoying a real American bowl of soup served by a Red Cross mother. What would Christmas be to her without America?

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

© Underwood & Underwood

These children were wounded in a German air raid in England. Some of them will never be well again. Won't you see that Christmas means something to them?

American Red Cross Children's Dispensary, Rue de l'Avre, Paris (above); made possible by American benevolence. Will you help to keep this going?

This child (at the left) was found by the Red Cross in a room in Marseilles, France, with 200 other children and almost as many diseases and nationalities. Your gifts will help make happiness here.

Destitute refugee children (below) are provided with fresh clothing by the American Red Cross. This shows the Red Cross workers "in action."

have been upholders of the principles of freedom and liberty in the Near East. It has been for this that they have been so relentlessly pursued by the Turks. The Armenians were the first nation to adopt Christianity as its official religion. They have stedfastly adhered to it. They have not only "fought a good fight" but they have "kept the faith." Funds for this great cause are collected by a committee, whose administrative expenses are paid by two generous gentlemen, who pay all bills. Not one cent is diverted for expenses.

As you do your Christmas shopping think of "soup lines" of two and a half million people—two and a half million people standing in line—old people and sick people and little children—earnestly longing for the one bowl of soup that will help to keep life in their brave bodies! For this is the condition in Belgium as we prepare for our Christmas in great, safe, free America. Of the three million children in Belgium, more than a million and a quarter are absolutely dependent.

WHEN you hang your holly wreaths and light your Christmas candles, think of the devastated districts of France and the hundreds of thousands of innocent, unoffending, and helpless women and children, who, in addition to enduring the horrors and bereavements of war, are without sufficient food and shelter. In one district alone there are 50,000 families representing 250,000 persons who are homeless and destitute.

France is struggling with a serious milk shortage. Milk now costs thirty-two cents a quart, but at any price the quantity available does not take care of the most desperate needs. Babies, wounded soldiers, and convalescents are suffering for lack of milk. Our own boys are suffering and will suffer more acutely if they can not get milk. The death-rate of babies in warring Europe ranges from 38 to 98 per cent. Milk will reduce that rate. Will you help? One thousand and one hundred dollars will send a ton, or 8,400 quarts; $52.00 will send a hundred pounds; $5.20 will send ten pounds; $2.60 will send five pounds; 52 cents will send one pound; 13 cents will send one quart. This is the dry milk so highly endorsed by eminent physicians both here and abroad.

The readers of PICTORIAL REVIEW have invariably responded most generously whenever they have been directly appealed to. Let us make our Christmas contributions to war charity bigger than they have ever been before; and let us give in a spirit of love that will shed its light to the far corners of the world, a spirit of faith that the weary and the heart-sick will be sustained until we shall at last have again "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

NOTE—PICTORIAL REVIEW will gladly forward your contributions to the committees in charge of collecting funds. Which cause appeals to you most? A list of relief organizations is printed on page 58. Make your check or money order payable to the organization to which you wish to contribute and send it to the Editor of PICTORIAL REVIEW.

A little *repatrie* at the American Red Cross hospital at Evian, about to be given a true American Red Cross bath.

These little war orphans from Verdun find pamphlets and booklets made in America most interesting. The Red Cross sees to it that they are the right kind.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

YOUR PART IN WINNING THE WAR

CONDUCTED BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

THE need of women stenographers in the war work of the Government at Washington has become acute. On a single day the War Risk Insurance Bureau called for six hundred, and less than one-third of that number was available. The average regular demand is for about one hundred stenographers a week, and from sixty to ninety calls each week must go unheeded. There is more demand for stenographers than for any other class of workers. At this writing there is urgent need for sixteen hundred stenographers in Washington.

In order to stimulate an interest in this form of service and to drive home to American women the urgency of the need, a special stenographic recruiting office has been established in Washington under the Women's Section of the United States Employment Service. This bureau is in charge of Miss Margaret Frances Mitchell, who has taught stenography both in the day and night schools of New York City for a number of years. Miss Mitchell knows her job from the inside out. She can help you personally and definitely if you are willing to answer your country's call. She is going to make it her business to know that girls who come to Washington not only get jobs, but that they have satisfactory places to live and pleasant and wholesome surroundings both at work and at home.

The Government has appropriated $10,000,000 for the housing of government employes in Washington. There is a Government Welfare and Recreation League that will take care of the human side of the problem.

It is true that an official of the Civil Service Commission has said that fifty per cent. of the women who come to Washington to do war work get dissatisfied and leave. The new bureau is to analyze this situation, to find out the reason for this dissatisfaction, and to provide a remedy.

If you are a stenographer or contemplate being one, write to *Miss Margaret Frances Mitchell, Stenographic Division, Woman's Section, United States Employment Service, Washington, D. C.*

Write for this Booklet

A BOOKLET has been prepared by the *Information Department of the Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense, Washington, D. C.*, giving full information concerning Washington, including a map of the city, showing street-car systems, location of public buildings, etc., churches having special war activities, government recreational facilities for women workers, places to eat, etc. If you have any idea of coming to Washington, write to the Woman's Committee for this bulletin. It is free upon request.

Has Your Town an Honor Roll?

THE Council of National Defense is asking that each local community maintain an honor roll recording the names of all men in the service, with their achievements, dates of entry, and discharge. (No mention should be made of the organization to which the man belongs.) It is recommended that a committee from each community be appointed to read all official news and watch for and report news of local men. It is further recommended that this committee send, on behalf of the community, a letter to each man cited for special bravery, expressing the pride his fellow citizens feel in him, and their appreciation of the honor he has brought to his community. This letter of recognition should not be over a page in length and should be in such form as to merit permanent preservation. It should be signed in the name of the local council of defense, and should recite the specific deed of heroism commended. A copy of the letter should be given to the local newspapers and clippings of the papers should be mailed to the man in service. The committee should also address an appropriate communication to the next of kin of all men of the community whose names appear upon the list of casualties, and arrange for some individual of standing in the community to deliver the letter in person.

Pictorial Review's Washington Bureau Is at Your Service

IF YOU are interested in anything mentioned on this page write to the address given, as this is the quickest, surest way to get accurate, authentic information. Conditions are changing with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Before written words can be printed they may become inadequate to express a condition. Therefore, it is best to seek fresh information from its source. If in other ways I can help you, write to me. Problems are very individual things, hard for other people to solve, but sometimes it does help to talk things out. When you write send a stamped, self-addressed envelop to *Pictorial Review Washington Bureau, 707 20th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.*

Ida Clyde Clarke

Comfort-Bags for Soldiers

THE Paris branch of the American Fund for the French Wounded has made an especial appeal for comfort-bags for the soldiers in the hospitals. When brought in wounded from the field the soldier has usually lost his kit and is without so much as a handkerchief or tooth-brush. Some of the bags contained little folding checker-boards; and they say soap from this side is always welcome. A "Kewpie" doll that some one had tucked away in the corner of a comfort-bag amused an entire ward. Fifteen by fifteen inches is the best size for the bag, and, with restricted cargo space, they are even made as small as ten by twelve. They should be of brightly colored but strong cretonne, with stout tape draw-strings. There should be from six to ten articles in the bags; socks, tooth-brush, talcum powder, vaseline, soap, shaving-soap, wash-cloths, safety-pins, safety-razors, pocket-combs, mirrors, handkerchiefs (no red ones), sewing-kits, shoe-laces, knives, games, puzzles, chewing-gum, writing-pads, pencils, envelops, and a cheerful little message are suggested for the bags. These gifts may be sent to the *American Fund for French Wounded, 73 Park Avenue, New York City.*

MRS. IDA CLYDE CLARKE

Ten Patriotic Don'ts

A PATRIOTIC idea has been adopted by the French women, in the form of ten commandments which should be memorized by every woman in America. They are as follows:

(1) In your smallest expenditures never lose sight of the interests of the native land. (2) Economize on the products necessary for the life of the country—coal, bread, meat, milk, sugar, wine, butter, beans, cloths, leather, oil. Ration yourself as to food, clothing, amusements. (3) Save the products of French soil, lest some day you deprive your father, your son, your husband, who are shedding their blood to defend you. (4) Save the products that France must buy from foreign countries. Do not drain reserves of gold which are indispensable to victory. (5) Waste nothing. All waste is a crime which imperils the national defense—prolongs the war. (6) Buy only according to your needs. Do not hoard provisions: your selfishness raises prices and deprives those of small means of things indispensable to existence. (7) Do not travel unnecessarily. Reflect that our trains are, before all, destined for the transportation of the troops, the feeding of the population, the needs of our national production. (8) Do not remain idle. According to your age and your ability work for your country. Do not consume without producing. Idleness is desertion. (9) Accept without murmuring the privations which are imposed upon you. Reflect upon the sufferings of those who are fighting for you, upon the martyrdom of the population whose hearts have been devastated by the enemy. (10) Remember that victory belongs to those who can hold out a quarter of an hour the longest. That France may live, she must be victorious.

Women as Law Clerks

WOMEN are now eligible in the Government service as law and land law clerks. Applications should be filed with the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. Applicants will not be required to report for examination, but will be rated on physical ability, education, training, and experience. The entrance salaries of law clerks range from $1,000 to $1,400, and possibly as high as $1,800 a year, depending on qualifications and importance of duties to which assignment is made. The entrance salaries of land law clerks range from $900 to $1,000 a year, with possible promotion to $1,600.

Women in Y. M. C. A. Work

POSITIONS are now open to women on the secretarial staff of Y. M. C. A. workers. This has not been determined upon without due counsel and actual experiment. Since March 1 of this year women have been at work in the huts at Camp Upton as regular members of the Y. M. C. A. staff. They have proved their usefulness and adaptability to the work. So successful, indeed, has the trial been that the showing made by the women at Upton can be said to have been somewhat of a determining factor in the decision reached by the executive committee. Opening of the Y. M. C. A. ranks to women was forecast at the last meeting of the National War Work Council held June 3. In the budget adopted at that session was included an appropriation for the building in the large cantonments of dwellings to accommodate resident women workers. Houses for this purpose are now nearing completion in certain cantonments in the Eastern Division and the one at Camp Upton was recently opened to accommodate eighteen women who have been permanently added to the secretarial staff. It is significant that in every building where women have been used the secretaries unanimously favor their continuance, this attitude being especially noticeable where hostility was previously shown to their coming. Women may apply to the *Women's Division of the Personnel Committee, 1704 G Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

CHRISTMAS TRIUMPHANT

BY DR. FRANK CRANE

ILLUMINATION AND ILLUSTRATION BY RUTHERFORD BOYD

CHRISTMAS has conquered much of the world. It will conquer the rest.

At first thought Christmas does not suggest conquering. It calls up the vision of a little child, of a happy mother, of home and all things meek and gentle.

And when we speak of conquest we think of hard-limbed warriors, full of strange oaths, of cannon and falling cities, of mad horses charging, and of all things pitiless and fierce.

Why then this strange junction of Christmas and Triumph?

Because "the meek shall inherit the earth."

Because in the curious drama of time harsh creatures go down to extinction and gentle creatures persist.

Even before Man came upon the scene of evolution this improbable law is to be noted. Mastodons, huge and armored reptiles, sabre-toothed tigers, and other apparently unconquerable forms of life have disappeared. Only their fossil bones remain. They perished by their own ferocity. The truth in "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword" prevailed before ever there was any sword.

Love is tougher than hate. Hate goes down with the setting sun; love rises new every morning. Hate dies with the man; love is reborn in his children.

The mad war-lords of Russia have misread the code of destiny. The powers they believe in are frail. Violence, frightfulness and fury are frail. Like the Tyrannosaurus and the pterodactyl and other prehistoric monsters, they are doomed. They shall be buried in the rock-strata of history, covered over by the slow silt of truth and gentleness and honor.

For the sands of love flow inexhaustible from the hand of Almighty God, and at last bury all the proud grotesque monuments of man's hate.

The little Child Christmas goes on to conquer the earth. For his weapons are man's eternal instincts.

He has abolished gladiatorial games, piracy, brigandage, torture, and slavery from most of the world. For the delight in cruelty may reign for a time, but mercy is from generation to generation, becoming more dominant with the adulthood of the race.

Even now, in the greatest of wars, he is preparing the extinction of war. He will abolish war.

This conflict is not the fight of one nation against another. It is not the contention of rival militarisms. It is the revolt of mankind against the whole idea of military sway. It is the gathering together of all peoples and all nations to destroy the hideous organization of militarism which, conceived in the unclean body of autocracy, has issued forth to pollute creation.

The little Child is weeping in Belgium, in France, in Poland, in Russia, in Serbia, in Armenia. His body is peaked with starvation. He whimpers at the breast of his slain mother. And humanity will not endure that any manor men shall stride to power over mangled children.

The armies of the East and West therefore gather against the beasts of Germany. As they march a little child shall lead them. It is the Child Christmas. It is the spirit of love and duty advancing against its ancient foe.

For love is all-powerful. At last it will have its way. Armies will scatter before it and cannon melt. The cunning devices of the wicked shall come to naught in its presence.

Love Almighty! Suppressed here, it arises yonder. Driven from earth by men's madness, it steals back again, when next lovers meet in the spring and mothers hold babies to their hearts.

Love Almighty! Little Child Christmas! Not for nothing, through the dark ages, did the people worship the woman with the Child in her arms. It expressed the inexhaustible recognition of Love Almighty.

And some day Christmas, and all it stands for, shall triumph. Then shall all men's good be each man's rule and universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land, and like a lane of beams athwart the sea through all the circle of the golden year.

"Love Almighty! Little Child Christmas! Some day Christmas and all it stands for shall triumph!"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"His Eyes Traveled from One to the Other until We Were All Watching Him. 'Sell Me a Place, One of You! I'll Pay You Well for It!'"

THE MAN WHO JUMPED INTO THE SEA

The Story of a Man's Devotion: By Israel Solon

ILLUSTRATION BY HARVEY DUNN

EDITORS NOTE—The reader will take special interest in this spirited illustration by Harvey Dunn. It is the last picture this famous illustrator made before leaving for France. In fact he was just about to put on the finishing touches when he got the call from Washington to go. He is now with the American army in France.

I HAVE now slept twenty running hours; and, tho my mind feels perfectly clear on all subjects, and my memory of past events is sharp and distinct, I can not recall the beginning of the catastrophe. Why?

Can it be that I was struck on the head just then, and dazed? Or is it that I have a strong interest in forgetting the beginning? Can I be hiding from myself something of which I have reason to be ashamed? Could I have behaved shamefully when the lifeboats were being loaded? I wonder!

Or is it merely that I have lost the beginning of a memory that is blissfully slipping away from me, a memory that is being submerged below the level of my consciousness—because it is a painful memory? That may—that must be the cause of my forgetting. May not the pain of that memory make me forget it entirely? I had better put down at once what I still remember, put it down as I still recall it, before it all escapes me. Let me see——

Our arms and legs were frantically pushing our lifeboat away from the gray, heaving side of the *Heroica*, when some one shouted in terror, "Look out!"

I looked up and saw a man jumping high over us. He struck the water feet first, some distance beyond us. Instantly, he was up again, as if spit out by the sea. He shook the water out of his eyes, took a quick look around and began to swim toward us with a powerful crawl-stroke, tunneling his way easily through the swells. We were then opposite the engine-room. The *Heroica* was slowly turning over.

"Pull away from her! Pull away!" the same terrified voice again shouted. "She'll burst when the water hits her boilers!"

All the men on board suddenly let loose a stream of foul oaths. Children began to whine, a number of women wept convulsively, several became hysterical. Everybody's nerves seemed to have given way at once. There was a violent clashing of oars, hard breathing and pulling, but we seemed to be standing still. Suddenly, I felt our boat lurch, and women screamed. The man who had jumped into the sea was calmly trying to clamber into our boat.

"Get away!" "Keep away from us!" "Knock him on the head!" "Brain him, somebody!" we all shouted together.

"My name is Robert Scranton—Bob Scranton, president of the Scranton Steel Company," the man who had jumped into the sea replied calmly, as he let go of the boat. "The water is cold."

WE ALL knew of Bob Scranton from having read about him in the newspapers. It was said of him that he bent men to suit his purpose, that he handled men as a Japanese gardener handles plants. It was not what others might wish for themselves, but the end he had in mind for them that mattered at the last accounting. And what we knew of him made us fear pitting our strength against him.

"The water is cold. There isn't another boat in sight," Bob Scranton argued. "We may have to hang on all night."

I looked at my watch. It was six-twenty. Nobody made any attempt to argue with him or reply. There was nothing we wanted to argue with him, no reply that we could make, other than to repeat that we were already overloaded. That he could see for himself. We wanted him to leave us alone.

He said nothing more. His short-cropped

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

gray hair stood up glistening and erect; and his cool eyes searched us out, slashed and jabbed at us began sending a stream of everything loose into the sea—chairs, cushions, hammocks, men's and women's hats, umbrellas and sunshades. I recognized a beautifully embroidered blue Japanese umbrella of split bamboo as belonging to Miss Flanders, and was strongly tempted to rescue it.

Poor little Josephine Flanders! With her deep-red hair and her deep-blue eyes, her thin little nose and upturned little chin! How careful she had been of her pink-and-white skin! How she had feared freckles! She had now slid down to the bottom of the boat and lay at my feet, a frail little, soft little handful. I could feel the warmth of her body. The *Heroica*, Bob Scranton splashing alongside our boat, had left my mind.

The crew suddenly dipped oars and began to pull with all their might, rocking forward and back with jaws set and muscles tensed. And the race was on. Bob Scranton turned on his face and followed us without a word. He followed us calmly, deliberately, easily. One after the other, his arms came out of the water and plunged in again, with a regularity controlled as by an instinct. There was no sign of alarm, and certainly none of panic. And as he said nothing, we could only guess at his intentions.

IT WAS a shadowless day. The sky, a dirty yellowish-gray, hung over us like a patched circus tent, and seemed to be touching the water a hundred feet away. Bob Scranton raised his head above the water and eyed us, the water guttering down his strongly lined face. We avoided his gaze.

It was an absurd, contemptible, cowardly race, monstrous and demoralizing. Bob Scranton, like a gray wolf, wiry and tenacious; and we, a boatload of men and women, running before him like a herd of cattle. Why were we running? We fled without knowing why, without thinking where, because we feared him and did not want to be near him. Suddenly, we heard a loud gurgling and hissing, followed by the sound as of some heavy body rolling on a carpeted floor. Our boat came to a sudden stop. We looked up in time to see the *Heroica* break in two and go hissing and sizzling to the bottom of the sea. It was all over in less than half a minute.

Josephine Flanders turned up her eyes at me, deep-blue, pleading eyes. The pink had all gone out of her face. Her skin was yellow. She was no longer good to look upon, tho the warmth of her body was good. It seemed incredible that she should have changed so pitifully in so short a time. Her lips moved but made no sound. Then she collapsed. I bent over her and chafed her hands gently, but she gave no signs of life. I dipped my hand over the side of the boat and moistened her forehead and temples. She opened her eyes and asked me all in one breath, "Where am I? Who are you? Why are we here?" Then a light showed in her eyes and she cried, "Save me, save me, save me!"

Poor little Josephine Flanders! What an immense number of frocks and things she could wear at one time! The fabrics were all as thin as the frosted breath upon a window-pane, but infinitely more fascinating; deepening shade upon shade of color from her throat to her ankles, flouncing from the palest bluish-white through pur-

The Christmas Spirit
By JOHN DAVIDSON
SPIRIT of Happiness, Spirit of Mirth,
Spirit of Love for the children of earth,
Yours are the gifts that bring pleasure and joy
Into the heart of each wee girl and boy—
Eagerly waiting to see you appear—
Yours is the happiest day of the year.
Come, gentle Spirit, and bring once again
Peace upon earth and good will to all men.
T. DRAYTON

Drawing by Grace G. Drayton

ple and deep blue; or from china-silk white through cream and ivory to orange-yellow. It was never plain materials that she wore, but stuffs figured with indefinite designs, all showing through, blending and neutralizing each other into a soft mellowness of quivering, living color.

And over her slender shoulders she would throw a soft silk purple batik scarf, with a large single golden-brown scrrab design in the center. That was how I had seen her last, walking the deck of the *Heroica*, as dainty as a sandpiper.

Bob Scranton, meanwhile, had come up to our boat and was splashing about, trying to keep warm. He made no attempt to get into our boat or to talk to us. A child began to cry; it was hungry; and it became necessary for us to take stock of our supplies. We found that we had two well-filled lanterns, two tins of biscuits, some water, and plenty of matches. We had no compass, and because of the murky, thick weather, we had no knowledge of direction. It was hopeless.

Had there been half a dozen patrol boats searching for us they could not have found us without first running into us. There seemed little hope of a pick-up before morning. We decided to give out the biscuits only to the children.

"Look here, you men!" Bob Scranton's voice startled us. "I'm no coward. You all know that. I can't give up right now. It would make an awful mess of things. I must not!"

HE FELL silent, and his eyes traveled from one to the other until we were all watching him, scrutinizing us as a lawyer might a jury. He said nothing for perhaps half a minute, timing the suspense like an orator, then spoke in a rising voice,

"Sell me a place, one of you! I'll pay you well for it!"

Why—what could he be meaning? Surely, he did not— We narrowed our eyes to look at him more closely. He meant what his words meant, just that. He left us no room for doubting. The audacity of his proposal, the clear seriousness of his voice dazed us, robbed us of speech. We were unable to utter a word, and even tried to silence our breathing. The smacking sounds produced by the tongue-like waves licking the sides of our boat made us shudder. The fear of the deep and invisible, the feeling of our helpless insecurity,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

From the painting by ARTHUR I. KELLER

Our Christmas ....."Keep the Home Fires Burning While Our Hearts Are Yearning"

Zena Guilbert Ford

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

From the painting by ARTHUR I. KELLER

PICTORIAL REVIEW, DECEMBER, 1918

It's Christmas . . . . .

"There's a Long, Long Trail Awinding Into the Land of My Dreams"

Stoddard King

Google

Lullaby

by HELEN WARE

decoration by Willy Pogány

: Molto Andante

Gen-tle sha-dows Fall a-bout us darling Queen of night comes From the dar-kened sky

Thou-sand star-lights Show her way to you dear Fai-ries draw her nigh.

Kiss me fare-well Hush hush sleep well Mor-row you'll come home

Mo-ther's litt-le soul Then you'll tell me

Fai-ry tales from Dreamland Hush hush slum-ber Mo-ther's babe.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"HIS SOUL GOES MARCHING ON"

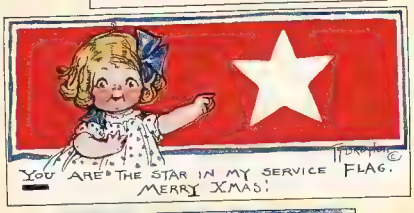
From a Painting by S. J. Woolf.

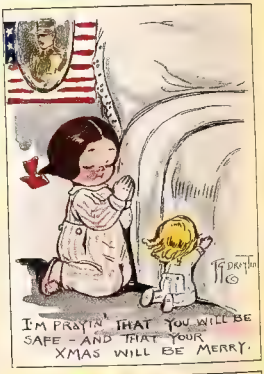
Google

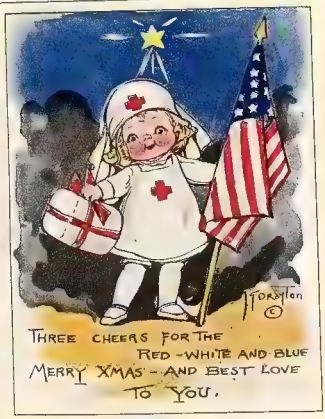
DOLLY DINGLE'S WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

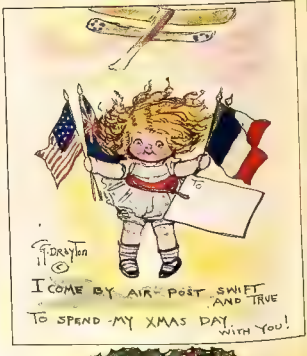
By GRACE G. DRAYTON

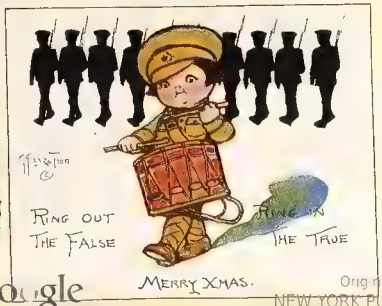
See Directions on Page 36











Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

LETTERS FROM SANTA CLAUS

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

To the Hon. Rodney H. Fortune

Easy Street, City

SIR: I trust you will pardon me, but I looked over your shoulder as you jotted down your Christmas list. I was interested in the diamond necklace for your wife and the yacht for your son and limousine for daughter. I was also interested to note that you had sent expensive gifts to all of your own and your wife's relatives, who have great quantities of money themselves and always reciprocate each season.

It looks like a Merry Christmas, but—and pardon me again—it will not be—to you. It even wearies you to think of these things to give, and it is a bore to sign so many checks, and the presents you get bore you.

Sorry, sir—but will you take a little advice from me, or don't you care for a Merry Christmas? At any rate I am going to take a chance of offending you and give you a tip.

There is, in your city, an organization which helps the deserving poor, another which gives toys and dinners to thousands of poor every Christmas, another which helps to give crippled children free medical treatment and saves many from being permanently lame, another which educates the blind and makes them self-supporting, and there are a great many other equally worthy organizations.

Why not send a check to some or all of those organizations? How about the people who work on your country estate? Did you ever give them anything except money? Why not give them a human smile and hand-shake and let them know that they are real people, not mere automatons? Why not give your house servants a little more time off for their own small but important holiday shopping? They had rather have an extra day than an extra five-spot.

Or don't you care anything about having a really and truly Merry Christmas?

Yours,

SANTA CLAUS.

Mrs. I. M. Childless

Avenue de Mode, City

MY DEAR MRS. CHILDLESS: I suppose you are going to give Fifi, your pet dog, a $50 gold collar this season. And Tonti, your white Persian cat, will get a solid silver bell, and both dog and cat will have some brocaded satin sleeping-cushions and blankets and perhaps you will get another maid, so that both the cat and dog may each have a maid.

I am not sure of this, but you did something like that last Christmas and the Christmas before, and so I take it for granted that you will do about the same for your cat and dog this season.

Dogs and cats are very nice in their places, Mrs. Childless. But the Maker of all things did not design them to wear silver and gold. He made cats to catch mice, and dogs to be faithful and watch property. As far as there is any record, He made Babies to be loved and fondled and nursed and petted and cared for.

Now don't say I am stupid and that I ought to know you have no babies. I am quite aware of it, and don't say that it is your misfortune. It was your selfishness, and you know it. But why not make yourself a present of a nice baby this Christmas?

You know there are thousands of dear, sweet little babies, healthy and laughing and clean and of good but unfortunate parents, who are looking for homes. Do you know the gold collar and silver bell you buy for Fifi, the dog, and Tonti, the cat, cost as much money as it takes to keep a year-old baby an entire year?

Really, Mrs. Childless, this advice I am giving you is one of the best Christmas gifts you could have.

Regretfully,

SANTA CLAUS.

To Mama

Everywhere

DEAR, BLEST MAMMA: I see you have made up your Christmas list of what you are going to get for Tommie and Mary and Jack and Katie and also your husband. Allow me to congratulate you. It is a splendid list, and shows excellent judgment.

But there, don't glow with too much pride right now; allow me to add that it shows excellent judgment *as far as it goes!*

Yes, you have omitted several things from this list. Oh, yes, they are important, too. *Very* important. I will try to tell you some of the things you have overlooked:

For Tommie—a little more patience when he comes noisily into the house, and the ability to remember that you should give thanks that you have such a lusty, healthy, strong son.

For Mary—just a few more minutes now and then to help her gather the satin lining in dolly's bonnet. She doesn't quite know how to gather nicely, but if you show her, who knows but what she will remember and stop and help her own little girl do the same thing some day? Or perhaps it is something else, but it all means the same.

For Jack—a little less of scolding when he wets his feet. Did you know that there are a great many little boys who are not straight enough or strong enough even to go out of doors, to say nothing of prancing about in a stray mud puddle now and then, playing side-wheel steamboat?

For Katie—a few more bright hair-ribbons and permission to wear her hair "like the other girls." Be glad you have a normal little growing daughter who is so womanly a descendant of Mother Eve that she desires to be attractive.

For Husband—one hearty, sincere kiss, together with one genuine welcoming smile and a number of bright cheerful words, all in one lot. Give them to him when he returns from work on Christmas eve, and thereafter for the next three hundred and sixty-four nights, and repeat each Christmas eve.

I know you merely overlooked these things and that you will be grateful to me for suggesting that you add them to your list, for most all Mammas are such dear creatures at heart, only sometimes three or four children sort of make them forgetful of the little but not unimportant things.

With best love,

SANTA CLAUS.

Master Reginald Riche

Van Gilt Avenue, City

DEAR MASTER RICHE: I note that your letter to me this year is written by hand although you had a typewriter given you last Christmas for a present. If I remember correctly that typewriter lasted you a week. In a fit of anger because you could not find the figure "1" you smashed it. Just across the avenue from you, not two blocks away, lives that little deaf-and-dumb boy. You remember him—you have seen his mother talking with him in the park with her hands, and she told you all about him. If he could have had that typewriter he would have been the happiest boy in the city.

Now I never blame little boys for losing their tempers. They wouldn't be quite normal and healthy if they did not, once in a while, but when you get so angry at your typewriter, instead of smashing it with the heavy bronze elephant paper-weight, why didn't you shake your fist at it and say "I'm mad at you, old typewriter, and I'm going to get rid of you. I'm going to give you to the little deaf-and-dumb boy to play with and then you'll be sorry because he will tire you all out writing on you all the time!"

That would have been a good revenge on the naughty typewriter, which really wasn't at fault because few typewriters have the numeral "1" on them, the small letter "l" or the capital letter "I" is used in place of it. Now you see how thoughtless and stupid you were.

By the way, how many poor boys in your vicinity are you going to put on your Christmas list? Or are you going to be selfish and, what is worse, stupid, and spend all the money you get for presents for boys like yourself who have more presents and toys and money than they know what to do with?

Yours rather disappointedly,

SANTA CLAUS.

P.S.—Have used up all my time writing this, cannot promise that I will send you everything on your list.

S. C.

Master Willie Poore

Narrow Street, City

MY DEAR WILLIE:—Greetings! I got your note all right and was able to read it, even tho you did scrawl it so hastily on the rather smelly paper that came around the herrings your mother bought for your Sunday dinner.

Now, Willie, you have asked for quite a number of things that you may not get. One can not always have everything he picks out, can he? But you have been a pretty good boy and I am going to make it all up to you some

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Just Plain Wife

The Story of George's Best Christmas

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

AUTHOR OF "A TOAST TO FORTY-FIVE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

ANY small-town newspaper man will indorse the contention that it is quite impossible to publish a country daily newspaper for any length of time in one community without coming into an intimate knowledge of the family secrets and matrimonial snarls of many men and women whose activities day after day make up the contents of his paper.

We of the *Daily Telegraph* up here in this little Vermont town of Paris have received our due quota of such information. We have watched many dramatic altercations arise and subside, reach a happy solution or end in pathetic misunderstanding or misery. And we have coined a phrase which we have come to apply to a certain type of marital trouble.

When a husband and wife fall out after many years of working and saving and aspiring and raising youngsters together, we think of George Kenyon and shake our heads sadly and we say, "Looks like another case of George's Christmas."

George came to us from a smaller paper up the State. He'd been in the office about three days when Bob Hentley walked in. Bob is our town's leading attorney.

"I'm sorry," he said, shuffling the sheaf of documents in his hand, "but I've got to trustee the wages of a man I understand has just gone to work for you. He signed a note for a friend back in the town where he comes from and the thing has been protested. It's up to him to make good his indorsement, and on his other job he didn't show much enthusiasm about taking care of the payee."

Bob served his papers on Sam and went out, and when we broached the subject to our new make-up man, his face was full of misery. Al Cowper was running our cylinder press at the time. He was a fine-principled, prosperous young man and a mighty good fellow besides. A week later he entered the office and said,

"I've taken a fancy to that new chap. He's told me all about his financial troubles. I'm going to make him a loan to get free from Bob Hentley. He's going to pay me back from his wages as best he can."

It wasn't much of an incident. It happens every day in all kinds of offices all over the land. We'd forgotten about it within a week. But this thing we did have impressed upon us: By the time Al gave up his place for a better opportunity in New York, George had paid back the money in full. Season after season he made up the pages of our paper, handling the news matter without a slip or falter, making no extra motions, speaking few unnecessary words. Then, in the course of those seasons—he fell in love.

When he came to us, our one linotype was operated by a patient-faced girl of twenty-two Summers; she was Bessie Tornell, and as an operator with a disposition which an aggravating typesetting-machine could not throw out of gear, our paper has never had her equal.

Working intimately together day after day, it was a most natural thing that they should fall in love. And they were married and took two weeks from their jobs and went to Niagara Falls. With the money remaining, which was no small amount, they fitted up a little tenement on Cross Street. George returned to his forms and Bessie to her keyboard. The wistful look disappeared from the girl's soft gray eyes. She was quietly and pathetically happy. But a lusty throated youngster came to pound on the table with his spoon and rule the little house on Cross Street and finally Bessie had left us for good. She was too occupied with that home and the other babies which followed in those years ever to return to her machine.

Now there comes a period in the lives of all married folks which Sam Hod, editor-owner of the *Telegraph*, calls the Great Adjustment. It is that precarious time when a boy and a girl are descending from the glorified mists of prenuptial romance and finding their footing on the hard grim realities of day-to-day living. It is Sam's theory that if they pass through this time without losing confidence in each other, or affection for each other, all will be well in the years which follow and they will ultimately settle down to ordinarily-happy husbands and wives. But there are many cruel stumbling places in that period, where numberless marital ventures come to grief.

IT IS tough to record that George and poor Bessie approached that time. George awoke to the fact that Bessie was not at all an angel from heaven; she liked to hug a warm bed on a cold morning, like himself; he never wanted her to go out with him of an evening but that she complained of a headache or something to be done for one of the children; she frequently left the bathroom comb all snarled up with long golden hairs altogether out of character with an angel; and she couldn't keep five dollars in her pocket for two days at a stretch to save her immortal soul. Bessie discovered that her husband's profile wasn't at all Grecian when he went to sleep on the Sunday-afternoon sofa with his mouth open; she had to hunt for him with an instrument of deadly destruction to get him to change his union suit; she never dared accompany him when he bought a pair of shoes because he'd probably given no thought to the holes in his socks; and he frequently mortified her to death by pulling out in public a handkerchief which was emphatically not all that a publicly-utilized handkerchief should be, like all the husbands in the world since the world began. But neither of them especially lacked brains. So it was seven long years, as years are long at the start of married life, before they arrived at the Great Adjustment; and the re-adjustment came on Christmas day—a rather unfortunate day for re-adjustments, especially the kind which George and Bessie had to face.

Christmas may have had much to do with it, because in a season like Christmas when the holiday spirit is evident on every hand, a much-married man may have his predicament brought home to him more gruelingly than at other times and in other seasons, especially if there be youngsters for whom the Christmas financial drain is heavy.

So one Saturday afternoon a short time before that holiday of all holidays, when we handed George his pay-envelop he did not thank us quietly and go out as was his custom. He sat down gloomily in one of our office chairs, his behavior being so unnatural that we demanded to be told what had happened.

"That's just it—there hasn't anything happened, Sam. I'm sick of the monotony. It's get up at the bang of an alarm clock, build a fire and eat the same kind of a breakfast. It's come to work at eight o'clock and make-up the same old newspaper pages and put the same old ads. for the same old merchants in the same old preferred positions. If you want to know it, I'm sick of going home

"Struggling with Him Was a Woman, a Woman whose Clothing Was Torn, Who Was Sobbing Desperately, not Al's Wife as George Had Expected to Find. It Was the Blonde"

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

at night to the same old face across the table, hearing the same trivial happenings of Bessie's day, twisting my ankles over the same kid-clutter on the carpets, and feeling that my life is slipping away with no indication that things will ever be different. Last Christmas it was the same way; it will be the same way next Christmas. All the holidays mean to me is more bills. I don't believe there will ever be a Christmas that will be different."

"WELL, George," said the editor finally, "What you want is a change and a rest. If the kids can spare you the night before Christmas you ought to slip away quietly and take a vacation. The worst of the Christmas rush in the office will be over by next Friday. We will not run any issue Christmas Day so you will have four or five days that the office can spare you. Why not go to New York? Go down and visit Al Cowper. Take a week off and get back your mental balance. I have got a mileage book in the safe I will give you and you can have a due-bill I had sent me on a New York hotel in return for advertising. It will be a good investment, George. You will come back to your wife and babies enthusiastic and invigorated to take up your job again and do your darndest the coming year to fill your place as a good husband and father and provider."

"Maybe so, but I doubt it," George replied. "Bess and the babies will probably raise Cain about me being away over Christmas. But I will think it over." He sauntered out gloomily.

George did think it over all day Sunday and all the next week. On the following Monday morning, we saw that the man was going all to pieces, that he was not in any condition to handle the Christmas rush of business. For the first time in his life he only partially locked a form, and an advertising page over which two men had worked all day was pied within a few minutes of going to press. Sam decided that it was better to let George go away at once and see his job in perspective rather than run the risk of a repetition of that accident. We believe Sam went to Mrs. Kenyon and talked with her about it. Anyhow, we know that eventually George packed his bag with painful laboriousness, suffered Bessie to pick the threads off his best black suit, took a peck at her lips, and started for Babylon-on-the-Subway, leaving his wife to cry herself to sleep that first night trying to explain why George had taken so much of their hard-earned money and gone off to spend it on a pleasure trip alone when she needed it so badly for her operation.

It was well into the middle of the following afternoon when George finally entered a pigeon-hole of an office far up in the serried heights of a skyscraper in lower Manhattan. A stubby little Hebrew girl turned her flat face toward him as he entered.

"I'm looking for a Mr. Alwin Cowper who originally came from Vermont," George explained. "The City Directory gives this address as his business office." And he told her who he was and what he wanted.

The girl disappeared through the glazed door of the inner office partition. In a moment she was back.

"Mr. Cowper says you can come in," she replied.

Elated at the success of his search, George passed through the gate in the railing and thence through the glazed door. But he was hardly prepared for the change in Al Cowper when that acquaintance of their younger manhood swung around to greet him. When he ran our press Alwin had been a tall, well-groomed, dark-complexioned young chap with a smooth boyish face and a propensity to do the dirtiest work in the nattiest of clothes without getting a spot upon him. The Alwin Cowper who swung around now and shook hands without rising was not at all tidy in his appearance; there were a million tiny wrinkles on his sallow countenance; his hair was graying rapidly at the temples, and his eyes looked as tho the man wanted to draw off beside quiet, peace-promising waters and sleep for a thousand years. His greeting was cordial enough, but it lacked enthusiasm. Al was not dissipated; he was simply bred out, even more weary than George had ever thought himself a few days before, up in Paris.

"When'd you get in?" Al asked aimlessly.

"Came down yesterday afternoon on the Flyer. Sam Hod gave me a vacation during the holidays I simply got tired of working——"

"You've struck me at a terribly busy time, Ken," the other declared. "Just closing things up for the holidays. But I'd like to visit with you and talk over old times just the same. I'm tied up with business every evening this week, Ken, but it occurs to me that this is how we can squeeze in a little visit. Give me the name of your hotel and to-morrow night around eleven I'll call for you with the wife. We'll go up on the Dutchland roof and take in the show. Meg's been raising hell with me for a couple of months to go up there with her; seeing you're alone in town there'll be a good chance to give that blonde cousin of hers the supper that I owe her. We'll just make a party of four. What do you say?"

"That'll be all right," replied George eagerly. "I'm stopping at the Pennsylvania."

George slept late the next morning, then he went to three movie shows in succession, and hours later wandered through the lighted streets in the early evening, his hungry soul absorbing deeply the atmosphere of the hustle and the roar, the boom and the honk and the crash of the city's indefinable vastness. He gaped stupidly at the exquisitely-gowned women with their cosmetic freshened faces on walk and in lobby and foyer; he gazed like a starving man into the rich dining-rooms of the great hotels with their soft lights and sensuous music. He even spent a half hour on one corner watching a certain traffic policeman "make with his hands motions." He killed the time somehow, every moment filled with some new thrill birthed by the holiday spirit all about him. And then at ten-thirty Al came for him. He was the same old Al excepting for the graying temples and tired, tired eyes.

"What a Fool He'd Been to Take the First Girl that Happened to Come to Hand When There Were Women Like These in the World"

"You don't look well, Al," George said as he accompanied his friend back into the street.

"Oh, I feel all right, Ken. I'm just worried a bit over my business."

"Where's your wife?" the printer asked, as Cowper motioned the empty taxi humming by the curb.

"She and Angie will meet us later on the roof. They're out with friends until eleven."

The taxi carried them a few blocks and discharged them. Al got the tickets and George followed him to the huge elevator.

It was five minutes to eleven o'clock and George was still telling the Tired Business Man all the seven-year summary of gossip from our home town, when Alwin, his eyes roaming listlessly through the constantly growing crowd, finally exclaimed, "Here they come!" and reached over to make their chairs ready.

George turned. Through the maze of tables were coming two women.

And such women!

GEORGE KENYON looked and his blood ran cold and his ears ran hot; the pit of his stomach became fluttery, his knees grew weak and his eyes wobbly. He experienced a wild impulse to flee. For he could never stay and be introduced to these women! One was a blonde, a big blonde, a magnificent blonde. The other was a brunette, a big brunette, a magnificent brunette. At least they seemed so to George at the moment. Both were gowned in the slithery, clingy, swishy, shiny stuff that dreams and Fifth Avenue profits are made of. Half-way back from their superbly-naked shoulders were opera-capes. In each exquisitely-dressed coiffure was a smart aigrette. They were the last word in metropolitan femininity, both of them women of another world as far removed from that of the poor plodding country printer's as the stars are from the earth on a Winter's evening.

"Meet my wife, Mr. Kenyon," announced Cowper. "And this is my wife's cousin, Miss Britt, Mr. Kenyon——"

George got up somehow. He lifted half the table-cloth with him. For weeks afterward he was undecided whether or not he had stuffed a big corner of it into his vest, thinking it was his napkin. He put out his hand, drew it back, put it out again, drew it back again. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He gulped, stammered, gaped. Finally he strangled out something that sounded like an acknowledgment of the introduction. Just once he raised his eyes to Mrs. Cowper's face. Once was enough. Lord, *what* a woman! "Alwin Cowper"—as the boys and girls in our back room would say it—"had roped a tripplet." Gad, how he wished he had stopped for a shave! And his fingernails!—could he manage to get out his big knife and clean them under the table? He felt like a bricklayer.

After the introducing, the two women indulged in a mutual wink. But George saw it not and it was well that he didn't. The waiter assisted them with their opera-capes; they seated themselves and adjusted the sparkling gewgaws on their plump arms. Poor George tried to keep his eyes off their shoulders, feeling that there was something horribly illegal in thus being present in their semi-clothed condition. One woman patted her coiffure and picked up the menu. The other shoved back the silverware, straightened out her Macushla arms, clasped her bejeweled fingers and declared to Gawd that if she didn't get a drink within forty seconds she was going to die right there.

The lights went off at last. The play began. And the darkness eased George's discomfort. For the first time he could lift his gaze from his plate and study both his surroundings and his companions. He twisted his chair around and for once a theater show failed to hold him. His interest was solely for that wonder-woman Al Cowper had married—her coiffure, her profile, her shoulders, her personality—how in the name of all that was holy had Al Cowper of the *Paris Telegraph* office ever managed it?

THEN, after ten minutes of watching her, the normal thing was that poor George's thoughts should have turned to his own wife, and a mental comparison ensued of how much better Al had done matrimonially than himself. With that comparison came bitterness.

What a fool he'd been to marry before he'd looked about him and seen "the other fish in the sea," as his old father used to phrase it! What a fool he'd been to fall in love with a plain, ordinary working girl in a grimy country printshop, who'd never been fifty miles away from home in her life excepting on her wedding-trip. What an idiotic step he had made in tying himself to a girl who had already begun to fade and become fretty and provincial and small-bored and given to weeping and taking on over little things—a girl who thought the whole world was summed up in his job and their tenement on Cross Street and three kids who marked up the wall-paper and broke the window-glass and left toys on the carpet for him to twist his ankles over in the dark! Oh, what a fool he'd been to jeopardize his liberty, to promise himself away so cheaply in the ignorance of his youth, to take the first girl that happened to come to hand when there were women like these in the world—handsome, vivacious, magnetic, broad-minded, sophisticated, well-read, brilliant of lip and of eye and of tongue! Why hadn't he done as Alwin Cowper had done in the years of his young and unfettered manhood? Why hadn't he left Vermont and seen the world and the types of women that were available in it for wives? What a fool he'd been! Oh, what a fool! Oh, what a fool!

George Kenyon had planned to spend four days in New York. That was the time allowed on his ticket-bill. But George Kenyon stayed more than four days in New York. He came down on a Monday; he found Alwin Cowper's office on Tuesday; he went to supper with Al, his wife, and her cousin on a Wednesday; he went back to Al's office to discuss a possible business chance with him on a Thursday. He should have gone home on Friday. But he did not go home on Friday. The following Tuesday—Christmas day—still found him walking the streets of New York with features as white as paper; a dank clammy feeling

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Harold, the Last of the Saxons

A New Battle of Hastings, in Which the Conqueror Gets a Bad Bump

By Florence Ryerson, Author of "The Skirt of Romance," Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN R. NEILL

"At that Minute He Heard a Clang as of a Thousand Wash-boilers in Action, a Last Piercing Shriek, a Sickening Thud, and William the Conqueror Disappeared"

PETER MANNING looked furtively over the top of his magazine at his wife. Catching her eye upon him, he lowered his gaze and coughed nervously. There was, he felt, something distinctly uncomfortable in the air.

It had been there all evening. He had seen it in the preoccupation of his wife's glance, the faintly speculative look which she bent upon him at dinner. Either she had been doing something—or he had. Probably the latter. After eight months of married life he was guiltily aware that it usually was the latter.

"What you been doing this afternoon?" he asked at length.

"I—I went to a meeting of the Red Cross," she told him, "—of the Red Cross and the Art League combined, you know."

"Are the icebergs warming up?" he inquired.

Janice dimpled suddenly.

"Oh, Peter! It looks—it honestly looks as tho they were!"

"Good work!" said Peter cheerfully. "How'd it happen?"

The constrained look came back into his wife's face. She regarded him a little nervously across the table.

"You remember the Art League prize competition?" she asked—"the one they gave for a symbolic masque?"

He nodded, grinning a little.

"The one where the judges pulled each other's hair?" Janice did not seem to be listening.

"Mrs. Allen won, you know. She's the fat one who runs everything. The League's going to give it during the Christmas holidays for the benefit of the Red Cross, and Peter—they've picked me for one of the leads!"

Peter regarded her closely. So that was it, he reflected. She wanted to be in this play and thought he would object. Peter was twenty-five and entirely without guile. He drew a check-book from his pocket with elaborate unconcern.

"How much are you going to need for the costumes?" he asked.

"Oh, not much," she told him. "I can get it out of my allowance."

"Look here!" he said darkly. "It isn't another one of those Persian things, is it? Your costume in that cost thirty dollars, and there wasn't much at that. If you're going to wear less than you did in the Rubaiyat——"

SHE shook her head. "Oh, no!" she assured him. "It isn't Persian. It's something quite, quite different. Oh, very, *very* different. It's called 'Harold, the Last of the Saxons,' and"—with a last pleading glance—"you—you're selected to play Harold." For a full moment the awfulness of her words did not bear in on him.

"That's a good one," he said, laughing nervously. "That's a good one."

"He was very good and noble and all that," Janice went on hurriedly. "And he was—he was the Last of the Saxons——"

Peter broke his laugh in the middle and stared at her.

"You don't mean that you honestly——" he began.

"And it's a splendid part," she assured him. "All the men will——"

"You actually mean that you expect——"

"And I'll help you with everything like learning your part——"

Peter raised his voice to a roar.

"I don't know what you're talking about!" he told her. "I simply don't know what you're talking about! You know I can't act!"

"You don't need to act," she assured him. "It's all blank verse and you know you don't act blank verse. You just stand up and *say* it!"

"But I don't *want* to say it!" he groaned. "I'd look nice standing up and spouting blank verse—wouldn't I? I'd look nice!"

He rose from his chair and stood—six-feet-two of blazing, helpless wrath. "I've never acted in my life—you know I haven't! Couldn't even speak pieces in school. And now—now—I think you're crazy!" he informed her bitterly. "Just *crazy!*"

Janice regarded him for the fraction of a second, and in the back of her eyes there was a certain speculative look which was not entirely lost on Peter. Then, suddenly, her head went down on her arm, and she began to sob desperately.

Peter was entirely helpless. Not by the farthest stretch of the imagination could he picture himself standing before an audience—composed largely of the men who commuted with him daily in the club car—and spouting blank verse. Hastily he turned on his heel.

"I'm going out," he told Janice, with his best assumption of sternness. "When you have composed yourself, I will come back!" The door banged behind him, and gloomily he pursued his way to the Burton Country Club to which he had recently been admitted as a member.

The club was deserted and he dropped miserably into a chair by the reading-room table. It was high time, he told himself, that he put his foot down and showed who was master in his house. But Janice was so young. He felt as tho he had beaten her. Peter picked up a magazine hastily. It would not do to think.

It was the *Woman's Confidant*, he discovered, and he turned to lay it down as tho it were red hot. Then his eye caught the title of an article.

"What Is Breaking Up Our Homes?" it inquired. He sat down again and opened the volume. What was breaking up our homes? He most urgently wanted to know.

It was, he learned, the disturbing influence of modern life that dragged the husband from the wife's side, that drew woman from her happy home. It was a sort of monster, trailing death, disaster, and divorce.

Peter laid down the magazine and stared gloomily into space. It was true, he reflected. This awful thing was even then engulfing his home. And he had never even thought of it before. He contemplated his arrival at his own front gate a few hours before with mournful retrospection. Little had he known! But what was to be done?

Upon this point the article was explicit. Better, it stated, to keep an unbroken front to the world. To find one's little joys and sorrows in the home, to enter it as a sanctuary. But if the denizens of this sacred spot had been drawn out into the world—if they found their pleasures in its frivolities, then—and the article was very firm—then the two halves of a perfect whole must take their pleasures together. Only so would the sacred bonds of the home remain unbroken.

FOR a time Peter stared into space. Then he sighed deeply, and, putting the magazine face down on the table, stepped out the door of the club into the night. As he did so, a couple approached him, arguing fiercely. It was Mr. and Mrs. Alden Dreifus, he noted with something akin to gloomy satisfaction. He knew Alden—they commuted together—and he had met Mrs. Dreifus once or twice.

"Good evening!" he said. "Good evening!" and then, with a tone of almost hysterical lightness, "I just been reading an article in the Club. Dandy article! Left the magazine open at the place." He became aware that the two were staring at him open-mouthed, and his utterance became hurried. "Always like to tell people about it! things like that!" he muttered and dashed down the steps.

Behind him he heard their voices taking up the argument where he had interrupted it.

"But I won't!" she was saying. "I simply won't!"

Ten minutes later he entered his house and mounted the stair. Janice was in bed: her face, under her mop of curly hair, was flushed and tear-stained. Peter regarded her from the door.

"I'll play the part," he told her gloomily.

"Oh, Peter!" she sat up. "Oh, Peter! You *dear!*"

"When does it happen?" he asked, as a principal might inquire of his own hanging.

"In three weeks. And Peter, just think! You have the lead!"

"But why?" he asked. "I can't act!"

"The Conqueror Seemed to Have Disappeared, Removed by His Friends in the Audience"

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"I got a book on costuming this afternoon," she told him, picking up a volume from the table beside her. "It's all right here. 'The close-fitting tunic was in the form of a knitted Jersey with skirts——'"

"Oh—skirts!" said Peter hopefully, but she was hastening on.

"'Skirts, reaching to the knee. It was open on either side to the hip and fell in loose folds——'"

"But what do I wear underneath?" he wailed. "That's what I want to know! Don't I wear trousers or something?"

"'The legs were bare three inches above the knee,'" she went on, "'or bound with leather thongs.'"

"I won't," he said positively. "I simply won't come out on the stage in any such rig as that! Why—it's not *decent!*"

"It's quite as decent as your bathing-suit," she told him coldly. "You wore that all over the beach——"

"BUT that wasn't on the stage," he pointed out. "There weren't lots of people watching——"

"But there were!" she said. "There were lots and *lots* of people watching. You were always showing off and turning back flips and things."

Peter sank into a chair.

"All right," he said gloomily. "I suppose I'm in for it now. Who are the other goats?"

Janice dropped the book and curled up against her pillows.

"Alden Dreifus is going to be Tostig."

"Oh." Peter's mind ran back to the argument of the evening. "Is Mrs. Dreifus going to be in it?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Allen had a part for her, but she didn't seem to want to take it. She doesn't do that sort of thing much, you know. I think it's too bad, because Alden Dreifus is so clever. We all thought he was wonderful in the Rubaiyat."

"Yes," said Peter, "and you told him so. There's been no living with him since. They call him 'Little Ruby' in the club car."

"I think that's horrid!" said Janice. "Just because he happens to have genius——"

"Go on!" said Peter. "Who else is to be served up with parsley?"

"Well, Mrs. Allen is going to be Boadicea!"

"Boad—— Great Scott! That fat thing!"

"She isn't fat. She's just—just heavily built, and she's awfully clever, and it's her play——"

"I get you. But what's Boady doing around with Harold, the Last of the bold bad Saxons? Didn't he scrap with William the Conqueror?"

"I don't quite understand it, myself," Janice admitted. "We didn't hear the play, but it seemed as tho it wasn't the real Boadicea—just her spirit, or something."

"Spirit! My word! The woman weighs a ton!"

Janice sat up suddenly.

"If that's your idea of humor, it isn't mine!" she told him. "And you've just got to stop saying those things. Mrs. Allen runs everything in this town, and if you go and spoil this chance I—I'll never forgive you!"

"All right!" he told her, grinning a little. "I'll lay off, but, by the way——" he was taking off his collar and paused in the act "—were you the merry little maiden who says 'Spring is here'?"

"I've got a splendid part," she told him. "It's the biggest in the thing, except for Boadicea, of course."

"Any part little Allen played 'd be big!" he told her.

"But what is the Bernhardt rôle?"

"I'm going to be William the Conqueror's wife." He regarded her blandly.

"Fair enough. Who's the lucky guy? Who's William?"

Janice avoided his gaze.

"The Conqueror?" she said. "Oh, yes, Mr. O'Connor is going to take the part."

"O'Connor?" his brow wrinkled. "I don't know any O'Connor."

"Mr. Patrick O'Connor," she told him.

"Not—Ye Gods! Not old *Pat!*"

"Y—yes."

"But—but he's an ex-prize-fighter and a saloon-keeper—why——"

"He's very nice," she assured him. "And he's the only man who looked the part, and he gave us his hall to practise in for nothing, and he's been giving *lots* of money to the Red Cross, and Mrs. Allen thought it would be just splendid to be democratic——"

"Did I come in under the same ruling as Patrick?" said Peter ominously. "Because, if I did——"

"Of course you didn't, silly! But we simply didn't have any one——"

"All right," said Peter, setting his jaw. "He can play the part if he wants to, but you're not going to be his *wife*. I won't have it!"

"You don't have to have it!" she told him, her chin up. "And you needn't bellow like that. I guess I can live my own life——"

"But a saloon-keeper——"

"Yes, Peter—Lover," she said, "but don't think about that. Just think how perfectly stunning you're going to look in your—your—whatever it is you're going to wear!"

"'Stop!' He Said. 'If You Don't I'll Get Started, and no Sofa-pillow in the House Would Muffle Me'"

REHEARSAL started the next night. Mrs. Allen met them in her house for the first reading of the play. She was a large person who used chest tones and emphasized her words with massive gestures. She told them that she hoped they would all get into the spirit of the thing. Especially the principals. Here her eye fell on Peter, cringing in the front row. Peter shivered a little and ducked. Was that a giggle behind him, he wondered, or only his imagination?

Mrs. Allen drew the manuscript from the desk before her.

"I'm going to read you the masque," she said, her voice making capitals of the words. "It is called 'Harold, the Last of the Saxons.'" She paused, letting her eye travel over the expectant group before her.

"I want to explain that this isn't really a historical play—I have even taken liberties with history. It is intended as a symbol—a masque, an epic of womanhood. Boadicea, the warrioress, stands for the untamable, the invincible spirit of woman." She scanned her hearers and made a momentous announcement. "I shall play Boadicea."

Peter ducked his head and regarded a crack in the floor. There could be no doubt about it. The woman behind him was giggling. He could feel the vibration of her foot against his chair and out of the corner of his eye he could see her shoulder shaking silently. For an instant his whole soul yearned toward this kindred spirit, but a moment later he changed. Mrs. Allen was continuing.

"In Harold we have poetry, romance, killed by the lust of war and business. Mr. Manning will play Harold. Stand up, Mr. Manning, and let every one look at you!"

Peter, prodded by his wife, rose slowly to his feet. His face was a dull brick-red, and at that dreadful moment he heard behind him a faint but unmistakable giggle. The last of the Saxons sat down hurriedly.

After that Mrs. Allen read the masque. Peter sat as one in a dream. From the moment Harold appeared, "Clad in the raiment of a warrior and bearing a shield" to the time when he died in agony upon the field, he was occupied with just one thought. How large was the shield? Could he get entirely behind it while he bowled those dreadful page-long speeches at the audience?

"From Behind Him Came a Hoarse Whisper, 'Go On! You're It!'"

AT LAST the ordeal was over. Mrs. Allen closed the manuscript slowly, and looked up into the space beyond for a silent, prayerful moment; then she acknowledged their applause graciously.

The cast crowded about her to congratulate and discuss their parts. Peter, out of it, wandered over to a distant window-seat and sat down. At that instant he discovered that he was not alone. On the other end of the seat was a figure half lost in gloom. He coughed and the figure straightened suddenly and then buried its head in a sofa-pillow. But in that brief moment he had seen that it was Mrs. Dreifus.

She was rocking back and forth in helpless mirth, her face buried in the muffling embroidery.

"'Oh!'" she was saying. "Oh! *Oh!* OH!" Peter leaned toward her.

"Stop!" he said. "If you don't, I'll get started, and if I once do no sofa-pillow in the house would muffle me—I'd need a mattress." She sat up, little ripples of mirth shaking her still.

"I knew it!" she said. "I knew you weren't one of 'em, the minute I saw your face when she asked you to stand up. If you could have seen it——" She was off again.

"It's no laughing matter," said Peter gloomily. "If you had to make a fool of yourself——"

"What do you do it for?" she asked promptly. "This is a free country."

"I know," he said, "but—we needn't go into that." Suddenly a thought struck him. "What are you doing in it yourself? What part are you going to play?"

"It's not exactly a part," she told him. "It's only a shriek. I'm supposed to come in and find your body on the battlefield and utter one piercing shriek. And I'm going to enjoy it," she added. "I think I should enjoy seeing you boiled in oil!"

"In oil?" he was plainly mystified.

"Why," she said, "*why* did you tell me to read that awful article?"

Peter knit his brows. Suddenly it came to him and he flushed.

"Oh, that!"

"Yes, that!" she said. "That's the only reason on earth why I'm here."

"But I don't see——"

"Mrs. Allen had asked me to play in the thing that afternoon," she explained, "and I'd turned it down. But when Alden found out and learned that he was to have a part, he raised a row." She looked thoughtfully across the room where her husband, a group of women about him, was soulfully reading his part. "I don't know what's gotten into Alden. He used to be a perfectly good husband and father, but since that Rubaiyat thing—— Well, anyway, he wanted to be in this and we quarreled all through supper

"'Rally, Men, for I Can See, Mighty Ships upon the Lea!'"

Page 81

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Twelvetrees Kiddies Santa

Drawings by
C. H. TWELVETREES

Goodness Gracious, How the Time Drags!

Gee! Ain't It Lucky to Have a Big Sister!

That Long, Long List

& CIGARS

The Twelvetrees Kiddies are looking forward excitedly to the great festival already. You can notice a willingness on the part of Bobby and Lucile to run errands, and do all sorts of little chores, that is quite remarkable

Waiting for the Junk Man.
Junk Means Money to Bobby
and Money Means a Christmas Present for Big Brother "Over There"

It Looks as tho the Contents of Somebody's Bank Are Going Up in Smoke

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Are Getting Ready for Claus

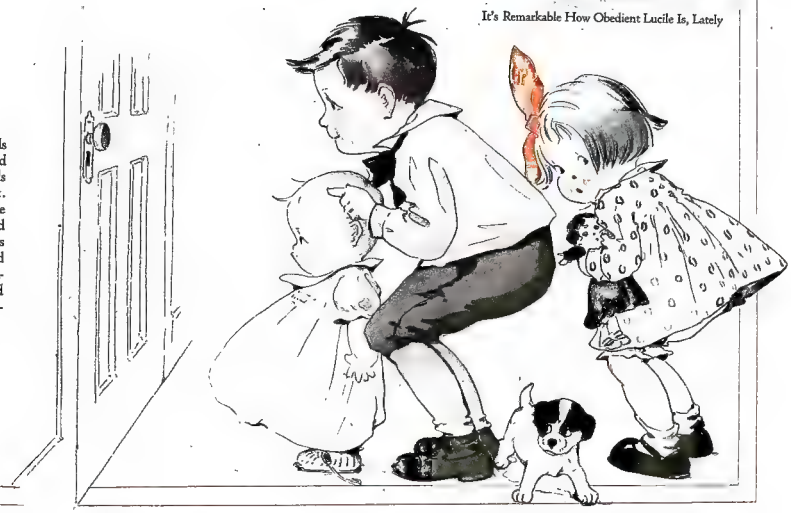
COPYRIGHT, 1918
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
NEW YORK

Practising those Xmas Carols

City Apartments Are Liable to Make One Skeptical

It's Remarkable How Obedient Lucile Is, Lately

The book of carols has been resurrected and melody (?) fills the apartment. Bobby's detective instinct is excited by the mysterious locked closet and altogether the entire household wears an air of profound expectancy



The Closet of Mysterious Bundles 'n Everything

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Releasing Women for The Top

Being Some Meditations on the Work of Women After the War

Third Article of the Series on "Women in a New World".

By HELEN RING ROBINSON

FIRST WOMAN STATE SENATOR OF COLORADO

BUT all his efforts were bootless. The Fisherman could not get the Afrit back into the Bottle."

So the old Arabian tale describes the difficulty of the fisherman who released the Jinnee from the bottle. He could not put it back again.

If Labor Unions and men with Victorian horsehair furniture in their minds try their hands at "rebottling" women workers after the war they will meet with the same fate as the fisherman.

Meanwhile, I refuse to grow exhilarated over the fact that girls and middle-aged women are replacing boys and men as elevator pilots—often at wages considerably less than the boys received.

If the war demands women coal-heavers and women locomotive-oilers and women longshoremen "to release men for the front" such is war. They must be supplied *C'est la guerre.* But I can not join in any feminist cheering.

Women have always had an inalienable right to do the world's dirty work, as well as its poorly paid work. Through all the ages of savagery they kept their husbands in idleness with their labor—a process whose reversal in later days has been the cause of some recent hue-and-cry.

Even before the war, women here in America were working in all but three trades important enough to be listed in the census reports. A few gleanings from those reports test my statement about women having a homestead right to the world's dirty drudgery. Thus, according to the 1910 census, the scrubbers and cleaners in public buildings and offices, crawling on their knees to wash up the grime of the day's work, numbered 26,839 women and 7,195 men, while the dressed-up jobs of opening doors, in uniform, and watching in halls employed 84,055 men and 73 women.

One evening in New York, some four years ago, I heard a Boston biologist discuss the "place" of woman. For all his title there seemed no place left for her before the learned Professor stopped talking in my sleep, so "eternally disarranged" he described her to be by the mere fact of her sex, so persistently did he summon biology and psychology and anthropology and ornithology and entomology to shove the poor creature off the earth.

The next morning the New York papers had no space to give to the lecture about "Woman's Place Is in the Home," so crowded were they with headlines and trepidation over the fact that a daring suffrage leader was promising a one-day strike of all New York women who worked outside the home. For one whole day they were to stay away from shops and factories and offices—to give the Professors an object lesson.

CERTAINLY it was a lark of an idea. Newspapers thundered editorially at the crime of women "disarranging the work of the world, stopping the wheels of industry" by spending a whole working day in whatever place they called "home." The temperature of merchants and manufacturers rose to fever-point and the poor Professor had one chill after another.

Then, her purpose accomplished, the suffrage leader decided not to call the strike.

All this is ancient history. It happened four years ago. I tell the story here because it shows the war has merely accelerated a process that was under full headway before that war came to make even college professors stop talking about "woman's place" except to agree that it is well in the front of the second line of defense.

Meanwhile, I repeat, I will not cheer over all features of that "acceleration"—at least not yet!

I can not thrill over women replacing men as street-car conductors. Instead, all this past Summer and early Fall I held my excitement in leash, waiting for the tense moment when one of the great parties in an equal-suffrage State should declare, in effect, that since most of the men who serve in State legislatures are within the new draft age and by the very fact of their election would be placed in a shell-proof, deferred class during their term of office, therefore all nominations for legislative offices should be divided equally between men and women, thus "releasing men for the front."

But I have waited in vain for any such announcement. Instead, politicians assure me, there was never before such a scramble for legislative honors by men in the thirties and early forties.

Yet women have proved they make excellent legislators, while women street-car conductors are still an experiment.

So with other political offices. As yet no State Council of Defense has called upon women to release Secretaries of State for the front, or State Auditors, or County Clerks and Treasurers, tho for all the duties of such offices—except those which consist in sitting around political clubs—women have proved themselves quite competent.

Ah—h—h! The thought has just occurred to me that women did not reach out and take those legislative nominations, those nominations for Secretary of State.

THAT'S IT! The reason why women have secured so few big administrative positions, so few distinguished political positions is that they have not gone out and taken them.

At last we have got somewhere in all this pother about women's war work. The interesting development of that work is not that women are handling lathes in munition factories or selling tickets in railroad offices or doing more of the world's heavy drudgery than ever before since the days of barbarism. It is that they are now reaching out, timidly, perhaps, but still reaching out, to take executive positions.

The interesting fact is, not that they are running errands for others, but that they are planning errands for others to run.

They are releasing men for the front—and themselves for the top.

So now the way is clear for considering the "place" of women after the war—as a result, in part, of the ravages of war and in part of the accumulating proof that women are doing everything it was said they could not do, except square the circle. (A friend of mine, the mother of five small children, declares she has to do that, too, every day or so.)

Doubtless it will be necessary to hang up, smoke, and cure the whole situation before we can reach any valid conclusions. Such a process will take time—years of peace time.

Meanwhile there is always an opportunity for meditation. I invite you to meditate with me, Friendly Reader, urging you not to forget, wherever our meditations take us, the story of the Afrit and the Fisherman and the Bottle.

In meditating on the work of women after the war we should bear in mind that any program for women must have two parts—one dealing with the work of women in the home and the other with their work outside the home. And these two parts have many points of conflict.

Meditating would not be meditating at all, it would be galumphing, if it concerned itself at the same time with housework and the woman lawyer. So I shall leave the cook-stove and the dish-pan and the baby's bath for later meditation.

There will be plenty of the outside work for women in reconstruction days. There will be jobs for men and jobs for women and jobs for those who know how—whether men or women.

The railroad systems of Europe and America will have to be rebuilt, with thousands of miles of highway and thousands of miles of houses. Millions of khaki-clad men will need civilian clothing. Our worn shoes and coats and rugs and furniture will at last be replaced. A million maimed men, unfitted for their former work, will have to be trained to new work Ten million shattered lives will ask mending. Every hamlet will be calling for new machinery. Every factory for workers.

The demand for trained workers will be enormous.

There will be frontiers of work for women in a New World. There will be greasy outposts. There will be chances at the top.

IT IS safe, then, to take the world of women for granted and busy oneself with details.

The problem will not be to make the woman who has always worked work harder. It will be to make the woman who has never worked, work. To stop idleness on the one hand and overwork on the other.

There has never been with American men anything so general, so undemocratic, so pernicious as the contrast among American women between the sponge and the drudge.

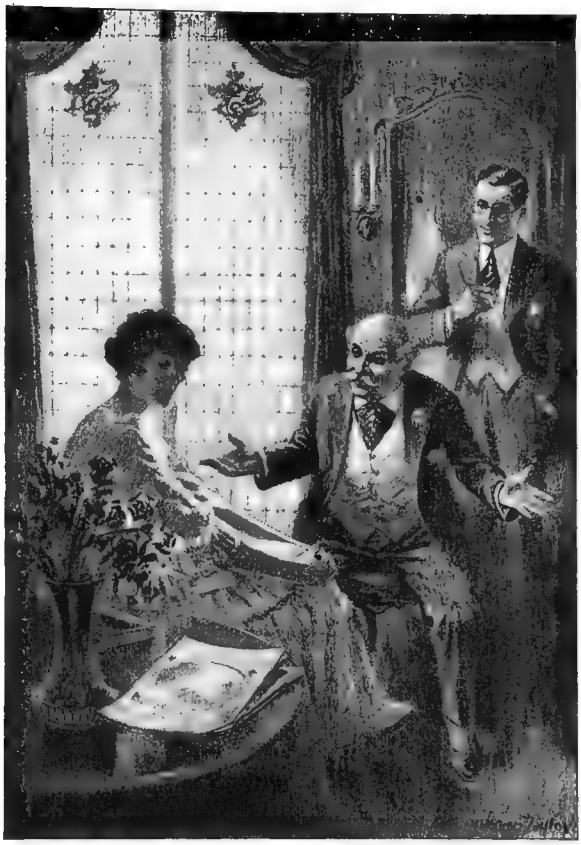
In that New World there must be a leveling up and a leveling down, a getting rid of the present extremes of idleness and toil for women.

And, to speed the process, women must edge away from the undemocratic past

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

Decoration by Franklin Booth

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



"'You Know, You Got to Play Hunches in My Business, Mrs. O'Brien—Play Your Hunches, I Say!'"

The Luck of Geraldine Laird

IN FOUR INSTALMENTS—PART THREE

By Kathleen Norris, Author of "The Heart of Rachael," "Martie the Desirous," Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY

DEAN LAIRD found life with Geraldine, his wife, and the two children, tiresome indeed, after Kennedy Bond, the play-broker, told him he could write plays. So he left Geraldine and went to New York in search of Fame. Geraldine, sick at heart, and too proud to accept the money Dean has been sending, also goes to the city and finds a position as saleswoman at "Emelie's." Later, however, undernourishment breaks her health and she is nursed through a desperate illness by Mrs. Lucas who runs "Emelie's" establishment and who offers Geraldine the position of head saleswoman there. But the Geraldine who emerges from the sick-room is a totally different woman, so changed in fact, that in the smart new clothes required by her changed business status, Dean, who meets her in the street one day, fails to recognize her.

This story began in the October number of Pictorial Review and ends in January.

IT WAS the most amazing moment of her life. The memory of it nerved her to play her new part splendidly and boldly. Dean had not known her, nobody knew her; indeed, looking into the dimmed, surrounding mirrors of "Emelie's," at the slender, pretty woman with the wistful face and the massed, bright hair, and the white hands framed in immaculate cuffs, Geraldine did not know herself.

Her speech was not the speech of Flora and Miss Harris; the words she chose were not the words they would have chosen. She talked to the best customers as if she were playing an amusing rôle; she piqued them with a French phrase here and there; she used an odd word correctly. She flattered them subtly; they were used to flattery, but not of this sort. She liked it. She liked to be slim, popular, and useful. She walked out into the heavenly green Springtide of leaf and blossom every day, smiling and content. Mrs. Lucas, proud of her own discernment, confided to her every detail of the business, and raised her salary.

On a glorious June Saturday, just a year from the terrible June that had begun it all, she went back to Stockham. She was unannounced at the ranch, but George was in the secret, and met her with a car at the train. She had told him that matters were far from satisfactory between herself and Dean, and that she was working. George gasped when he saw her.

"This?—this isn't new," she smiled, glancing at the straw-colored suit, and then up at him from under the brim of the close, feathered hat. She had given him a perfumed and suddenly affectionate kiss; George looked deliciously familiar, after the long months.

"You look thin!" George said, puzzled.

"I was very ill." She got composedly into the shabby car, and they drove to the ranch. Geraldine's face was flushed with lovely color, every inch of soul and body was crying for her children.

With a great laugh that was half a cry she sprang from the car, and caught the warm, bewildered little daughters to her heart, kissing them, pressing them to her, holding them off only to catch them frantically nearer again. Ah—they were so sweet—they looked so well and sturdy—they were so sweet—!

ed by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Why, it's Mother!" Deanie said slowly, in her deep voice.

Janey tightened a small arm about her mother's neck, and Geraldine realized that the child's dark eyes, like her own, were wet. In a frenzy of love and delight they clung together.

"Well, she seems crazy after children, whoever she is!" Mrs. Fitzpatrick said, from the window. But when she was brought face to face with George's young lady, a few minutes later, the iron amazement of her gaze was slow to break.

"Mother—darling!" Geraldine laughed, in her arms. Her mother settled her glasses to study her daughter, in stupefaction.

"Jerry Fitzpatrick—what have you done to yourself?" she managed to say at last. Linda, eyes at their roundest, could only say, "Well—Geraldine, well, *Geraldine!*"

"Am I so changed?" Geraldine, delighting in the glances of every one of them, still holding her children, settled down into the circle, on the side porch, for the beginning of the talk. She caught the baby nephew as he toddled by, for a kiss, brushed up her veil, freed a hand to hold tight to her mother's hand. "I was ill, you know, all over the holidays—a sort of wearing grippe—I think it was. And I've had this position in the—in a sort of garment place, you know, and one must look smart there—"

"Oh, rarely, must one—I say!" George said, screwing an imaginary monocle into his eye, and leaving his mouth idiotically open. His sister laughed gaily.

"I *am* beginning to talk that way," she confessed honestly. "But it is because the customers like it—"

"THE customers!" ejaculated Linda.

"What *are* you?"

"Saleswoman, darling!"

"Where are you and Dean living?" her mother demanded. Something like resentment rose in Geraldine's heart. She had been free of this sort of thing: she had forgotten it.

"Mother—I was going to tell you all that part this evening, when Clem was here," she answered seriously. "I've only seen Dean twice since I went to town, and neither of those times did he see me!"

"You've been working in a shop, and separated from your husband?" Linda summarized, after a silence, in a shocked whisper.

"What else could I do, Linda?" Geraldine asked, her cheeks reddening.

"Why——" Linda was rapidly regaining her old attitude toward this surprizing and unfamiliar sister-in-law. "Why, Geraldine," she said gently, "you went down to the city—months ago! to see Dean, to come to an understanding with him, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did. I discovered——" Geraldine felt it almost impossible to continue. "He has made other friends——" she began, with difficulty.

"Women?" her mother supplied, instantly.

"Well, in a way——"

"But, Geraldine—" Linda, aghast, persisted with her terrible glibness, "when you learned that Dean was unfaithful to you, why didn't you instantly come back here, where you have a home, brothers, friends, your mother? To take a position in a shop—why, it's terrible! If people here got to know it—the children's friends——"

"There are ways of bringing him to his senses," George said, darkly. "No decent woman has to put up with that sort of thing!"

"I suspected that you and he were having trouble, all along," Mrs. Fitzpatrick contributed disconsolately, "but yet, of course, I always thought you were together!"

Geraldine felt an intense and deep boredom; a chill smote her. Oh, how utterly tiresome—tiresome they all were, how little they understood! All the glow and sweetness of her arrival was gone, as she went slowly up-stairs. She and Linda laughed and talked with a great air of naturalness; she went up to the frail, papery little grandmother, and kissed the bloodless, dry cheek, and there was more talk. But she felt that they were leaving really vital subjects of conversation until Clem got home.

Linda walked down to the gate to meet her husband, and Geraldine saw them talking there, earnestly and for several minutes. Then he came up, brushed aside clinging children, kissed her admiringly and laughingly.

"Well, you *have* made yourself into a stage beauty!" Clem said. He helped them all to loaded platefuls; there was a running gay conversation. But when the children had trooped up-stairs, and Geraldine had come down from delicious prayers and hugs and good nights, and had settled herself breathlessly to finish her dessert, he was grave. "They tell me you've not seen Dean, Jerry?"

"No," she said, uncomfortably. "But you know, Clem, I rather like it. Sometimes I think that women lose a lot, who marry, and never know what it is to stand upon their own feet!"

"Your good father would be proud to hear a daughter of his talk like that!" her mother said, shortly, in scorn.

"Ah, Mother, dear, don't be cross!" Geraldine pleaded. "You know how I felt toward Dean and my home. You know how I grieved when—when all that trouble began, last Spring, and how I wrote him, and how I cried and prayed. But he didn't come back to me, and now I'm one of a million women who have stumbled into business, and who like it! I'm successful, in a humble sort of way—I'm saving money, and there's no possible doubt that in time I can take care of the girls and myself as well as he ever did!"

To this nobody answered anything, but the atmosphere was charged with utter disapproval. Geraldine weathered it somehow, and spent the whole of the next Summery sweet day in drinking in the joy of being with her children again. She looked at the Sunday pictorials of the Spring parade on the Avenue, and "Emelie's" smart little advertisement—Geraldine knew the very gown that was photographed for it and in her heart there was a sudden surge of pride and satisfaction that she belonged to it, in her humble little way—was beginning to be a part of it.

At five o'clock she was in the train, and had drawn a great breath of relief to be going back. Clement had not quite forbidden her the house, she congratulated herself, and Linda had not quite intimated that she was secretly leading a dangerous life. And the girls had been sheer delight.

"My pretty little black-haired girls," she mused, over her dining-car supper. The happy day had had its little moment of thrill, too. For while they had been laughing in the green freshness of the garden, a motor-car had stopped at the gate, and the children had rushed joyfully to welcome Uncle Louis.

Geraldine had gone out to stand bare-headed and smiling in the young sunshine, talking to him. She remembered nothing but that he was an old and a dear friend. She saw that her unexpected appearance had shaken him, and, being a human woman, she had a deep sense of triumph in seeing it, altho she had put the very thought of Louis sternly from her. But he had last seen her forlorn and sorrowful, and his bewilderment, and his generous pleasure in finding her so newly lovely and so poised, could not but please her. They talked only for a few minutes. He had been passing, on his way to the country club, and had stopped to speak to Clement. He asked her to come to the club with him, but she decided to decline, explaining simply that she had but this one day at home, and must spend it with her mother and children.

"You've seen Dean?" he asked, flushing with embarrassment as he looked down at his big driving glove.

"Not once!"

"Not once? And you're working?"

"I have a job." She smiled. "A good job!"

"You're very game, Jerry," he observed, thoughtfully.

"No, I'm not game," she answered quickly. "I was—you might say—pushed out of matrimony. I didn't want to be. I've always been afraid. And now I've discovered that there are extremely pleasant things about being a working woman—that lots of the old stories about humbly pleading for a job, and having to sacrifice body and soul to get enough to eat are bogies, that's all! If you've got ordinary intelligence and will work hard, they want you more than you want them. I'm not boasting. But I believe I'll have a shop of my own on Fifth Avenue, some day. Louis," she added, seriously, "there are plenty of husbands who might well beware of such an experiment as this! To get your little pay-envelop every Friday—to work with other women all day—to pay for your meals and have other women cook them and serve them—and more than all that——" Geraldine looked off across the waving field of new grain beside the garden, and the white walls of the poorhouse flooded with sunlight, a mile away, "more than all that, Louis," she said, "to feel that you are expressing yourself, that your personality is being contrasted with other women's, and that every bit of energy and originality you have is being used—well, that's better than moping in a kitchen, with your heart aching over something unkind that has been said!"

HE WAS watching her, with narrowed and wistful eyes. "Perhaps you never were the clinging-vine type, Jerry?"

"Perhaps not," she smiled. "But I *thought* I was!" she said. And she gave him a swift, upward look whose quiet unconsciousness showed him how changed she was. "I didn't want to cling to you, Louis," she said simply, "and that was one reason I ran away! Dean had failed me, then you failed *me*—this is the result!"

"I'm sorry," he answered gruffly, suddenly flushing.

"No—you needn't feel that! For with it all," Geraldine said, earnestly, with a puzzled look into the distance, as if she were formulating the thought, "I never felt more married to Dean. I don't feel the separation half as much, I assure you, in these days, as I did when he first went away! No, don't mistake me, Louis," she interrupted him quickly, as he was about to speak, and made an impatient movement of his head, "I don't think I'll ever forgive Dean. I think he acted as—as only a cad could act. I don't think he deserves any consideration, or deserves his children——"

"Or deserves his wife!" Louis supplied, as she paused.

"No, or deserves his wife," she repeated softly. "But yet, I am always in my own mind Dean Laird's wife!" she finished, with a look that had in it something of a child's puzzled sweetness.

"Whom God hath joined together," Louis offered, questioningly.

"Whom God hath joined together!" she echoed. "I'm done with that end of life!"

"I wish it had been different, Geraldine," the man said slowly, looking away from her smiling eyes. "I believe I could have made you happy, my dear. I know we could have had a wonderful home for the girls. I think of it sometimes, and my heart aches so! I know it's no use. Of course, if he were dead——"

"You mustn't wish any one dead!" Geraldine said, with a touch of racial superstition and horror.

"No, I don't," Louis answered, lifelessly. "But I might as well do that," he added, his look upon her, "as hope that you will ever feel yourself free, while he lives."

Don'ts for Christmas

DON'T limit the Christmas wreaths to your front windows. Hang them in the back windows, too; and give the butcher's boy and the groceryman and the other toilers the benefit of the decorations. Save half of your cheerful words for the back-door callers.

Don't give an invalid a volume entitled "Thoughts of Death," or "Preparing for the Hereafter." Prepare the invalid for the "right now" with a lot of laughs and a lot of hope by giving him or her some jolly books of plot and fun and travel, and add some interesting puzzles to keep the mind occupied.

Don't give Bobbie a drum and then scold him for beating it. Did you think he was going to use it for a collar-box or a writing-desk?

Don't buy three or four dollars' worth of foolish tinsel and glass decorations for the tree. Think of the added games and candy and little toys you could have got for that money. Make the tree decorations at home and prove both your economy and originality.

Don't give your poor little friend a "pair of sensible shoes." Shoes are not a sensible present for a youngster, no matter how poor he is. He wants skates or a sled. The very best present you can give him is something to make him happy. That's all there is to Christmas.

Don't ornament the tree with lighted candles. Frequently the firemen call and squirt water all over the presents as a result of this, which never fails to dampen the Christmas festivities.

Don't say, "I don't believe in Santa Claus," for that means you don't believe in yourself.

Don't look a Christmas gift in the price-tag.

Don't give baby a whole bag of candy together with cheap toys from which he may chew the paint. Remember it is Christmas and the family doctor would like a few minutes to himself during the day.

Don't give the maid a five-dollar bill. She doesn't want to be tipped on Christmas, she wants to be *remembered*.

Don't sit right down and take charge of Willie's toy train and Susie's toy piano and baby's jumping-jack. As long as they are for the children, why not allow them to play with them?

Don't give Uncle William a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," just because you think it would do him good. Such uncles can generally be put into a more Christmas-like frame of mind with a box of cigars.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Quite as well!" she conceded, definitely. "You know there is something said about a woman who chooses another man than her husband, even in thought! I don't even think of it, Louis. I wouldn't dare, my dear," she said, more lightly. "Position, money, dignified up-bringing for the girls, a big man behind me, a pretty brown car to jump into—" she patted it,—"travel—why, even leaving love out of it, isn't that enough to make any woman heart-sick with the way life goes! Why, you and I—out at that ranch——"

"OH, SHUT up—for God's sake!—" he said, his words louder than his tone, and his big, ungloved hand suddenly across her mouth. "Jerry, may I come see you, when I'm in the city?" he asked, after a silence.

"Oh, I think not!"

"Not take you to lunch, eh?"

"It would be wiser not, Louis. Believe me!"

"Going to tell me where you are working?"

"Why, I can tell you," she considered, her pretty brows wrinkled. "I would really prefer that you should not know! But I can tell you. Only I put myself absolutely at your mercy—at your generosity—if I do. It was an experiment, Louis, and it began with discouragement and heart-sickness enough, God knows. I was ill, I was alone, I was half-starved and depressed—well, I'm trying to forget that; it didn't last. Then everything brightened, and I took a little step up. Now, if you began to drift in, to disturb me, to—well, to connect, in a word, this old life with that new one—which is really like playing a part—I'll have to move on! I'm not even using my own name, I'm 'Mollie O'Brien' there. Dean made life hard enough for me, Louis; now don't you complicate it further!"

"Put it that way," he said quickly, even with some hurt and haughtiness in his tone, "and of course I'll respect your incognito!"

"You're a darling!" Geraldine told him, just as Clement, with a rather heavy and disapproving face, left the porch, and came down toward the car.

"But if I can ever help you," Louis, noticing Clement's approach, said hastily, "you will let me know? Dean was always manageable with me——"

"Ah, Louis, I think so much about him," she half-whispered, with an upward glance full of longing and pain, "if I could only see him—without his knowing it!—for five minutes, if I could only know what he is thinking—what is going on in his mind!"

"I know," he answered, all sympathy. Clement, arriving on the scene, decided afresh that the city had somehow changed Geraldine.

By George, it was no place for a pretty woman, without her husband.

IF SHE had had her wish, and had been able to look, unseen, upon her husband, on this Sunday morning in Spring, Geraldine might have been surprised. For she knew him too well to read happiness into his plans for the day. It was to be spent in a fashion that would have eclipsed all of Dean Laird's wildest dreams, a year or two ago, and in the constant company of the fascinating woman who had been unknown to him then; and yet he felt himself miserable, as he dressed in the sunlight of his bare little room. He was to take Kennedy Bond to breakfast, as was usual now, on Sunday mornings. The breakfast would cost him about two dollars, unless some of her impecunious friends joined them, but then he would lunch and dine with friends of hers somewhere, so that the financial question was not the main point.

This morning he found Kennedy waiting for him in the spacious coolness of the studio. She had tubbed and dressed and had an early cup of coffee in the respectability of West Ninetieth Street, and was ready for a more leisurely breakfast and gossip and amusement.

She had on a lacy new waist and a most becoming wide hat, and her fresh, firm face looked charming and young. Dean took her hands, smiled down at her, and suddenly kissed her, and she slipped from his hold with a little reproachful laugh. But neither the kiss nor the evasion meant much to him now; she had allowed him exactly that privilege, no more and no less, ever since they had met for the second time, a year ago.

He was far from being in love with her; she was not, indeed, the sort of woman with whom a man falls in love; love is too much a matter of satisfied vanity, and Kennedy Bond was in love with herself. She was careful not to fall in love with any one; it did not fit her plans. But she was willing to absorb his time, and distract him from every other thought in the world but thought of her.

Their conversation consisted largely of compliments, of which Dean grew weary. Her compliments to him seemed empty, with the fact of the rejected, and now ignored, play between them, and it became increasingly difficult for him to meet her demand for flattery. He disgustedly wrote a one-act play, and one of the all-fiction magazines accepted it for seventy-five dollars, and a motion-picture concern immediately made him a modest offer of a little more than that sum for the film rights. This was pleasant, if not sensational, and Dean felt that his first year was not entirely lost. But this had all happened in Midwinter, and now it was early Summer again.

"Hello, nice boy!" said Kennedy, as he greeted her. "Just been talking about you, over the telephone! Charmion is going to meet us at breakfast—maybe. And Dean, she says that that Johnson man is going to be there—if he is, see that I meet him, won't you?"

"I don't know him very well," Dean said, with deep inward distaste, as they went down-stairs and out into the street.

She was always anxious to meet new men; it was a sort of craze with her. He hated the trait, hated to be talking to her in some restaurant, and to see her eyes moving restlessly about the place.

She realized this morning that his mood was not happy.

"Don't be cross this heavenly morning!" she said, carelessly, entering the restaurant, and threading her way to a favorite table in a window. Hot early sunlight streamed in, the air was heavy with strong coffee scented with chicory, and with cigars. Outside the omnibuses lumbered up and down the sunshiny avenue, and motor-cars honked in Summer stillness. "It's going to be scorching hot," Kennedy said. "I've a dinner invitation for you, if you'll accept it. The Youngs want us to go up with all the crowd to Pelham. Paul said one motor would meet us, and the rest of the folks could walk!"

"I rather thought Davis and I would loaf around," Dean said, watching her cautiously. "He's a terribly decent fellow—just here, you know, and he's not seen Coney, and he wants to poke into places!"

"Nonsense!" she said briskly. And she looked at him quickly. "Did you make a date with him?"

"Well—in a way"

"You can go break it, then!" Kennedy said. "Go on—telephone him that I made an engagement for us at Pelham——"

Such was her influence upon him that Dean did move slowly away to the telephone. He could not get Mr. Davis, and returned to the table freshly discontented. Kennedy had been joined by a man and a woman, the woman large and noisy and handsome, very young, erratically dressed, and delighted with the notice she received, the man small and quiet in manner.

"Get them?" Kennedy asked.

"No. He wasn't there," Dean told her.

"Leave a message?"

"No. There was nobody there." He sat down to his coffee and omelette. "Ordered?" he said to the newcomers.

They nodded.

"There!" said the girl named Charmion, in the pink smock, resting her pink-capped head on her arms, and her arms on the table, and cupping her chin, so that every one in the restaurant looked at her. "There's Rowland Johnson! Go get him, Fleming. We want to meet him."

"I hardly know him!" Mr. Fleming objected.

"'No, I'm Not Game,' She Answered Quickly. 'I Was—You Might Say—Pushed Out of Matrimony'"

"Go on, Dean!" Kennedy exclaimed urgently. "Hurry—don't let him get away! Go after him!"

Dean had an opportunity to bow to the strange man, smiled, and rose in his place. The fascinating Johnson responded to a beckoning finger, and the ladies met him in a flutter of laughter and rustling of newspapers and frocks. He sat down between them, but Charmion was never a match for Kennedy, and Dean was not surprized to see the newcomer turn his chair somewhat toward Miss Bond, drop his voice, and devote his conversation to her. He found himself entertaining Charmion, an empty-headed little girl whom he disliked. Sometimes he could hear Kennedy's low voice; she said the same things to all men.

Mr. Johnson promised to dine with her on Thursday, and was anxious to be host at this informal breakfast. But that Dean would not allow. He paid the bill, dividing it with the pale little man, and the five went out into the hot street. It was one o'clock, and Kennedy made the newcomer laugh by observing that she thought it must always be one o'clock in the afternoon in hell. Dean had heard her say this often, but he smiled, too.

THEY discussed Pelham, with the weary indifference of hot persons who stand upon a Sunday street corner. Kennedy was in better spirits, and as it appeared that Charmion and Fleming were willing to go to Pelham, and Mr. Johnson most anxious to go and meet "the crowd," it was finally arranged that they should go. Dean went with them on the green omnibus to the station, trying on the way to placate Kennedy. There was no special reason for doing so, but he had learned that the more quickly he healed any breaches between them, the simpler was the whole matter.

"Cross, Kenny?" he said, wedged on the narrow seat beside her. She gave him a quick upward glance; she was extremely pretty this morning.

"No, Dean," she said, in annoyed self-defense, "only I don't understand why you act as you do sometimes. You haven't been at all nice this morning! You know—" Kennedy's eyes rested upon Rowland Johnson, a few seats ahead. She was delighted with him, his newness, his inclination to adore her, the stimulus of his fresh admiration —"You know, Dean, there are plenty of people to be nice to me——" she murmured, with a little droop of her lip. He was familiar with all her expressions!—he thought. He knew exactly what she was thinking of Johnson, and what Johnson—poor fool!—was thinking of her. She would single out this new man for little daring attentions to-day. She would skilfully make the most of the other men's loyalty to her. She would make his pulses dance and his head swim, and perhaps, at parting to-night, safe in the shadow of her mother's doorway, she would lay a bold little hand upon his lapel, and say, with an upward glance, "Like me—Rowland?"

Dean had seen it all, a dozen times this year. It was no fault in pretty, successful, spoiled little Kennedy. She simply had no heart; none for her mother, nor her sister, nor any one but herself. She lived to make her beautiful little person attractive and basked in the ensuing admiration. Her method with men was direct and unfailing; she flattered them boldly and cleverly. Dean had known men to recognize this, and to smile at it, and yet in the end to be completely won.

No man had ever done more than kiss those ready, pretty lips. Dean, descendant of an old Puritan family, was astonished at the contempt he felt for her that this was so. She was not big enough for love.

He surprized them, at the train, by declining to go any further, and waved to them at the grating, as Kennedy began to tell Rowland Johnson, in an undertone, that Dean Laird was a sweet fellow—but that was the trouble, you know—she shouldn't have asked him, Mr. Johnson, to go with them. She had done it hastily—she hadn't thought. Why, they could all have had a lovely day together! But Dean—that was the trouble. Mr. Johnson could see for himself, and mustn't blame her if the next time he met them together she acted like a little brute.

Dean drifted down to the "Village," found himself presently amused and interested by a conversation at "Dutchy's," and the mood passed.

But it had been almost unbearably painful while it lasted, and it recurred. More and more often his thoughts turned toward Stockham, toward his dark, vivacious little girls, and their spirited and eager mother. He began to wonder why he had burned his bridges behind him quite so thoroughly; Jerry had been so decent, so willing to make any arrangement that would give him his fling.

He wrote a cousin in Stockham cautiously, and after some thought, wrote to Louis. Louis made no answer; as a matter of fact he had gone to California. But the cousin wrote back that the little girls were well; he saw them occasionally with their aunt, and that Mrs. Laird had come to New York a year ago, and the cousin supposed that she had a position in a department store.

Dean imagined her in some basement; the proud and independent Geraldine, who had always said that she hated the city, and who feared, as he knew, any life that kept her from the sunshine and the open air.

"No, she will never forgive me now—that's over!" he said to himself a hundred times. "I don't blame her. But it is too late now!"

"Emelie's" was having its hour, and everybody at "Emelie's" gave Mollie O'Brien at least a share of the credit. She not only put the force of her own unusual personality into everything she did, but she seemed to

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

give a general vitality to the shop. She liked it, found in her work exhilaration and charm.

If something was dead in Geraldine, some soft sweet thing that had been a part of her nature until a year ago, she did not regret it. She knew that the agonies of that Summer of shame and loneliness, the bitter Winter with its work and its illness, had burned out of her heart and soul something young and trusting and pure that had been rooted deep in the being of Jerry Fitzpatrick.

It was the last week in May, and unusually hot. The first breath of Summer smote the town, and the Avenue blossomed with thin gowns and garden hats.

In the grateful shadow and coolness of Mrs. Lucas's private office, one morning, Geraldine was held in idle conversation by a certain Mr. Goldmann. He was a favorite with her, a good-natured, white-haired old Jew, who had made a fortune in Summer shows. It often happened that "Emelie" was commissioned by him to make a few special gowns for a "turn," and as she had been fortunate in pleasing him, and as his orders meant an advertisement for the little shop, they were mutually friendly. His business partner, an obnoxious young man called "Mr. Leo," Geraldine despised, but she liked the fat, pleasant old uncle, and to-day was amusing him while they waited for the dashing Miss Harris to come down-stairs to show him an especially new effect in a gown.

"You look like you'd been golfing," said Mr. Goldmann.

Geraldine consulted a mirror, and smiled.

"I went up to my home town to see my girls yesterday," she said. "Perhaps I got a little sunburned. I took them the cunningest little French checked ginghams you ever saw, and those coal-scuttle hats with checked ribbons. They looked perfectly adorable!"

"Where is your home town?" Mr. Goldmann asked.

"Stockham, New York. It's not far," Geraldine told him.

"I know that town," he answered to her surprize. "I've been there six or seven times. We used to try out plays there, sometimes. I was up there Sunday, a week ago. I went up with Mrs. Goldmann, in the car. Fact is I was up there two years ago," old Goldmann rambled on, "and I seen a lady, in vaudeville—you might say. I went up to see if I could find out about her."

"Singer?" Geraldine was interested again. "What was her name?"

"No—well, yes, she was a singer, too," he answered. "I don't remember her name. I'm opening this review, Thursday night—and I had a crazy notion I might get her. She was one little hit, that girl. I think she lived there. Walter Naptaly isn't there now, or he would remember. She—he and I had gone into a sort of bazaar, with his foreman, a fellow named Blake—he ain't there now, either. And this lady, she stood up, and she sung—and she did some imitations—she imitated a lady living over a saloon—or something I—she was a hit, all right. It's kind of been in my mind a long time, and last week I said to my nephew Leo, 'Leo,' I said, 'I'm going to take a look for that little lady.' You know, you got to play hunches in my business, Mrs. O'Brien—play your hunches, I say. So I went up——"

Geraldine's steady stare silenced him. Her lips were firmly set, but she was dimpling. A spot of high color had come into each cheek. They looked straight at each other for a long moment.

"What is this?" she asked then. "What are you trying to do?"

"I don't get you," stammered old Goldmann.

"Why, you know perfectly well—but no, I won't bite!" Geraldine said. "I won't bite! You put your cards on the table!"

"I guess there's a town in Massachusetts named for me," old Goldmann remarked. "That's what my nephew Leo says. He says, 'Go back to Marblehead, that was named for your family!' But my cards is all on the table, Mrs. O'Brien."

"You come here to me, in all honesty, with this talk about that woman?" Geraldine demanded. "But you know—" she laughed awkwardly; the words were incredibly hard to speak. "You know that I—that I am that—the woman who sang and imitated. At least, I *did*—at that bazaar, two years ago. I've done it all my life!"

Again they stared blankly at each other.

"No, little lady, she was an older lady than you are," the man said slowly, after a pause. His face had grown serious, and even a little sale. "She was a bigger lady." But the eyes were brightening, and she heard a murmur of Hebrew under his breath as he studied her. "I guess that's right," he said, in stupefaction. "I guess that's it." And suddenly, with a great sunburst of smiles and happiness, that broke all over his rosy, white-mustached old face, he accepted the astonishing coincidence in all its beauty. "Well, but that's a *miracle* —isn't that a *miracle*?" he stammered, delightedly, "Go back and get off the dress, I ain't no longer interested in the dress yet!" he said, to the astonished Mabel. "I have got to talk to Mrs. O'Brien. And come here you, Mrs. Lucas!" he called, assuming, in his excitement, easy mastery of them all. "And tell me why you keep this girl—that is a genius—selling dresses on Fift' Avenue?"

"I don't get you, dear," said Paula Lucas, shutting the door that enclosed them in the inner office, and joining them with an expectant smile. "What's the big idea?"

MR. GOLDMANN agitatedly looked at an immense gold watch, heavily guarded. He wiped the perspiration from his brow with an exquisitely monogrammed handkerchief.

"The idea is that you girls should come and lunch at Sherry's with my nephew Leo and me—and not a minute to talk here yet about it!" he said, almost with an air of awe. "I have got an idea—and I do not talk business without my nephew Leo is with me! Maybe," he added, patting Geraldine's hand, "maybe we just have a nice lunch, and listen at the music, and back we come in the limousine! But maybe I ask you to do something for old Goldmann——"

"To do what?" she half-laughed, half-stammered, for with Paula's excitement, her own utter confusion and bewilderment, and the old man's manner, she was half frightened.

"To come out like that—and talk to them—and maybe sing a little—in my review!" he answered feverishly.

It was her first meal at Sherry's; she had heard of Sherry's all her life. But Geraldine was too confused to carry away more than a dazed memory of softness underfoot, coolness and dimness and perfumed air, after the noontide heat, and things to eat that looked delicious, and that, to her routed senses, had no taste at all. It was utterly unbelievable, but here was this funny old man begging her to—well, to "go on the stage," as her old phrase had it, and here were Leo and Paula urging her to consider it.

It developed that the Goldmanns, uncle and nephew, were embarked upon the production of a musical review, scheduled to open in two days.

"We have an elegant opening number," the old man said, referring to a dog-eared, red-leather note-book, "and then we have Caroline Cook and Fred Noon—they always take. Then we have Ben Young and Still Younger; they're a scream; they have a broken ladders turn; and then we have the Bathing-suit Girls and the Life-savers—that's a big number, with a new song by Harry Dover. Believe me, all Broadway will be whistling that song this time next week. Then we got a grand ensemble for the finale! It isn't that act that I'm afraid of. But the only big man we've got in the second act is Tommy Wilder—and I don't want to put him in too soon——"

"We've got a good dance team in there," said Leo, as his uncle paused. "And she starts off good. They do it good, believe me. I've just been at a rehearsal. But you said it, Uncle Herman, we gotta put something in there."

"We got an elegant drop, that gives us all but eight feet," mused the old man. "We need it all, too, for the change."

"I think we ought to take a chance on Miss O'Brien, Uncle Herman. She'll do it, and she'll do it good. And more than that," Leo went on, with simplicity, "it's Miss O'Brien or nothing, now. I talked to Rose Rowan over the 'phone to-day, and there's nothing doing——"

"You can always come back to the shop, Mollie!" Mrs. Lucas assured her.

"Mollie O'Brien, huh?" the old man smiled.

"Gee I—that's a good name!" Leo exclaimed, with the first enthusiasm he had shown.

"Mollie O'Brien—you couldn't beat it!" his uncle said, with satisfaction. Geraldine, entirely subject to their moods, brightened again. "And the costumes work right in with that," he suggested. He turned to Mrs. Lucas. "If she goes on my pay-roll, she goes on to-morrow," he said. "How about it?"

"That's all right," Paula said heartily. "This is a dull season. If she wants to try it, why, you can have her now, for all me! Say, I want to tell you both something, too," she added, suddenly. "Mollie O'Brien is lucky! Believe me, she has all the luck there is."

"That won't hurt her," said young Goldmann, who, like almost all theatrical men, was superstitious. "How about to-morrow morning?" he added, in an undertone. "Take her up, let her watch 'em, let her get her bearings."

"How about it?" the old man said to Geraldine, and from the pause, and the way they all watched her in the silence, she knew that the crisis had come.

For a moment *she* felt frightened. The terrible effect of the last year's suffering seemed to weaken her, and she felt alone and afraid. She was only a small-town woman, deserted, inexperienced—she had thought of herself as a failure.

The soft stir of the room went on, women crossed the rich carpet, waiters came and went, the subdued music rose and fell, and outside was the glitter and flash of the brilliant Avenue. The air was sweet with subtle scents, and filled with the murmur of low voices. Geraldine looked about at it all; it was the world. And she was a strong and well human being; it was her world to win.

Geraldine suddenly decided. Her face lighted with its humorous and careless smile.

"All right!" said she. "I thought I strained my luck to the limit coming down here at all—but I'll give it one more trial! I've always hoped for a chance to go on the stage, and now that it has come, I'll not let it scare me to death. If we're making a mistake, Mr. Goldmann, why, we'll just have to forget it all. But anyway, I'll try!"

THE next morning Leo Goldmann called for her at the shop, and under the eyes of the wondering girls, Geraldine departed in trepidation for her first rehearsal. She had run the gamut of emotions since yesterday, and had slept badly, and was excited and weary. She and Paula had gone back from Sherry's to the shop, marveling and arguing tirelessly; to go on the stage—three hundred

WHEN WAR CAME

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WAR came, one day, and drew us close together,
Altho it swept us many miles apart;
The love that lay as lightly as a feather
Now rests, a precious weight, upon my heart.
And all the dreams I dreamed for just the dreaming
Have taken on a meaning that is new;
And all the lonely Summer world is seeming
To cry aloud my aching need of you!

Because you were so much a part of living,
Like sunshine and the freshness of the air,
The priceless gift of faith that you were giving
Seemed small to me. Scarce knowing you were there
I took your heart-strings in my careless fingers,
And played a song as light as Summer dew,
And yet, to-day, its wistful echo lingers,
And fills an empty world with thoughts of you.

I did not think that I should ever miss you,
I did not dream the time would come to be
When I should long to touch your hand, to kiss you—
To hear your voice say tender words to me.
I did not know that I should wonder whether
My head would rest, once more, against your heart—
War came, my dear, and drew us close together,
Altho it swept us many miles apart!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Right in line

In line with the Nation's need—and yours

Every time you use *Campbell's* wholesome and economical *Tomato Soup* on your table you benefit yourself and your family, and you help the national food program, too.

Made from choice and nutritious materials, prepared with extreme care and daintiness in the immaculate Campbell kitchens, perfectly cooked and blended by expert soup-makers—this tempting soup comes to you all pure nourishment. You have no waste, no cooking cost, no labor. And the contents of every can gives you two cans of rich satisfying soup.

Above all is its value as a promoter of energy and health

Beside its own nourishing quality it tones and strengthens the digestive powers and helps the body processes to obtain more nourishment from all the food you eat. It is a distinct aid in promoting vigorous physical condition.

Served as a Cream of Tomato it is even more strengthening as well as more delicious.

You can serve it in various easy ways to make it as light or as hearty as you choose; so that it fits many different tastes and occasions.

Children enjoy it and thrive on it. And it is especially helpful to them during their long hard period of winter study and work. Give them as much and as often as they want—of this sustaining soup.

Order it from your grocer by the case. This saves extra deliveries. And you have it ready for your table any time at three minutes' notice.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

a week—to go on the stage—wasn't it the limit—wasn't it the limit!

Paula had then talked costume, sensibly and briefly, and in "Emelie's" was found an exquisite limp gown, as soft as a handkerchief, that Paula decided might merit the line, "Miss O'Brien's frock by 'Emelie'," on the program. Geraldine replaced the pink rose on this gown with a green rosette, and became innocently self-confident when she saw herself in the filmy simplicity of its demure lines.

SHE talked nervously to Leo in the car, and entered the theater in such a state of panic as she had never experienced before. They went through a rough shabby door that was sheathed in sheet iron and roughly lettered "Stage Entrance" in red paint, through an odorous passage, and straight on to the wide, dirty stage, where confusion was reigning. One or two men of Leo's type, murmuring together, glanced with great interest at Geraldine, but nobody addressed her. Leo disappeared with an apology, and she was free to look about her with a curiosity that she made quite visible, rather than seem utterly at a loss.

The stage was large, and crossed by odds and ends of scenery, and cluttered with bits of furniture, rolls of canvas, and the litter of carpenters, painters, and electricians.

The great cavern of the house was empty and dark, but in the orchestra box an absorbed young man in glasses was assorting masses of sheet music, and at the piano another man was trying his best to accompany a singer, who walked up and down on the stage, a few feet away from him, and directed toward him a constant stream of remarks in undertone.

This performer was an ordinary-looking man of about forty, plainly dressed, and evidently annoyed and impatient just now.

"Listen, Joe, don't cut in too close on me there—" Geraldine heard him say to the man at the piano "Listen, Joe, for God's sake pick me up quick there! Joe—Joe—shut up, you fellows over there; I can't hear myself think!—Joe, give 'em time for a hand, there—give 'em plenty of time!"

Leo, re-appearing from the darkness of the background, was instantly detained by this man.

"Goldmann," he said heavily, "you ain't going to be in shape here, to-morrow night. My God, it's awful, man! As far as I can see, nothing is done at all!"

Geraldine looked in frightened expectancy at Leo, and was relieved to see him laugh comfortably.

"Don't you worry, Tommy," he said, soothingly. "We could open here to-night. This is Miss O'Brien, Tommy. She's my Uncle Herman's discovery; ain't that right, Miss O'Brien? Miss O'Brien, make you acquainted with Mr. Wilder"

Too much frightened by this time to be able to speak at all, Geraldine only gave the great comedian a nervous smile. Leo led her aside, and introduced her to a haggard, grey-haired man in shirt-sleeves.

"Now, Miss O'Brien, this is Mr. Roos, and he wants to talk to you about the music you need. My uncle ain't here, yet, but we can dope it out without him, all right—he told Mr. Roos about it, anyway. Now, you see, Miss O'Brien, you have a drop of Blarney Castle, and this what's-its-name song; you come out alone and sing it, and then the girls come out, do you see? Those are the girls over there, eight of them, and the best girls we got, too. They can't dress this morning, because they've just been fitted. But the costumes are immense, ain't they, Harry?"

The grey-headed man nodded.

"They wear green tights, shamrock hats, and white dresses trimmed with shamrocks," Leo said, hastily, "it was the best thing in the show that went flooey. Now, first—if I get you—you sing the—what's-the-name—"

"Lesbia," Geraldine, with icy hands, and constricted throat, said nervously.

"Lesbia, that's it. Now, have you got the music?" Leo asked.

"Oh, you don't need the music!" she said, swallowing hard.

"My God, we got to have it!" cried Leo. "Harry —"

"Well, you'll find it in any book of old Irish songs," Geraldine interrupted eagerly. The men glanced at each other, slowly shook their heads.

"It ain't a new song?" demanded Leo.

"Oh, no—" she faltered, disheartened by his consternation.

"It's one of the oldest songs there is," stated the grey-headed man, seriously. Leo, with the air of a man accustomed to meet catastrophe, nodded in a resigned sort of way.

"Did my uncle know that?" he asked.

"I don't know, Mr. Leo."

"WELL—" He looked about, restless and undecided. "We can't waste a minute if we're going to use it," he muttered, "but I don't think we can get away with it, if you ask me! Can the boys play it, Harry?"

"Sure they can!" said Harry, unhesitatingly.

"Well, you might as well give it to us," Leo said, discontentedly. "Get the girls over. We might as well run through the chorus once or twice, to give Miss O'Brien a little confidence; she hasn't had much experience. Who's got the words?"

"The girls can pick 'em up in five minutes," Harry opined.

"Then Miss O'Brien comes out for some imitations, and then she has a monologue," Leo, consulting a scribbled paper, continued. "You want a little Irish music for the off and on—that's all!"

Geraldine was by this time acutely wretched. She was inwardly calling herself an utter fool for attempting this mad venture, and she realized that in the dreadful hour before her there was nothing but humiliation and disappointment. She saw the chorus girls saunter to the front, and watched with a dry throat and palpitating heart while they laughed, went through their paces, and rapidly mastered the simple words of the chorus.

THEN came her moment of hideous trial. Tommy Wilder had disappeared, but the hammering and shouting on the stage had not lessened, and Geraldine had not been relieved in spirit by the addition of the older Goldmann to their group. The old man looked hot and weary, and utterly dispirited, and merely nodded disconsolately when his nephew whispered to him, as Geraldine knew instinctively, the news that Miss O'Brien's song was as old as the hills.

"Maybe we could get——" Geraldine did not hear the name, but she caught the meaning of the murmur, and it did not hearten her in the moment of silence when the orchestra suddenly subdued itself for her opening note.

"You fool—you fool—you fool!" she said to herself. And then she added heartily, "I don't care—they can't eat me! I hate everything about this business, and I'll be out of it to-morrow—and it'll all be over!"

And with philosophic laughter she told Paula about it, that night.

"I haven't much voice," she said, "and this morning I was so frightened it wouldn't come out at all. I really felt sorry for the old man!"

"It must have been fierce," Paula sympathized.

"They let me off the imitations, for there's no music for those," Geraldine said, "and I went up to the old man, after this afternoon's rehearsal—we were all absolutely down and out, we were so tired—and I said to him, that if he could get hold of any one else that he liked better, why, I'd tear up that three-weeks' contract in a second."

"More fool you!" said Paula.

"Well, I had to. And the look of pathetic relief that came into his old face!" Geraldine laughed. "However, he was very decent, and I must say, that with the girls in their costumes, and everything, it did seem to go, rather, this afternoon"

"Think you'll get away with it?" Paula asked, with simple curiosity.

"I'm not thinking at all—I can't think!" the other woman answered, laughing again. "It's all too utterly unexpected and idiotic and unreal—my going on the stage! I shall dress, and have my face made up, exactly as they tell me to, and do everything I can, and then I shall somehow

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

"In an Agony of Attention He Watched the Performer. Unable to Grasp It, His Mind Would Tell Him that it Was Not Jerry, it Could Not Be Jerry! But All the Time He Knew that it Was She"

Google NEW Y

The color that "comes and goes"

WHAT KEEPS YOU FROM HAVING ITS CHARM

HOW many girls despair of ever rousing a sallow, sluggish skin! How hard it seems *not* to have the clear skin and radiant color that is every young girl's right.

Have you ever thought that your skin *can* be changed? Every day your skin changes *of itself*. Old skin dies, and new forms to take its place. It depends on you to keep this new skin clear and colorful.

Just so long as you neglect your skin, it will continue to be dull and colorless. If it is sallow, sluggish, inactive, it needs *stimulating every day*. Free it every night of the tiny dead particles that develop daily. Cleanse the pores thoroughly, bring the blood to the surface, stimulate the tiny muscular fibers. You can do this every night by using the following treatment:

How to rouse a sluggish skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion, until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then in cold water. Then rub your skin for thirty seconds with a lump of ice, and dry carefully.

The very first time you use this treatment, your skin will feel fresher and invigorated. Woodbury's Facial Soap was made especially to meet the needs of the skin. It was formulated by John H. Woodbury after years of experience in treating the skin. Its pure, cleansing, antiseptic lather is just what the skin needs to keep it clear and healthy.

Within a week or ten days, you will notice an improvement in your skin. But do not keep up the treatment for a time and then neglect it. Only the *steady* use of Woodbury's will give you the clear, radiant skin you long for.

Perhaps your skin needs a stronger treatment than the one given here. Then write us for the new steam treatment for pale, sallow skins. You will find the other famous treatments in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

You will find that the 25c cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment as well as for general cleansing use for that time. It is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States or Canada.

Get your cake today, and begin at once the treatment your skin needs.

IF YOUR SKIN IS VERY TENDER
there is a special Woodbury treatment for the care of it. You will find it in the booklet wrapped around your cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

Send for sample cake

WITH BOOKLET OF FAMOUS TREATMENTS AND SAMPLE OF WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 312 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 312 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

BLEMISHES AND UNSIGHTLY SPOTS
can be cleared away by the steady use of the treatment for this purpose given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Hamilton Beach Home Motor

A Sensible Christmas Gift

WHEN you give a Hamilton Beach Home Motor for Christmas you are meeting the Government's wish that only purchases of the most necessary character be made. Whether it is used in Red Cross workshops or in the home, the H-B Home Motor speeds up women's work tremendously and, by conserving time and strength, adds greatly to the production power of every woman who uses it.

FREE—Phone your dealer for a Hamilton Beach Home Motor on a week's free trial. Any electric, hardware or sewing machine dealer will be glad to do this.

It Sews Do all your own sewing and enjoy it. Simply place this little motor under the hand wheel of your sewing machine (old or new), instantly change it to a self-operating electric. No screws or bolts to attach—no skill required to operate. Sews slow or fast without effort or drudgery; no more broken thread; always runs right.

It Whips Cream The Cream Whipper Attachment is a most ingenious device. Without effort you can whip cream, beat eggs, or make delicious mayonnaise—things you have wished could be done by power instead of by hand.

It Fans Even the power to run an electric fan is contained in this little giant of motors. You can summon cool breezes whenever you want by simply attaching the fan device to the Hamilton Beach Home Motor.

It Sharpens Knives Another of the kitchen needs is fulfilled in the Grinding Attachment. You know how much of the time you work with dull knives because you have no satisfactory way to sharpen them. Now you can have always keen-edged cutlery.

It Polishes Silver The bugbear of silver cleaning day—it no longer exists for you when you have the Polishing Attachment right at hand to brighten the silver. It works a magic transformation—quickly and without effort on your part.

HAMILTON-BEACH MFG. CO. 1540 Mote Street RACINE, WIS.

Digitized by Google

The Luck of Geraldine Laird

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

get through it, but how I feel about it I haven't the least idea. What I honestly think," she added, "is this. I think that in a few days old Goldmann will tell me that he can now get hold of Ethel Somebody or Edith Somebody-else, and that, therefore, altho I have a nice little act, and they want me to try it again some time, and so on and so forth, how do I feel about taking a week's salary, and calling it square."

"Maybe," Paula admitted. "But maybe not! How do you like it?"

Geraldine was wholly in earnest now, and there was a look of real longing in her eyes.

"Paula," she said, "I simply love it! It's Paradise to me. I love every bit of it, the smells and the shabbiness and the words they use and the whole thing. I shall be pretty sick—however, let's keep our spirits up until to-morrow night."

GERALDINE had moved, a week or two before, from her uncomfortable boarding-house to a furnished apartment in East Sixtieth Street that was being sublet at a sacrifice, for the Summer months. It had seemed to her a great adventure to take possession of three bright, white-painted rooms, curtained in gay chintzes, and with a wide outlook over roofs of various heights to the river. But hot upon the heels of this experience had come Paula's disquieting and important proposal, and now a new trend of thought like a flood was washing her along in its swift current, and Geraldine had lost all sense of proportion and direction.

"If I fail," she mused. "And I must fail—then what will they all think of me, some day when I tell them! 'What a city it is! One lives here,'" she pondered, "using up about two hundred per cent. of one's energy all the time. To live here at all, one ought to rest exactly half the time." And she had a panicky hour or two of fear. "I ought to consult some one! I ought to ask Mother—or Dean—this may be a dangerous thing for me to do!"

"But dangerous—how?" she interrupted herself scornfully. "Nothing is dangerous while I have my senses, and unless I deliberately lose control of them, I am just as safe here as up at the farm! Going on the stage—and I used to tell the girls at Sans Peur that I thought going on the stage, when I was a girl. And now I'm really doing it!"

She went into the shop, and laughed at the awestruck girls. Paula joined her, and they went to the theater, for there was to be a hurried last rehearsal at six o'clock. Paula stopped for a salad and iced tea, but Geraldine was too nervous to eat.

It was all different from her old schoolgirl dreams of going on the stage. It was all oddly flat. She had fancied adoring friends crowding about, her circle of admiring family and of envious girls, and of eyeing men.

As it was, she and Paula—this saleswoman of clothes!—were alone and, unnoticed as they entered the metal-sheathed door, found their dressing-room, and murmured busily to themselves so that the indifferent others, drifting about, should not think them uncomfortable. Later, a businesslike middle-aged woman asked Geraldine if she would like any help with her make-up, and Geraldine shyly accepted her offer, but the make-up woman took no interest in her state of mind, as she rapidly rouged and pencilled.

Too early Paula and Geraldine, who had slipped a loose thin coat over her gown, went up into the wings. The sluggish activities of the theater, dragging along for the last week, were now moving rapidly to fever-pitch. The orchestra was in its box, instruments were whining and chirping, the pianist was looking away from his keyboard, and talking, as he tried brief runs and chords. The electricians were perspiring and panting, and shouts of despair were mingling with the noise of the moving scenery and the general hammering and pounding.

At eight o'clock, when the doors opened, there was a warning for quiet on the stage, and, half an hour later, the music began. It had commenced, a real theatrical review, on Broadway in New York, and she was in it! And the garrulous little woman next to her was her only friend in the place.

She and Paula, from a landing on the steep iron staircase that led up to the dressing-rooms, watched the first act, and, novices as they were, decided it was not going well. It had not the swing of the afternoon rehearsal, somehow. The people clapped and did their duty, but Geraldine saw no confidence and no pleasure in old Goldmann's face.

When the curtain swarmed off, after the ensemble, she went busily up to her dressing-room again, and powdered her hot face, and touched her stiffly arranged hair. The hairdresser, instructed carefully yesterday, had arranged it in loose, old-fashioned ringlets, and tied it with a green ribbon, and Geraldine felt that tight things were pressing her scalp unmercifully, and that she would never entirely get rid of the pins and combs and nets and bands that had been skilfully introduced. She thought to herself that she did look almost unrecognizably young and surprisingly pretty, but fretted to Paula that the rouge was too obvious.

They were murmuring unnaturally, at her dressing-table, when a hurry call from below brought her heart into her mouth. She hurried, dazed and breathless, with her heart pumping, up to the wings. She found Leo and his uncle close behind her. Both men were perspiring freely, their collars wilted, their red faces shining. Both looked worried and concerned almost to sickness.

"Say, listen," Leo whispered to her, "we've got an awful house here—"

"Awful? It's packed!" Geraldine whispered back, in amazement.

"It is the coldest house we have ever played to," his uncle assured her, biting his nails nervously. "Maybe Tommy will do it—maybe he won't. If he don't—well, then we lose!"

"We don't think we can get away with that 'Lesbia' stuff!" Leo went on, quickly.

"Don't—?" Geraldine's heart stood still.

"No, we can't—they won't stand for it!" he answered impatiently. It's something awful—something has got to be done—I—Now, you will have to go out—the boys will give you a little music—and start right off with the woman over the saloon thing—begin like you were going to—'Ladies and Gentlemen'—"

"But the girls—I can't—!" she stammered, utterly unnerved.

"You gotta," Leo said urgently. "Then we can work the imitations for an encore—unless the act is ready behind here—"

"You told Harry!" the uncle asked.

"And I told the boys to hustle—"

They paid no further attention to Geraldine. She saw Leo engage three of the shamrock-clad girls in conversation—the lights dimmed—the dancers were gone—

She recognized the Irish airs that were her cue. For a second it seemed that her trembling knees would not obey her—old Goldmann gave her a little push—the glare of the footlights caught her—and she guided herself by their line—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—"

From the darkened rising tiers of dimly massed faces and hands, there was sudden approving applause. She had not expected it, and for a second did not like it, it frightened her. She had not realized that the genuine freshness and beauty of the white-clad figure, the honest, sweet face, in its richly falling curls, and the touch of mossy green, had provoked the house to spontaneous welcome.

But she was too temperamental not to recognize it after a bewildered second, and to love it. Laughter and applause—for Jerry Fitzpatrick, who was going to amuse them because they liked her!

Suddenly herself, she faced them with a joyous self-confidence that carried her personality straight to the heart of New York. To old Goldmann, behind the scene, it was as a burst of Spring sunlight.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—with your kind permission I am to repeat to you a little conversation that took place between Mrs. James Garvey, who was leaning out from her window over Cassidy's, and John Gillespie, who happened to be sweeping the sidewalk."

THERE was another laugh, and surprised again at their graciousness, she gave the house a questioning look, which a ripple of fresh laughter answered.

"I take off my hat to you, Uncle Herman," said Leo Goldmann, in the wings. "Loudem!" he whispered intensely to Geraldine.

She had crossed her arms, and was leaning on the high chair-back that had been arranged in readiness.

"Hillo, Jawnnie," she began. "Ain't it a grand day? How's Mama? Listen, did any one go out from Kelly's yet—"

The whole house was chuckling and tittering with laughter.

"I don't see what they're so cold—" something in the back of Geraldine's consciousness said, bewilderedly. "Slow—loud. Slow—loud. I don't see that any one would want people nicer than this. Anyway, I'm nearly done—anyway—I'm nearly done!"

She had been told to go off with her face turned toward the house, but she forgot it, in her bewilderment, and walked straight into the Goldmanns, and a group of strange faces. She was turned about, pushed back.

"Go back—go take your call!" shouted Leo, his voice quite drowned in the confusion. "Go on—hold them! They're crazy about it!"

"The—the imitations now?" stammered Geraldine.

"Go back—bow to them!" Hands guided her. She hardly knew where the wings ended and the footlights began until the increased applause made her raise her startled eyes to the house. She bowed, unconsciously looking as scared as she was, and looked about her with a little awkwardness. No one had told her what to do now, and she gave the wings a questioning glance, and bowed uncertainly again. The house, enjoying itself thoroughly, broke into an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Columbia Grafonola

FORTUNATE are the homes the Columbia Grafonola enters. For its gift of beautiful music brings a new and different pleasure to every member of the family.

For the kiddies—their own songs and games, and fairy tales; stories of elves and gnomes and four-footed animal friends. For mother—the old, sweet songs that mother loves; her favorite opera airs sung by great artists. For dad—lively, laughing music that makes him forget the day's work and worries. For big brother and sister, home from school—whirlwind waltzes, military one-steps, novelty jazzes; the latest war-song hits.

As a family entertainer, this big, handsome Grafonola is the favorite of all home folks, big and little. In your home, too, his cheery, melodious voice is surely needed—with its promise of many happy musical years to come.

Columbia Grafonolas, Standard Models up to $300—Period Designs up to $2100

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK

"This Columbia Grafonola looks mighty good to me. Let's go down town and hear it"

Buy War Savings Stamps

"It sounds even better than it looks. Can you send it home today?"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Dromedary Dates Instead of Candy

DROMEDARY Dates are *"Nature's War-time Confection."* They are as sweet as candy—delicious in flavor—healthful and nourishing.

Rich in sugar—*natural* sugar—upon which there are no restrictions.

Dromedary Dates are carefully selected, luscious golden dates.

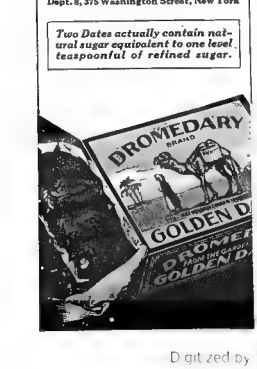
Serve them as they come from the dust-proof package, or stuffed with nuts, marshmallows or Dromedary Cocoanut.

Use Dromedary Dates in Sugar-Saving Desserts

Many sugar-saving desserts are suggested in our new cook book "DROMEDARY WAR-TIME RECIPES." Sent free upon request.

The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
Dept. 8, 375 Washington Street, New York

Two Dates actually contain natural sugar equivalent to one level teaspoonful of refined sugar.



The Luck of Geraldine Laird

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

uproar, and Geraldine, looking at them dubiously, seemed re-assured, and smiled broadly and with sudden confidence.

"Come off!" some one called from the wings, and horribly afraid that she had made herself a laughing-stock, she went straight off again, her back to the house. In the boiling confusion of the wings, her chorus girls were ranged, Leo began to give her urgent and rapid directions, but she did not hear him.

But she did hear the music, beginning "Lesbia," and she blindly led her eight dancers back to the footlights.

"Lesbia hath a gleaming eye—"

Her voice was drowned out.

"I don't call this such a cold house!" Geraldine told herself again, nervously. And then she thought uneasily, "I wonder what they are all laughing for? I wonder what they are laughing at?"

She forgot the words, and sang them earnestly and distinctly, looking soberly at the audience, and trying to atone, in clearness and slowness, for what her voice lacked in force. The house was very quiet now, and she felt for the first time the exquisite delight of holding them.

"Oh, my Norah's gown for me
That floats as free as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free,
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases—"

She stirred them, and stirred herself. And before the chorus reached the jig, which had been hurriedly put in to brighten this number, she was suddenly moved to lock her two hands over her heart, and walk slowly and sadly off, as one musing of love. Again she saw the Goldmans' excited and perspiring faces, and heard a babel of excited voices. Paula was there, with the linen coat over her dress. Some of the other performers in the review were there, laughing; every one was smiling at her.

"Is it all right?" she asked the elder Goldmann, anxiously, resisting at the same time his nephew's efforts to forcibly push her in a neutral direction.

"Is it all right?—my darling! My darling!". The old man hardly knew what he was saying. He remembered her in old-world fashion, and she felt that his cheeks were actually wet.

PAULA hurried her through the swarming wings to the dressing-room, and they exchanged meaningless and irrelevant words. Later Goldmann was waiting for her in a passage, there was something said of a waiting car, Mr. Neelands here would take them to the car—he, Goldmann, would see her in the morning—"sleep good. Good night."

Every one was looking at her; she had a sensation, forgotten for some months, of old days, of being happily conspicuous, and of bearing it with bright indifference.

"You were a big hit, Miss O'Brien," said Mr. Neelands, a dark young man with shining teeth showing in a wide smile. He was helping her into the Goldmann limousine; there was a moment's hesitation over the address, it was decided that they would drop Paula at her Riverside flat, and then take Geraldine to her own apartment.

"I'll see you first thing in the morning!" Paula said. Young Neelands gallantly escorted Geraldine to her own door; the yawning colored elevator-boy had not even a casual glance for Mollie O'Brien, as they shot up to her floor.

She was alone in her silent orderly apartment again, the door behind her, snapped up the lights, looked about as if she had never seen it before.

For a long three minutes she stood motionless, by the door, breathing deep.

"Well!" she said finally, with a deep breath of relief, and seemed to extend from her tired head, in its pins and bands, to her slippered feet. And rapidly and quietly she began to get ready for bed, hanging up her suit, putting her hat into its box, snapping the trees into her shoes. Once or twice she looked about, laughing almost fearfully, and said "Well!" again, and caught another childish breath.

The delight of being alone—of not having to talk to Paula—to the Goldmanns—Geraldine loosened her crimped and twisted hair, brushed it as she brushed it every night of her life, darkened the room and opened the windows, knelt for her prayers, tossed her shabby Bible and the book she chanced to be reading on the bed, and climbed in, pressing her tired back against the piled pillows, and giving a little wriggle of content as she reached this haven.

Well, it was over. She pressed her two hands across her face, and laughed aloud. Then she lay silent, slumbering if sleep trying to believe it. She laughed aloud again.

A clock struck eleven; the crowd was pouring out, now, from Goldmanns' big review. Geraldine laughed and shivered childishly, wrapping herself in her arms, and burrying her finished face.

"But I believe I'm hungry!" she discovered suddenly. She got up and went into the orderly little kitchen, where the faucet was still twinkling with a tiny drip of water, and came back to bed with buttered bread and strong coffee. Luxuriously feasting, reading, and stopping short for half-terrified and half-exultant chuckles, she spent another half hour; but at midnight she was sleeping as deeply as a child, alone in the big city, her husband and children entirely unaware of her new fortunes, her name changed, the whole tenor of her life shifted by a chance encounter with a little home dressmaker in the doorway of a Fifth Avenue shop.

THE morning brought Paula, with an armful of papers. Geraldine was still sleeping deeply when the first knock came at the door, but she scrambled up, wide-awake instantly, and she and her devoted ally laughed and chattered like girls as they met. Geraldine put on a thin wrapper, and sitting up in bed, they raced feverishly from one reviewer's column to another. They were all the same.

The Goldmanns' latest review was a success; Tom Wilder was as popular as ever, the girls were pretty and fresh, and Miss Mollie O'Brien had been the hit of the performance. It was said in all sorts of ways and degrees, but it was always said. There were even one or two headlines for Miss O'Brien, and the editor of one of the popular columns of sense and nonsense remarked that to see Miss Mollie O'Brien turn her back on a Broadway audience and walk quietly off the stage was as refreshing as to find strawberries growing in Madison Square.

Paula, laughing at her friend's simplicity, would not hear of cooking a breakfast, but telephoned down to the grill. While they were taking the hot, silver-plated covers from the muffins and omelette, two great boxes of flowers arrived, from Mr. Leo Goldmann and Mr. Herman Goldmann.

It was a happy time, and happier in retrospect than in reality. Geraldine never smelled the sweetness of American Beauty roses again without remembering that soft Summer morning, with lazy boat-calls from the river, cool shadow over her western windows, herself in a loose wrapper, feasting on breakfast, going with her to the theater—ah, she missed that!

A day came in November when her mail contained a letter in Dean's handwriting forwarded from Stockham to Mrs. Dean Laird, in care of Mrs. O'Brien. This was the way in which her mother always addressed her mail, but Geraldine's heart jumped as she saw the letter, with a sudden fear of discovery. Dean had not written her since the memorable letter that had shattered her life.

It was the tenth anniversary of her wedding day. She was to lunch that day, with Paula and the Goldmanns, and there was to be talk of a new contract. If she signed it, it meant another season, perhaps two, of this life. Thinking of these things, and of the anniversary, Geraldine breakfasted early, husband's unopened letter propped against her sugar-bowl, her face sober and thoughtful.

Ten years—still in her mourning, only a little girl at eighteen, confident, radiant, eager to do her part, she had given herself to the man she loved. She remembered the flowers, the confusion, the ring on her young hand, and the never-to-be-forgotten feeling that enveloped her when he stooped, with one arm about her, and tipped her face up, so that her veil fell back, and kissed her mouth. Love had always been kind to them; since then she had never been so happy as when that arm was about her; she had reveled in the sense of possessing his love, as he possessed her own.

NOW all that was over. His own hand had crumbled it and killed it. She was making her way now; she was ready to stand alone. To re-open the healed wound, to let herself believe, would unfit her, Geraldine knew, for the enterprise upon which she was embarked now.

For a few minutes she let herself think of it. Reconciliation with Dean—reconciliation with Dean!—

Tears came to her eyes, and she wiped them away angrily. He had treated her cruelly and heartlessly, he had exposed her to every possible humiliation and shame; he had cared nothing for her or for his children.

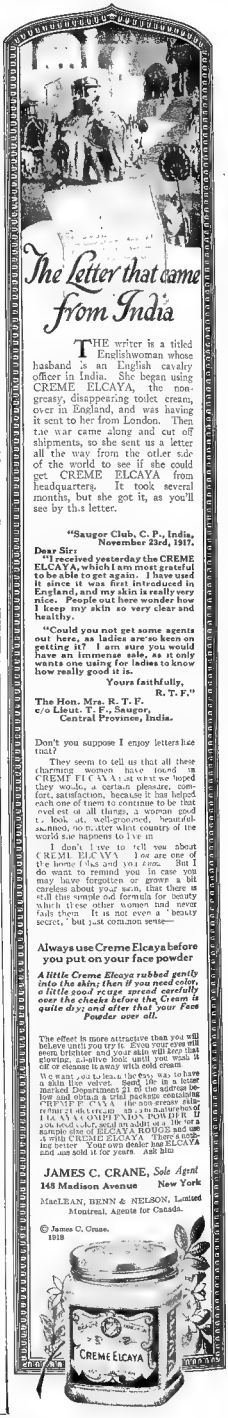
"It would only be the same thing over again!" she told herself bitterly. "I gave him everything I could give—and he didn't want it! Now—now—I can't go back! I can't go back."

When she had finished her breakfast, she walked slowly to her desk, and wrote across the envelop of the unread letter her husband's name and address.

Even when she had done it, she hesitated.

When she walked out into the glorious

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35


The Letter that came from India
THE writer is a titled Englishwoman whose husband is an English cavalry officer in India. She began using CREME ELCAYA, the non-greasy, disappearing toilet cream, over in England, and was having it sent to her from London. Then the war came along and cut off shipments, so she sent us a letter all the way from the other side of the world to see if she could get CREME ELCAYA from headquarters. It took several months, but she got it, as you'll see by this letter.
"Saugor Club, C. P., India,
November 23rd, 1917.
Dear Sir:
"I received yesterday the CREME ELCAYA, which I am most grateful to be able to get again. I have used it since it was first introduced in England, and my skin is really very nice. People out here wonder how I keep my skin so very clear and healthy.
"Could you not get some agents out here, as ladies are so keen on getting it? I am sure you would have an immense sale, as it only requires one using for ladies to know how really good it is.
Yours faithfully,
R. T. F."
The Hon. Mrs. R. T. F.
c/o Lieut. R. T. F., Saugor,
Central Province, India.
Don't you suppose I enjoy letters like that?
They seem to tell us that all these charming women have found in CREME ELCAYA what we helped they would, a certain pleasure, comfort, satisfaction, because it has helped each one of them to continue to be that novel set of all things, a woman good to look at, well-groomed, beautifully-tanned, no matter what country of the world she happens to live in.
We don't love to tell you about CREME ELCAYA for are one of the secrets (Ha, ha) you know. But I do want to remind you in case you may have forgotten or grown a bit careless about your skin, that there is still this simple old formula for beauty which these other women find never fails them. It is not even a "beauty secret," but just common sense—
Always use Creme Elcaya before you put on your face powder
A little Creme Elcaya rubbed gently into the skin; then if you need color, a little good rouge spread carefully over the cheeks before the cream is quite dry; and after that your Face Powder over all.
The effect is more attractive than you will believe until you try it. Even your veil seem brighter and your skin will keep that morning, sunshine look until you wash it off or cleanse it away with cold cream.
We want you to learn the CREME ELCAYA habit, so we have a little trial offer. Send us a letter marked Department 21 of the address below and we will send a trial package containing CREME ELCAYA, the delightful powder PURITAN ELCAYA COMPLEXION POWDER in the new shade, and an addition to the list of samples one of BECAUSE & ROGES and one of CRUSME ELCAYA. There's a nose in with CRUSME ELCAYA. There's a nose letter. Your own dealer has ELCAYA and can sell it for you. Ask him
JAMES C. CRANE, *Sole Agent*
148 Madison Avenue New York
MacLEAN, BENN & NELSON, Limited
Montreal, Agents for Canada.
© James C. Crane. 1918
CREME ELCAYA

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Luck of Geraldine Laird

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

fragrant day, the letter was in her bag. After the luncheon she went to the Goldmanns' office, and signed her contract. There was great satisfaction expressed on all sides; it was a time of mutual compliments and pleasantness. Then she went to buy herself some silk stockings, to select a book, to realize that now and then some shopping woman pointed her out to another with, "Look, that's that Mollie O'Brien now!" or "Who is that?—we know that face!"

She came out of the theater at half past ten; the night was clear and warm, the sky thick with stars. Walking slowly up Broadway, she crossed the park and turned toward her own street. She noticed a green letter-box, took the letter from her bag, slipped it in.

The box clanked upon its prey; the deed was done. Geraldine stood still for a full minute, feeling a little sick. He would get it in the morning, as she had gotten his. He would experience that desolate sinking of the heart, that hurt and chilled feeling that she had experienced.

Slowly, and with a confused expression upon her face, she walked away. Revenge was unexpectedly tame—it was unexpectedly bitter. There was no glory in this action.

THE tide was coming in, each splendid wave setting its mark an inch higher on the white sand. An August sunset was blazing over the world, and at six o'clock the day was still bright, blue, spacious, and cloudless. The children's little figures, bending, kneeling, running, sent long shafts of shadow down the beach. The world was all a shining mingling of beauty and light, and the two women who had ensconced themselves comfortably in the embrace of the great rocks that at one point ran out to sea, blinked as they watched it. One of the women was elderly, with the lined face of the last generation; a face that had never known powder, cold cream, hot-packs, and ice-packs, any more than it had known rouge and lip-stick. It sagged into frank gray wrinkles, and the good-natured smile that lighted it was marred by obviously artificial teeth.

She presented a startling contrast to the other woman, a slender young creature so charming even in the informality of beach wear as to find herself shrewdly inspected by every Summer visitor who chanced to wander the two miles from the big hotel at Kennebunkport to this quiet and isolated bit of shore. Such visitors identified the two as mother and daughter, simply enough, but were sometimes at a loss to place the two burned and splendid little girls who always accompanied the pair. It was observed that a cook and a French maid or governess shared the cottage where they were domiciled, and that the inconspicuous car belonging to the establishment was driven by the young woman herself.

That was all that curious eyes could discover, and in the rapid shifting of the Summer population, even that was more than many an interested onlooker ascertained. The tongues of Miss Mollie O'Brien, at whom almost every man and woman who golfed and swam and danced and lounged and played tennis and smoked and flirted at the hotel had had recent opportunity to laugh and applaud, was not once jeopardized. She had told her mother that when she was recognized she would simply escape, but there was no need for escape. The Summer world is large, and the memory of the theater-going public is short. Broadway has as many stars as the sky above it. Geraldine laughed sometimes at her own fears that her little fame had made her conspicuous forever.

IN mid-September she moved her little family back into the city, and finally signed a contract to appear under the management of the Goldmanns, in a new musical comedy, and at a lower salary than vaudeville offered, but with the certainty that she would be at home with the children for a few more months at least. These arrangements were not made without infinite confusion and misunderstanding, and there was a brief period when the disgruntled Brewer, who had offered her a contract at $750 a week and which she had virtually accepted, threatened her peace of mind and robbed her nights of sleep with muttering of a lawsuit. The small O'Brien girls—as they were known now—somehow managed to acquire whooping-cough, and were placed in a state of semi-quarantine with their grandmother and governess and Geraldine caught a heavy cold, and attended the rehearsals of the musical comedy in new disarrangement and doubt.

So her third Winter in the city rushed upon her, and every day the old life, of carpet-sweepers and jam-making, of Sunday entertaining and dashing about with Dean in the little car, grew more and more like a dream.

"Some one to see you—a lady, Mr. Laird," said the office boy, threading his way across the room to tell where the new home of the Crescent moving-picture firm had been hastily established. Dean, deep in manuscript, scowled at him, looked at the card, and scowled again.

"Did you tell her I was here?" he began, and seeing a powdered slender form making its way toward him, he nodded with frowning resignation and rose to greet Miss Kennedy. Miss Kennedy chair down beside his desk, and with an impassive face, and a barely civil good morning, he put her into a chair.

"Hello, Kennedy," Dean said, bringing his fine grave glance to her face, after he had looked through a letter on his desk. "What's up?"

"You know, I'm very angry with you, Dean," his caller said, feeling her way and watching him as she talked. "Extremely angry! You haven't been treating me nicely, one bit!"

Dean looked at her dispassionately; folded his arms as he faced her.

"I'm sorry to hear that, briefly.

"You haven't been near me for—well, for weeks!" complained Kennedy.

"I saw you on Sunday," he reminded her promptly.

"Sunday! With forty 'leven other people in the studio! Don't tell me, Dean," she said winningly, "what's the matter? What have I done?

"Why, you haven't done anything—don't take that tone!" Dean said, annoyed, and beginning to set his littered desk in order. "I'm very much busy—" He interrupted himself to answer his telephone.

"I suppose you spent Sunday with those Parrys, Kennedy said, bitterly, "over in Tenafly—talking about their babies! I don't know what's come over you, Dean. Really, I don't! The whole crowd is talking about it. Why, you might just as well have stayed in Stockham, for that matter, if you're not more interested than that in—in the real things!"

"Perhaps you're right," he answered. "I might better have stayed there!"

"If you feel that way," the girl retorted petulantly, "why don't you go back? Go back to your wife, and your uncle's business!"

"My wife is not there," Dean answered, as if to himself.

"Where is she?" Kennedy asked sharply.

"I don't know," he answered, simply.

"But she takes your money, just the same?"

"No; as a matter of fact, she doesn't!" Dean pursed his lips, and frowned.

"I believe you're still in love with her, Dean," Kennedy said, after a pause during which she had studied him thoughtfully, and with a sort of amused scorn.

"No," he answered, shortly. "Perhaps," he added, again as if musing, "perhaps I am a trifle less in love with myself than I was! Well—what do you want, my dear?"

Romance was dead, thrill was dead, their friendship with all its shades and tones was a thing of the past, she knew as she answered him. But Kennedy would not show the hurt she felt.

"Listen, I have four seats for 'Oh, For Pity's Sake!'" she began, producing them. "And I remembered," she continued prettily, "that you said you liked that sort of silly show. Fourth row, Dean! Chris and Porter are going, and you and I. Supper at the studio first, and down on the 'bus. How about it? It's a lovely show, I know that. That crazy scene where they break all the windows is in it, and Mollie O'Brien—you remember her last year? She's made a bigger hit in this—"

"I didn't see her," he said, shaking his head.

"Well, anyway, she's loads of fun, and you must see her."

"Love to!" he answered, rising to walk with her to the elevator.

FOR a few seconds after the beginning of the number, the house interested him more than the girl. Mollie O'Brien was met with an uproar of welcome that drowned out the orchestra, bravely whipping through an familiar medley. Dean, who had caught some of the eager stir of expectation that preceded her coming, saw a slender girl with dark braids and a small, knotted shawl, come swiftly and unceremoniously to the center of the stage, and stand there bashfully glancing about, and now and then giving the house a quick, uncertain smile.

Her face—her face—— His heart plunged, and he felt the water break out on his forehead. For a few frightful seconds it seemed to him that the reason was rocking. That woman looked like—that woman looked like——

"Ladies and gentlemen——"

The voice went through him like a knife. Jerry's unforgotten voice, with the laughter under it, and the tears so close! Dean had a terrified instinct that his outward appearance must not betray the utter rout and confusion of his senses, for a few seconds he was hardly conscious of what he felt or showed—or of where he was.

In an agony of attention he watched the performer. Unable to grasp it, his mind would tell him that it was not Jerry—it could not be Jerry! But all the time he knew that it was she.

This Story began in Pictorial Review for October; will end in the January issue. If you do not like to read a story from month to month, save your back numbers and read it all at once. If you have missed the beginning of the story, we can supply back numbers, 20 cents a copy.

Here's What I'm Drinking

Have you noticed how many middle aged and elderly people drink Postum instead of coffee?

However much one may like this or that beverage it is an unmistakable fact that coffee *does* prove harmful. Its unfortunate influence upon the nerves, as shown by wakefulness, headaches, and so on, makes it undesirable for many.

POSTUM

meets such situations exactly, for it provides an invigorating table drink much like superior coffees in flavor, but as it is made from cereals and a small portion of wholesome molasses it never produces the ill effects that often result from regular coffee drinking.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal, which must be boiled; Instant Postum, made in the cup, at table, in a moment. They are alike in delightful flavor, and the cost per cup is about equal.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Letters from Santa Claus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

way. Aside from a few little toys that you will find on Christmas morning, I am going to give you the greatest men in the world would give fortunes to own, that is, a good appetite!

And so I am going to give you good health, and this will enable you to digest everything you eat, and grow tall and big and strong. And I am going to give you the plainest of food for a while. You may think you prefer rich things, but when you get older you will find that plain food and a perfect appetite are the best possible presents. It will give you a clear brain, good blood, and enable you to learn rapidly, think clearly, and become a smart, capable, and successful man.

Of course I wouldn't do for me to tell you all about what I am going to give you, but I tell you this so you will understand why I do not get much else this year. Suppose you get a lot of presents to make up for it? Give your father a little help by tearing up boxes and other kindlings; give your mother a little rest by getting up early and getting Father's breakfast so she can have another hour's sleep. Tell them these are Christmas presents which you intend to string right along through the year. I know you will do it because you are a good boy.

Santa Claus has his unhappy moments, Willie, when he can not give to the deserving half the things he would like to give. This is one of my unhappy moments, but you will have some very happy Christmas holidays to look forward to, nevertheless.

Very affectionately,
SANTA CLAUS.

Miss Viola Riche
Van Gilt Avenue, City

DEAR MISS RICHE: Your highly perfumed letter at hand. Did you know that chemists and druggists very frequently put perfume in things to disguise their unpleasantness? A sweet smile is better than ten thousand sweet odors. But as to your wants:

I have no doubt that you will get the pearl ring and the enameled watch and the automobile and all the other things because you have always got what you wanted. I wish I could do these up for you, and put the labels on them. They would read: "One Pleasant Disposition," "One Lot Unselfishness," "One Knack of Smiling Instead of Pouting," "One Constant Fondness for Healthy Things to Eat," and a great many similar things.

Unfortunately I can not send these to you now. But if at any time you show a genuine desire for them, do you know they will be yours? And, by the way, don't forget there are a lot of poor little girls over in that Orphan's home on the other side of the park who never owned a really truly doll. You have thirty-eight in your play-room, and you never play with any of them. Of course, this is only a hint.

Good-by,
SANTA CLAUS.

Miss Susie Poore
Narrow Street, City

MY DEAR SUSIE: Yours is indeed a charming note. All you ask is a rubber ball and picture book for baby brother and a doll and a little broom for yourself—and you want the broom to help mother sweep.

It is very likely, very likely, that you will get these; you will get the doll I feel quite sure, and if your father is too busy to bring it home for you where I leave it, some one who reads this will see that you get it.

Every Christmas you are getting a present or two that you know nothing about. You are getting health and bright eyes and a pretty face and a clean mind, and I am sure that when you get older these will prove the very best presents any little girl could have.

With lots of love,
SANTA CLAUS.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Dress Your Boy in Corduroy - -

It's the thrifty way when his suits are made from the "thrift fabric"—

BUY

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

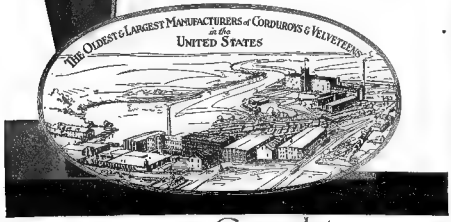
CROMPTON
All-Weather
CORDUROY
"Cravenette" Finished

"The best boy cloth of them All"

—for best as well as rough and tumble, and the only Corduroy protected against water damage by the famous "Cravenette" Finish.

Suits of Crompton "All-Weather" Corduroy "Cravenette" Finished are sold by all the leading retailers of boy's clothing. Look for the name to make sure you are getting the best.

Crompton-Richmond Co.
31 East 31st St., New York, N. Y.



Dolly Dingle's Christmas Cards and Christmas Party

Directions for Making the Cards and Setting the Table. *See pages 16, 42, and 43*

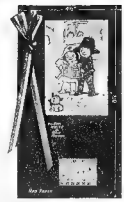
CHRISTMAS cards that are real novelties are not often found in the shops. For the discriminating reader who wants something really different, PICTORIAL REVIEW suggests the following Christmas cards adapted from the famous Dolly Dingle series.

TINY borders drawn around the outside in white or black ink add much to the general effect of the cards, and color combinations, in case one likes to depart from the colors suggested here, must be carefully chosen for the best results, and with confidence in one's ability to judge properly.

THE pictures which form the foundation of the cards can be found on Page 16 of this number. The only material necessary to make them is some cardboard of ordinary stiffness and of various colors, some scarlet ribbon about an inch wide, some red, white, and blue ribbon of the same width.

THE center picture at the bottom of the page is not a card, but a suggestion for Christmas stationery. It is timely and patriotic and gives the sender an opportunity to say more than the cards permit. It is easily made by cutting plain white paper according to the dimensions marked.

OF COURSE it can be seen from the pictures that the dimensions of each card are plainly marked and the most effective colorings are indicated. Some cards are made into folders of different shapes and styles, some that open from both sides, some just plain book folders into which a visiting-card can be slipped and which have pictures within as well as without, and some pictures are just mounted on plain cards made effective with ribbon loops as in the case of the calendar at the top of the page. The card at the bottom of the page on the left is perhaps the most novel. The cover is cut out so that the picture shows through from within, then the card is tied shut with ribbon slipped through slits cut in the outside.



BELOW is the Christmas table arrayed for a festive occasion. A tiny tree forms the centerpiece, and it is hung with cut-out Dolly Dingle figures which can be found on Pages 42 and 43 of this number. The unusual little place-cards are made by cutting out the wreaths on the same page, suspending the larger one from the smaller by fastening them together with baby-ribbon strips pasted at each end, and slipping them over the glasses which are placed on the table upside down. This table is simply and inexpensively decorated, for altho it looks elaborate, there is really little or no expense attached to it. The children will more than enjoy taking part in making the decorations, and for so little cost and trouble, nothing could be prettier and more timely.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Harold, the Last of the Saxons

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

—and we never do such things. I was all nervous and upset, and then when we came up the club steps and you said that about the article, I thought you were simply *crazy*. But when we got inside I picked it up and read it, and the thing got me at the right time. Like a perfect fool I cried all the way home and told Alden I'd go into the play and not wreck our happy home." She glared at him. "And now do you see why I shall enjoy shrieking over your corpse?" she asked.

Peter nodded.

"I know just how you feel," he told her. "But I suppose there's something in it—the article, I mean."

"Not a bit!" she told him. "When I'd got my senses back, of course I saw that it worked both ways. I'd just as much right to demand that Alden stay home with me as he had to demand that I go out with him. Anyway—what are we here for? Just helping that Allen woman grind all the other females into the dust!"

"How do you mean?"

"You don't mean to say you're not on to what's happening?"

"I'm afraid not!" he confessed.

"Well, I suppose you're only a man after all. But I should think you'd have suspected something when she gave that pretty little wife of yours a principal part. Parts like that aren't handed out to newcomers as a rule."

"You mean it's a neighborhood feud we've butted into?" said Peter.

"Something like that. You see, all those other women handed in masques to the competition too, and you remember what a row there was among the judges. When the Allen woman gave out the parts she got back at 'em by ignoring all the ones who had competed, like Katharine Bixby and Letitia Jones. After she'd grabbed the lead herself she handed the second part to your wife, and gave the other women about three lines apiece. They couldn't row because she's run the town for so long. However," she nodded a shrewd head, "I think the end is in sight. There's rebellion in the air."

Peter stared at her.

"Do you mean if Janice—that is, my wife—plays that part she'll make all the women madder than if she stayed at home?"

"I'm afraid so," she told him, "but you couldn't make her think that, of course." She broke off suddenly. "Don't look so wobegone. Perhaps the play will never come off. There isn't a woman out there who wouldn't give anything to have the whole thing ruined. They tried to squelch it right at the start by saying that the cast was too big to rehearse in a private house and they couldn't afford to hire a hall. But she put a stop to that by getting the O'Connor man to give us his place."

"I know!" groaned Peter. "That unspeakable——"

"Hush!" she said. "Here he is now!"

Peter looked up. A man was approaching, piloted by Mrs. Allen. He stepped gingerly upon the polished floors. It was unmistakably Patrick O'Connor, clad in his Sunday raiment.

"Oh, Mr. Manning!" gurgled, the Untamable Spirit of Womanhood, "Or Harold, as I suppose we must learn to call you now—I want you to meet William the Conqueror!"

AFTER that, time passed in an endless procession of nightmares. By day there was his business, which seemed somehow remote and far apart—by night the deadly grind of rehearsal and the drill with Janice in the privacy of their home.

"Saxons!" she would recite, standing before him and regarding him with a fixed glare.

"'Saxons! Men of valiant worth!
Stand upon your native heath!'"

"That ought to be 'hearth'," he objected. "It doesn't rime the other way."

"It doesn't have to rime," she told him. "You know that's blank verse."

"But it rimes sometimes. You remember where I stand on a table and say:

'Rally, men, for I can see,
Mighty ships upon the sea!'"

"That's only when it's got to be awfully impressive. You remember Mrs. Allen explained about how there were times when her Muse just ran to poetry and it sort of came without her having to work at *all*. And anyway, it isn't a table you're standing on. That's just for rehearsal. It's a sand-dune and the Spirit of Boadicea is going to be hovering over you whispering——"

"Over me! Not on your life, she isn't! If I see the Untamable over me I'm going to get out from under so fast you won't——"

"Oh, for Goodness' Sake, keep still! 'Saxons! Men of——'" and the drill would go on while Peter steamed through the lines, accenting the last word in each with a certain feeling of explosive relief. It was this last that brought him into open disagreement with the Untamable.

"The accent should fall upon the important words," she explained. "Just listen to me read them." And she did, in her deepest chest-tones. Peter was conscious of a muffled sound at the other end of the room where Mrs. Alden Dreifus bent over to pick up a knitting-needle. Later he strolled over with affected carelessness.

"How's the shriek coming?" he inquired.

"I don't know," she confessed. "We haven't done the last act, you know, and I can't practise it at home. We've only a city lot and I'm afraid of rousing the neighbors."

Peter shook his head gloomily. Things were not going well with him. If only, he thought, if only he might be accomplishing something like Alden's martyrdom. But, no. The women were obviously avoiding Janice—all, that is, but Mrs. Dreifus and the Untamable.

"I don't know what's the matter!" she wailed to him. "They act as tho I'd stolen something. I thought it might be because they were a little jealous about the part, but no—every one of them made a special point of congratulating me and congratulating me when I was chosen!"

It was after their return from rehearsal, and Peter was regarding himself gloomily in the mirror.

"Oh, well," he said, "we're in for it now, and I suppose we've got to stick, but we'd much better——"

"If you say 'I told you so,' I'll—I'll——" and Janice dissolved into tears. Peter took her into his arms.

"If they were men I'd take 'em out and lick 'em!" he said, between his teeth.

CAME the final night. Clad in the sparse raiment of a chieftain, Peter sat awkwardly doubled behind his shield, in the wings. Across the stage he could see his wife sitting alone. Beside her a little group of women were skilfully turning their backs. He yearned to cross to her, but that unbroken expanse of stage drove him to his seat. There was a little cough and Mrs. Alden Dreifus slipped into the wings and sat down beside him.

"Getting used to your costume?" she asked. "They should have been here for dress rehearsal, but, of course, being an amateur performance, they were late."

Peter nodded. He was not sorry to have missed a dress rehearsal. Quite the contrary.

"Your wife looks lovely," went on the other. "But have you—oh, *have* you seen William?"

Peter shook his head.

"He's right behind you," she told him. "Look at him and turn quickly, because if he catches you laughing——" Peter swung around. And him, standing in the full glare of his dressing-room light, was Patrick O'Connor. His plump person was encased in the historic garb of the Conqueror and he seemed somehow to have swelled to double his size. In his hand he clutched a battle-axe over his shield his round face smiled blandly, with the faintest trace of inanity.

"He's drunk!" said Peter, horrified. "*Drunk!*"

"Not quite drunk," she told him. "He will be, tho, by the end of the evening. I've been waiting for this to happen all along. Of course it had to come to-night."

"But Janice!" said Peter. "She can't play with that brute!"

"Be quiet!" she warned him. "If you take my advice you'll let things alone. It will be worse for Mrs. Manning if you make a fuss than if you let things slide. She'd probably rather handle it herself."

"All right," he said. "But if he tries anything fresh ——" He stopped suddenly. Beside him loomed the portly figure of the Untamable, and after one glance nothing else seemed to matter. She was in armor—full armor—a sort of cross between Joan of Arc and St. Michael on parade. She shone and glinted, and when she walked she clanked and clashed like an infernal machine. She combined the looks of much as a British tank in full action, and as she bore down upon Peter he cringed and ducked involuntarily. Behind him he heard a muffled sound and knew that the irrepressible Mrs. Dreifus was off again.

The Untamable fixed him with her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

Uncle Sam Asks You

To buy your copy of Pictorial Review from the same newsdealer every month and to place a standing order for your copy so he can order without waste.

You will help to save coal, paper, and man-power

HEINZ Mince-Meat

THERE are many ingredients in really good mince meat. And each one of these many ingredients gives Heinz an opportunity to show his resources in procuring the best—choice apples from the wind-swept orchards of Northern New York, Grecian currants—fruity and clean—raisins from Valencia, beef from America's great plains, and fragrant spices from the Orient.

With each ingredient good as it can be, Heinz Mince Meat adds goodness to goodness—blending, seasoning, bringing out the flavor, until the result is a triumph.

Heinz Mince Meat is sold only in one and two pound glass jars and tins—never in bulk.

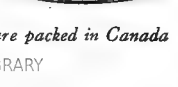
HEINZ Plum Pudding

This fine pudding, sacred to festivities for hundreds of years, is made by Heinz according to the best English traditions, and is a perfect ending for a good dinner.

HEINZ Fig Pudding

Here is a pudding that is simple and wholesome, but choice enough for your most particular dinner party, especially if served with the sauce for which the recipe is given on the can.

Some of the 57



All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The New-Day Price Tags

Should Show Calories Per Pound

The Vital Point In Food Cost

The calory is the energy unit by which governments and experts measure food.

It is a major factor to consider in combating cost of living. Figure what you get per dollar as compared with Quaker Oats.

In these foods, for example:

Cost Per 1,000 Calories

Quaker Oats	5 cents
Meats Average	40 "
Fish Averages	40 "
Canned Salmon	33 "
Canned Corn	30 "
Potatoes	13 "
Canned Peas	54 "

Most meat foods cost you 7 to 10 times Quaker Oats for the same calory units. And some foods cost you 20 times as much.

Then Quaker Oats is better-balanced than these costly foods. It is richer in minerals. It is more nearly a complete food.

The oat is probably the greatest food that grows.

Use Quaker Oats to reduce your meat cost. Every dollar's worth used in that way saves $7 on the average.

Then mix it with your flour foods. The more you use the more you save, and the better you are fed.

This great food in these times gains a multiplied importance.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavory Flakes

Use Quaker Oats, because it means superlative flavor at no extra price.

It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. It means the cream of the oats and the maximum enjoyment.

12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South

(2024)

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 3 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

¾ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1¼ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Cookies

Mix dry 2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lard.

Put 1 level teaspoon soda in a small cup of sour milk. Add this to sugar and lard, then add dry ingredients, roll thin, cut in squares and bake. Raisins—2 cups—make an excellent addition.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

glittering eye and pointed at him with a gilded spear.

"My work lies in your hands!" she said dramatically, and, passing, she backed majestically out of the narrow wing, revolved half to the right and, shifting her gears, rumbled across the stage to the curtain. As the Spirit of Boadicea she was to open the performance with a prolog.

Peter turned slowly.

"Was I dreaming?" he said, "or did you see it, too?" Behind him Mrs. Dreifus was rocking slowly back and forth as if in pain.

"Yes!" she moaned, "I did—I did!" Then a sudden thought struck her. "I wonder how they'll stand it out there. You know, they're not all the élite. There's lots of his friends in the audience." She pointed to where the Conqueror swayed slightly on his mighty legs. "I'm horribly afraid they won't know real art when they see it!"

"They seem to be taking it all right," said Peter. From the other side of the curtain the Untamable's voice was booming uninterrupted.

"I know," she said darkly, "but the evening's only just begun. Wait—just wait until it reaches the part where she sits on a cloud bank over your head——"

"Over——?" He stopped suddenly. "Great Scott! I'd forgotten. How much do you suppose she weighs—armor and all?"

"About ten ton, I should say. Possibly twelve."

"Oh!" he groaned. "You don't suppose——"

"Hush," she said, "I think you'd better go over to your wife. You can make it over and back before the prolog's done."

PETER looked up suddenly. Across the stage his new fiancée standing. William the Conqueror was bending over her, talking with a sort of amorous grin. Peter rose hurriedly and advanced across the stage. As he came, William turned to him.

"Our little wife's lookin' awful sweet t'-night!" he informed him.

"Peter!" said Janice warningly. "Go 'way! Go 'way! You mustn't make a scene—I can manage all right." Peter hesitated. On the other side of Janice a group of women in the costumes of early England were watching with malicious satisfaction. Suddenly the voice of the Untamable ceased. The prolog was over.

"Go back!" said Janice. "Go back! *The curtain is going up!*" And Peter, stumbling over his spear, made the comparative safety of the wings just as the curtain majestically rose upon

"A dawn in Early England."

He saw a group of Early English damsels advance to the Early English footlights and heard Mrs. Bixby's voice chirp the opening lines,

"'Why all this bustling clamor, friends,
Why make you merry here?'"

and caught the reply from her perspiring spouse,

"'King Harold hither comes to-day,
And we would see his face!'"

Then the crowd, swelling to a stage roar, gave him his cue.

"He comes! He comes! Our *Mighty Hero Comes!*"

There was a pause. The crowd repeated it again, a little questioning—

"He comes! He comes!"

Behind the scenes the Last of the Saxons clutched his spear and shield nervously. He could not move, he literally *could* not move.

"He comes!" repeated the mob, with still less conviction. Across the stage Janice was wringing futile hands. Then suddenly from behind him there came a hoarse whisper.

"Go on!" it said. "Go on! You're it!" and he was forcibly propelled on to the stage.

An instant later he found himself before the footlights. His Early English costume his historically accurate costume flopping above his knees. Before him an endless sea of faces appeared in the half light. He remembered that some one had told him he could not see the audience from the stage. It was a lie. He could distinguish George Mathison and Roland Smith in the front row. Their faces were cheerful and expectant grins. He knew just what they were going to do when he got to-morrow. He lowered his shield a trifle to cover his knees. Then remembering that his neck and shoulders were bare, he raised it hurriedly. He decided that he had completely forgotten his part.

Then, suddenly, he heard a voice speaking. It was speaking his lines, and, with a sort of wild surprize, he discovered that it was his own voice. Janice had not drilled him nightly in vain. In the face of murder and sudden death he could not forget his part.

After that the play went on more or less intermittently. He was shoved on to the stage at intervals. Somebody did the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

Filmy Fancies

THROUGH the magic of the lights and shades of a crystal globe filmy fancies form objects that are thought to be prophetic. You can make the vision of your future a vision of loveliness by keeping your chief charm, your complexion, constantly rejuvenated with

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

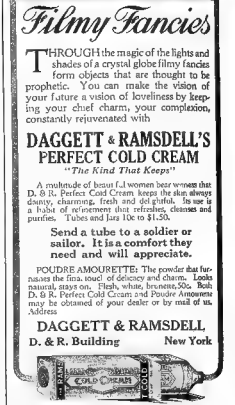
"The Kind That Keeps"

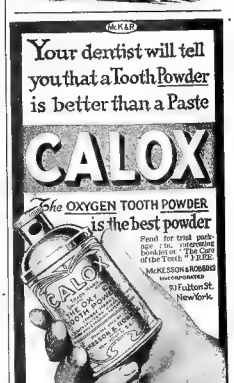
A multitude of beautiful women bear witness that D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream keeps the skin always dainty, charming, fresh and delightful. Its use is a habit of refinement that refreshes, cleanses and purifies. Tubes and Jars 10c to $1.50.

Send a tube to a soldier or sailor. It is a comfort they need and will appreciate.

POUDRE AMOUREUTE: The powder that furnishes the final touch of delicacy and charm. Looks natural, stays on. Flesh, white, brunette, 50c. Both D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amoureuse may be obtained of your dealer or by mail of us. Address

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
D. & R. Building New York


Your dentist will tell
you that a Tooth Powder
is better than a Paste
CALOX
The OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER
is the best powder
Send for trial package (in. interesting booklet on "The Care of the Teeth." FREE.
McKESSON & ROBBINS INCORPORATED
91 Fulton St. New York



Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Harold, the Last of the Saxons

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

shoving, probably Mrs. Dreifus. He was not sure. In between times he seemed to be in a sort of trance, broken only by the roars of William and the clash and clank of the Untamable tumbling in and out of the scenery.

Then came the final scene. Behind him he heard the voice of Mrs. Dreifus. It was a little breathless. He seemed to remember dimly that she has been laughing off and on all evening.

"For Heaven's sake go through this scene," she said. "It's the one where you die, you know—and where I give my shriek." He remembered. It was a battle scene. He was to face the valiant Willie and fight with him man to man, with shield and battle-ax. Over his head the Spirit of Boadicea would be suspended in a cloud bank, egging him on. In the end he was to die weirdly, announcing with his last breath the fact which the audience had already suspected—that he was the last—the very *last* of the Saxon kings.

Then came Mrs. Dreifus and her shriek It was to be a long, loud shriek, and the curtain would descend upon it. Afterward he could go to some dark corner and crawl in.

HE WAS pushed on the stage and began his speech—aiming it at the spot on the horizon where the advancing horde was supposed to be. Over his head clanked the Untamable. She was suspended in the flies. Later she would descend into the thick of the fray, but now she was out of sight if not of hearing. Behind him murmured his Saxons, brave and true. There were twenty of them, and the fact that they were all dressed in costumes as accurate historically as his own heartened him somehow.

"'Come on!'" he roared. "'We wait! We wait! Come and meet thy craven Fate!'"

Then suddenly, in the wings, he saw William the Conqueror. He was standing waiting for his cue, and beside him was Janice, breathless, watching Peter's performance. William was not watching Peter. He was looking down on Janice at the particular spot where her white neck curved into her hair, and just as Peter roared his defiance he bent over tipsily and kissed that spot. Janice started up, gave a muffled cry, and William kissed her squarely on the mouth. Then he started across the stage, shield in hand.

At that instant something snapped in Peter's brain and all the blank verse he had learned incontinently left fit. He dropped his battle-ax and shield and started toward Williamwith a certain burning light in his eye.

"You bounder!" he said, in exquisite blank verse. "You low down barkeep, you!"

William wavered for an instant and smiled a deprecating smile.

"S'all right," he told Peter. "Just a little kiss, that's all! Just a little goo'-by kiss for m' wife!" And at that moment the Last of the Saxons hit him squarely on the mouth.

William the Conqueror dropped his ax and shield. Through his muddled brain, memories of his prize-fighting days began to filter.

"If you're lookin' for a scrap——" he roared. "If you're lookin' for a scrap——" and he started after the Last of the Saxons, who had stepped back to nurse his hand.

The battle of Hastings was on. The Saxon horde was pressing forward to the fray. Above, the Untamable had begun to shriek in the manner of a siren whistle.

"Let me down!" she was demanding fiercely. "Let me down!" The stage hand in the wings began paying out the rope, but seeing that he was dropping her directly into the midst of a mighty conflict, raised her again to mid-air, where she dangled like a porpoise on a hook. Suddenly a voice rose above the roars of the audience.

"Look out for the Johnny with the toothpick legs!" William, hard pressed, turned and gave a side blow to Alden Dreifus, who went down with a thud.

The Last of the Saxons shifted his plan of attack. There was a certain portion of the Conqueror's anatomy unguarded by his breast-plate. It lay above the waist and a little to the right. He charged, tripped over his own shield, and went down.

At that minute he heard a clang as of a thousand wash-boilers in action, a last piercing shriek, a sickening thud, and beyond him, William the Conqueror disappeared under the armored form of Boadicea, the Spirit of Restless Womanhood.

After that something hit him, something hard and uncompromising. Later he learned it was the Conqueror's heel. It was ten minutes before he regained an intelligent interest in things. He was lying, he found, on an overcoat, and people were bending over him.

The Conqueror seemed to have disappeared, removed, probably, by his friends in the audience, but across the stage Boadicea was sitting, still clad in armor. She was emitting shrill sounds of distress and no one seemed to be heeding her. The main tribe of Saxons was grouped in a more or less solid formation about himself and Janice who knelt by him.

"Peter!" she was saying. "Oh, Peter!"

He moved a little dizzily. Suddenly he caught another voice.

"You can get up!" it said. "It's quite safe."

He sat up. Mrs. Dreifus was beside Janice.

"It's all right," his wife was saying. "Mrs. Bixby is going to send us home in her machine and Mrs. Jones has gone on with our things. I'll go and get the coats now."

Slowly and painfully the Last of the Saxons was raised to his feet. As he stood, swaying a little, dizzily, Mrs. Dreifus spoke again.

"If it'll make you feel any better," she said, "I'll tell you that you've cured Alden. That remark about his legs finished him completely. I think he'll stay home after this. I could almost love you for it, in spite of being cut out of my shriek!" With a little nod she was gone.

TEN minutes later they were on their way home in the Bixby's limousine. Peter was leaning back against the cushions and Janice was stroking his head.

"He might have killed you!" she said. "That awful man! And Mrs. Allen—Oh, I'll never forgive myself for making you go into it! But just the same!—a thoughtful look came into her eyes—"just the same, in spite of everything, the women all came up and said good night. They almost seemed to like what you'd done. I can't understand it."

"If they say anything about my costume in the car to-morrow, I'll——" I'll give 'em what Boadicea gave the Conqueror!" said the Last of the Saxon Kings.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of PICTORIAL REVIEW, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1918.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William F. Ahnelt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of PICTORIAL REVIEW and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership and management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher—THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, 214-226 W. 39th Street, New York City.
Editor—ARTHUR T. VANCE, 214-226 W. 39th Street, New York City.
Managing Editor—None.
Business Manager—WILLIAM F. AHNELT, Deal, N. J.

2. That the owners are: THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY, a corporation, 214-226 W. 39th Street, New York City.
WILLIAM F. AHNELT, Deal, N. J.
MRS. KATHARINE S. AHNELT, Deal, N. J.
CHARLES W. NELSON, 2211 Broadway, New York City.
MRS. THEODORA F. NELSON, 2211 Broadway, New York City.
EVERETT DEWITT TRUMBULL, 780 West End Avenue, New York City.
MRS. MARGARET TRUMBULL, 780 West End Avenue, New York City.
MRS. REBECCA LEWIN, 609 West 114th Street, New York City.
PAUL BLOCH, 250 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
ARTHUR T. VANCE, 214-226 W. 39th Street, New York City.
B. A. MACKINNON, 214-226 W. 39th Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

W. P. AHNELT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed, before me this 26th day of September, 1918.
[Seal]
J. M. BEATTIE,
(My commission expires March 30, 1920.)
No. 448
Notary Public, New York Co., N. Y.

WATERMAN'S IDEAL
WATERMAN'S IDEAL
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen
The Pen they want for Xmas
Christmas this year calls for intelligent thought. There should be no promiscuous giving. Give only to those who need to be remembered, and be sure, that what you give has a definite use as a basis for its appreciation.
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen ranks first among appropriate presents this year. It is beautiful and it is useful. It is ready to write instantly at any time in any place. Its smooth easy writing without skip, scratch or blot at all speeds makes writing a pleasure. It is a quality pen inside and out with years of service to enhance its appreciation.
There is a size of barrel to fit any hand and a choice of points to meet any particular pen preference.
Your dealer will be glad to aid you in making the selection. Many styles to choose from. From perfectly plain to beautifully ornamented.
Three types—Safety, Self-Filling and Regular. $2.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up.
Sold at Best Stores
L.E.Waterman Company
191 Broadway - New York
24 School St., Boston, 115 South Clark St., Chicago
179 St. James St., Montreal, 6 Rue Monsigny, Paris
17 Stockton St., San Francisco
41 Kingsway, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

To keep a lovely skin —with soap that rinses off.

Nature says: "Don't hamper my work by using haphazard methods and soaps."

And all Nature asks is a little commonsense coöperation in the care of the skin she is daily trying to give you.

Nature lays great stress on *rinsing.*

She says: "The soap must *all rinse off.*"

So, if you want to choose and keep a clear, beautiful, natural skin, you will want to choose, also, a *method* and a *soap,* to take proper care of that skin.

Pure Fairy Soap is made for skins. Fairy Soap is made to cream refreshingly in *and out* of pores, as Nature asks. And when it has performed its perfect cleansing—*off it rinses.*

It rinses off perfectly—after its perfect cleansing.

That is why Fairy Soap is a soap that Nature herself loves—for the care of healthy, natural skins.

"In tune with the times *you find them caring for their native charms in simpler ways —the ways that Nature herself intended.*"

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY SOAP

Have you a little Fairy in your home?

"The Days That Go Before" that crowning achievement of a woman's life—maternity—should be happy, filled with sweet anticipation, unshadowed by dread or fear.

To the normal, healthy woman child-birth should suggest no terrors.

Most ailments that afflict the expectant mother—morning sickness, vomiting, varicose veins, hemorrhoids, abnormal cravings, aching or decay of the teeth, etc.—are caused or aggravated by irritating or poisonous substances, formed by the stagnation of waste matter in the intestinal canal.

Constipation and its results form a cloud that overcasts the sun of happiness, and darkens the days of the expectant mother.

Constipation contributes to the tragedies of child-birth. It prejudices the ability of the mother to nurse and nourish her baby.

Constipation can be easily and safely overcome, but not by drugs. The Nujol Treatment for Constipation is safe, efficient, pleasant to take.

Do you want to know How and Why?

Send for "The Days That Go Before" (Constipation in pregnancy and nursing period) or "As the Twig is Bent" (Constipation in infancy and childhood), valuable, interesting and instructive booklets based upon the latest and best medical knowledge.

Nujol Laboratories

Nujol Laboratories
STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)
50 Broadway New York
Please send without charge booklet marked
☐ "The Days that Go Before" ☐ "As the Twig is Bent"
*Name*_____ *Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

JUST PLAIN WIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

around his heart, a great livid fear tinging all his scheme of life with panic.

On that Thursday morning George Kenyon had entered Alwin Cowper's office to find there a man who seemed to have aged in a night. Al was walking the floor, his once sleek black hair gray and disheveled, his eyes unhealthy things.

"Al, Al!" he had cried. "What's the matter, Al? You're sick—you're a sick man—a mighty sick man!"

"Yes, I'm on the edge of a nervous breakdown, Ken. I've been there for a couple of months. Ken, I've got to have a thousand dollars in spot cash by two o'clock this very afternoon or—"

"Yes, yes—or what, Al?"

"Go to jail! It struck George like a blow between the eyes.

"You've done something crooked, Al?" the printer muttered.

"Yes!" Then the New Yorker wilted. "Don't go back on me, Ken! Hear me out! I did the only thing I could do. Ten months ago I financed a printing concern up in Hartford. They were good as gold; I knew they'd pay me if it took a thousand years. I plunged on them, Ken, because I needed the money. I needed the money to live—literally live. And to carry them, Ken, I signed the name of a certain man to a note—it doesn't matter who he is. And then, Ken—then—the man who should have paid—the man in Hartford I trusted—got pneumonia and died. His project fell flat. For nine months I've struggled, Ken—struggled superhumanly to save something out of the wreck, struggled to keep my interest up with the machinery companies here in New York. And Ken—the forged note falls due this afternoon and I can't make the payment. If it goes by the board, they'll notify the indorser and then the jig's up. I'll—wear—stripes, Ken!"

"I've got some money," George had replied "thickly, remembering a time when his immortal soul had been similarly frightened by a trusteeship of his wages, and a friend, this man, had stepped in and voluntarily helped him. "But it's only about seven hundred and eighty dollars, Al. It's what Bessie and I have saved for seven years, a hundred dollars a year. It came hard and means lots to us. But you can have it— Al—if you're in as bad—as this!"

"I can't take your poor thumb-nail savings—yours and your wife's, Ken!" And Al had thrown his head forward on his hands. There was no "acting" to his conduct. Alwin Cowper was in misery.

"We'll draw a draft on my bank at home. I'll call up old Peter Whipple and identify myself and tell him to pay it. If seven hundred and fifty will help you out, Al, my money's yours and I'll take your note."

"You're—an answer to prayer—Ken," Alwin had cried.

THAT had been on Thursday. The draft had been paid. Al Cowper had received the money. On Friday George had returned to Al's office.

"Mr. Cowper has gone out of town hurriedly on business," Al's stenographer had advised him. "He'll be back Sunday."

Somehow George had not wanted to go home. He wanted to wait and make sure Al was well out of financial danger because his money was at stake—his and Bessie's —money they'd worked hard for and could ill afford to lose. On Monday morning when George had gone to the office he'd found it locked. Monday afternoon he had entered to find a strange man there, sitting at the stenographer's desk with his hat on. On his vest was pinned something that looked uncomfortably like those badges worn by policemen.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded the stranger.

"Mr. Alwin Cowper," George replied.

"So do I," said the stranger.

"What for?"

"There's a crooked note——"

That was about all George heard. The skies crashed about him. He hadn't saved Al after all!

Later that afternoon he was sitting dejectedly in the foyer of the hotel trying to decide what to do, when he heard his name called by a bell-hop.

"Mr. Kenyon wanted on the telephone," declared the colored boy.

George stumbled into the booth. His hand trembled so that he had difficulty holding the receiver.

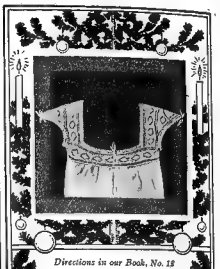
"Mr. Kenyon?" demanded the stealthy voice.

"Yes"

"This is Miss Britt, Mr. Kenyon. Oh, Mr. Kenyon, could you come over to Brooklyn right away and—secretly? It's about Al—we're—in awful trouble, about Al!" And she gave him directions how to reach the place from which she was 'phoning. "This is absolutely confidential, Mr. Kenyon. We're trusting you—and we need you—totally. Hurry! Hurry!"

It seemed hours afterward that he found himself in a great ark of a hallway with carpeted stairs on the right leading to the floor above. The place was unlighted. He struck a match. He waited and listened. If he had been better versed in city lore he would have hesitated before

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49



Directions in our Book, No. 18

NOW · THAT · YOU KNOW·HOW·TO·KNIT

your skill with the knitting needles will enable you to make countless dainty articles such as Knitted or Crocheted Yokes, beautiful Hand Bags, Baby Caps, etc., which are not only serviceable and sensible but strictly in accord with wartime conservation, as they cost but little, yet are very valuable when knitted or crocheted by your own hands with

ROYAL SOCIETY

Six-Ply Knitting Floss
Two-Ply Crochet Cotton (Soft Twist)
Cordichet
The Perfect Crochet Cotton
(Hard Twist)

suitable for knitting, crochet and lace-making.

Crochet and Knitting Book, No. 12
Send for copy today. **Price 10 cents**
Contains knitting and crochet directions for yokes, sweaters, bags, novelties, and a variety of Filet and Fantasie Crochet, Fancy and Plain Knitting.

Royal Society Products are Sold by Dealers Everywhere

H. E. Verran Co., Inc.
Union Sq., West New York

TREO GIRDLE
The All-Elastic Corset
With The Feature Strip

THE TREO GIRDLE is made entirely of porous woven material elastic web, which "breathes" freely to every movement, yet firmly holds the figure. It insures grace with absolute comfort at all times. Our patented method of construction and character of material make it equally desirable for street, dress, evening or sport wear. White or flesh. Retail $3.00 to $9.00.

CAUTION

The TREO GIRDLE has the feature strip of elastic above the elastic waist line band, and, therefore, supports the abdomen without bones or lace. Other similar all elastic corsets are simply a confusion, and NOT ELASTIC CORSETS. Insist upon having the TREO ELASTIC GIRDLE FABRIC with the Feature Strip.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write for Free Booklet.

Treo Co., 108A Fifth Ave., N. Y.
In Canada: Ernest & Co., Toronto

STOUT WOMEN

BEAUTIFUL Coats, Suits, Skirts, Dresses, Waists, and Underwear for Stout Women, in sizes up to 56 bust, all ready to wear.

We are the largest stout-wear specialists in the world—the ONLY house that publishes an entire Style Book exclusively for Stout Women.

Silk and Lace Brassiere for 95c
SIX—Here is an example of the values we offer. Stout women's brassiere of alternate bands of flesh-colored satin and fine cotton lace, slightly boned. Sizes 40 to 56 bust. Value $1.75. Special until November 30th . . . **95c**

Beautiful Style Book FREE
"Smart Styles for Stout Women"—the largest and handsomest Style Book ever published exclusively for Stout Women, sent absolutely FREE if you write today.

It's a great, big book, filled from cover to cover with beautiful pictures, some of them in colors. Hundreds of styles, all of them as exclusive Stout Women, all of them attractively priced. You may have this book. You will want it. Any day, the styles pictured in Style Book No. 18 are on sale at our Fifth Ave. store. You may have it free. Just say send "Style Book 8" in a postal addressed to Dept. 8-L

LANE BRYANT 19TH ST. & 5TH AVE. NEW YORK

AGENTS QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! OUTFIT FREE! Cash or credit. Sales in every home, for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Write quick. NATIONAL IMPORTING & MFR. CO., Dept. 62, 452 Broadway, New York

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Join

Make this a Red Cross Christmas

AMERICA'S second war-time Christmas is almost here. Our thoughts, our interests, our hearts are not in the trivial things now—they are with the boys in France, and our war-tried Allies.

Their thoughts, their interests, their hopes are in the Red Cross and the knowledge that it is ever present and ready to lend them aid most needed.

Let our Christmas message to those loved ones be that we stand solidly behind the American Red Cross—that there is full membership in every American home. No other word we can send will give them greater encouragement, or fortitude for that which must be accomplished.

All you need is a heart and a dollar

Contributed through Division of Advertising

United States Gov't Comm. on Public Information

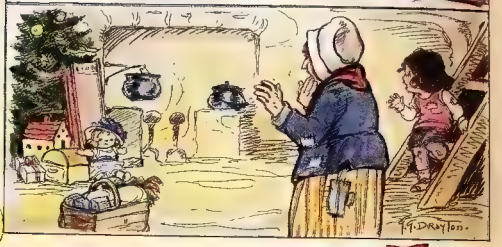
This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

Pictorial Review

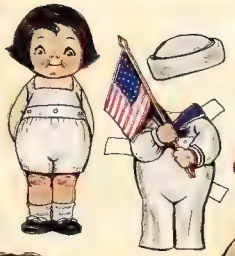
Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

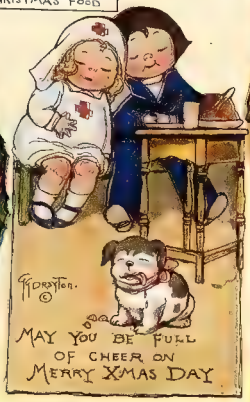
Dolly Dingle Celebrates Her Christmas in



ALL THE CANDLES ON THIS TREE BURN WITH LOVE TO YOU FROM ME.



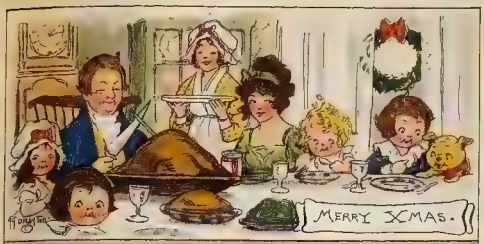
MY TABLE MANNERS ARE NOT GOOD BUT HOW I LOVE MY CHRISTMAS FOOD

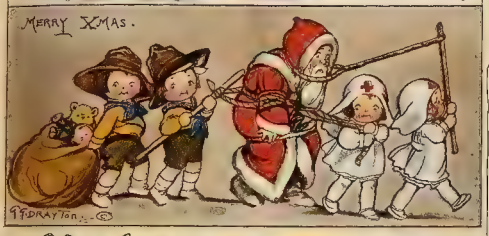


See Directions on Page 36

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

True War-Time Style: By Grace G. Drayton





KISS ME QUICK!
HERE'S THE GUN TO SHOOT THE HUN
GO TO IT.
MERRY XMAS
I'M A BOOK MARKER
FOR A GOOD GIRL. SANTY CLAUS
FOR A GOOD BOY SANTY CLAUS
JACK IN THE BOX.
U.S.A.

See Directions on Page 36

Digitized by Google

Thrift Means Making the Most of What You Have

One Little Bit Added to Another Little Bit Make a Thrift Stamp

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

IF ANY of you who begin this article want to put it down half read because the things it preaches seem too trivial, too infinitesimal, and of too little account to be considered, stop, I beg of you. I hesitated myself when I was writing the article because the matters I was writing about seemed so small. And then two things happened which made the article seem worth while. The first was the re-reading of Mr. Hoover's statement of what we as a country had been able to export through the voluntary self-denial and saving of the American people. I think that I have fretted just as much as any housekeeper over the pettiness of my war savings, but when I look over that report and learn that at the end of our first war year we have, because of wheatless days and war breads, mind you, been able to send abroad 150,000,000 bushels of wheat, I forget all about the pettiness. There isn't any doubt about the amount either Our surplus was exhausted; we had to save to do it. The second thing was at a grocer's this morning

"The hoarding of sugar," he said, "has gotten to be so bad about here that I think it responsible for much of the shortage."

"Why," I sputtered, "why, how can people, when they have boys at the front?"

"I don't know," he said, shaking his head, "but I know what I have sold them, and they are coming for more when they ought to have lots. Of course, now, they don't get it."

You and I, my friend, have not only to save our share, but we have to make up for all the foolish slackers who do not do what they are asked to do. Example is not enough; we have to allow an overplus for the woman who is too ignorant or too selfish or too stupid to perceive that in training herself to do what is needed in petty saving she is actually becoming a part of the fighting forces.

How Shall We Practise Thrift?

NOW what can we do? Production in this country has been diverted largely to war industries. Therefore the first thing for housekeepers to consider in saving, is to put every bit of manufactured material now on hand to work. Clean out every bit of your unused surplus. I firmly believe that if the unused wealth that is stored in attics and cellars could be mobilized, the total of it would run into millions. Make it a patriotic duty to clean house this Fall—I don't believe in housecleaning—you know—just to get into every closet and corner and get out everything that is there. Much of what you find you will be able to use in your home, but if there is material you can not use, sell it or give it away. Do not let either sentimentality or a false idea of values stand in your way. If it happens to be an old bureau or an old wedding gown of your mother's, be certain your mother would want to win the war if she were here and feel free to use her belongings. The clothing-bundle days which have been held by the Red Cross and various other relief organizations have been revelations as to the idle material in many homes—and these have reached probably a fourth of the families in the land. One of the most potent factors in encouraging people to keep things to the fact that second-hand materials sell for so little.

"Why, I paid thirty dollars for that, and he wants to give me a dollar and a half," said my mother ruefully when she was disposing of her surplus furniture. But if she had not sold the piece what would have happened? Not only would it have remained of no use, stored away for years, but she would not have had the dollar and a half. Holding it for the possible chance of a little higher offer was unlikely to do any one any good in the end. It is always advisable to get value where it is possible, but in war-time finances, any value is to be considered thoughtfully, for that piece of furniture to be sold represents crystallized materials and labor, two things of which the country is very short at present.

If you part with your stored-up goods, you do two things for your country. You supply the market with commodities in a season when labor is short, and you can add an asset to the Government in the form of ready cash by putting the selling price into thrift stamps What a sum the Government would have if all such sums were thus used! I rather gloried at the thrift stamps at first, they seemed to be so petty, but after a time I took a drawer in a desk on the first floor and threw into it any odd change. When any one came in and telephoned and paid for the call I put the money there; when I happened to sell a neighbor a few extra vegetables from the garden, the money for them went into the drawer; when I economized by finding a bargain skirt for three dollars and sixty-nine cents instead of four dollars the remaining thirty-one cents went into that drawer. In an amazingly short time I had enough money to fill a thrift stamp card and I put the War Savings Stamp I exchanged it for in my small daughter's name and promptly started a long-since-filled second card.

In this connection I want to urge every one to part with the idle jewelry in their bureaus. When the city of New York started a room for the exchanging of idle jewelry for thrift stamps it was at once overwhelmed with materials. Almost every one discovered old rings, old table-spoons, old eye-glasses. Hidden away, of no use to any one, they meant much to the country in producing a supply of gold and silver.

The nation, as a nation, is short of paper and of fabrics. Those of us who can save paper waste, and sell it, ought to do so. A double saving of paper is effected whenever it can be used as a substitute for rags. A large pad of newspapers cut to a size and hung on the kitchen wall near the stove, will not only save rags but the washing of dirty rags as well The papers from this pad can be used to rub off the stove, to wipe the first and worst dirt from the kitchen table, to wipe out cooking utensils, particularly frying- and roasting-pans. The papers used not only save rags but also save fuel and labor and soap, as a paper-wiped pan needs less scrubbing and less hot water.

The proper sorting and care of rags is of real importance. Raw materials are scarce and will be scarcer. Manufactured goods are rising in price. Wool especially merits attention. Soldiers at the front must have woolen garments, and if there is to be enough wool left to supply those of us at home it means that every ounce in the country must be made to do its utmost in service. All wool garments should be worn as long as possible and housewives who dye and make over clothing are practising a patriotic economy as well as a personal one. Wool rags should be sold as such to the ragman. All wool garments sold to the ragman are sorted, picked to pieces, and turned into what is known to the wool trade as "shoddy" This, when sterilized and processed and mixed with new wool makes very acceptable new garments.

Puffed Rice Candy: By Marion Harris Neil

CRISP one-half box of puffed rice. Cook 1 one-fourth cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of boiling water and one-half cupful butter until a little, tried in cold water, forms a soft ball. Take from fire, add one teaspoonful of ginger, pour over the puffed rice, mix thoroughly, cool, and break into pieces.

men's shirts become unfit for wear because of threadbare places near the neckband and at the wrists. The front of such a shirt will make the back of a child's kimono or apron-cut dress; the back will cut the front, the sleeves will make sleeves. This has been received as a new idea by such a surprising number of people that I am passing it along to those who have never discovered it. In Washington, D. C., last Winter, the Junior Red Cross at one public school made a specialty of these shirt-dresses, collecting all the shirts in the neighborhood and making them up at school into frocks for little French and Belgian children. So if you object to your own children wearing shirt-dresses, there are children to be reached who are not in a position to object to any kind of decent covering. If garments are really impossible, wash them and boil them to make certain that they are clean. Then every button that is fit for use should be cut off. Examine the price and quality of the buttons on the market and you will need no argument of mine to convince you that this is worth while. The remainder of the garment can be cut into cleaning rags, and the colored rags can be saved for rag carpets. If wool is scarce we can survive for a few years with home-made cotton rag carpets under our feet and be none the worse. The weaving costs about half the price of a bought rug.

Many of us have not realized the many uses to which linens may be put. I know that I had not until the price rose until I had to. Then I took from my linen drawer two lunch-cloths which were wedding gifts and which never fitted any table I had. I cut these into bureau-covers, using the borders on the sides for four cloths and the ends for the other two—these cut from the centers. The lunch-cloths were an idle asset; I put them to work. I have learned to make table-napkins out of worn cloths, using the good unworn portions for the napkins. Small-size napkins for the children can often be cut when a large one is impossible. The worn portions cut and doubled and machine-stitched right at the edges make nice soft

Assorted Conservation Candies: By Marion Harris Neil

HERE are some assorted conservation candies arranged in attractive receptacles. There are no better tasting candies than these and they can be eaten with the full knowledge that even Mr. Hoover would not seriously object, which is saying a great deal these days.

COTTON is not as scarce as wool, yet even it has risen in price until it is expensive enough to make us want to get our money's worth. Make sure that garments discarded have no possibilities. This Fall we are making clothes for refugee children out of the discarded shirts of the male members of the family. As most housewives know, wash-cloths for children. Worn linen or cotton towels folded in the same way and stitched at the edges will make dish-cloths that give a great deal longer wear than the same material used in a single thickness. I had a rather small stock of linen, but even *I* had a dozen pieces that never seemed to get used. Since *I* know that the aviators need linen for their aeroplane wings I have managed to put it all into use and I shall need no buy less.

Fuel saving is at this time, the beginning of Winter, by all means the most important saving we can effect. I wish that it was possible to compel by law every housekeeper in the country to try the experiment of moist heat for one week. If you doubt the difference between moist and dry heat on the same amount of fuel consumed, just try to recollect the damp, humid days of last August. The thermometer persisted in registering a mere eighty when you simply knew it must be ninety at least. Moisture did that. Moisture will do the same thing for you in your rooms. I know that no one relishes the idea of pans of water about everywhere. People tumble into them or papers fall into them and they are certainly difficult. I suggest, therefore, that you buy shallow pans, pie-plates if you can not get anything else shallow enough, and place one under each radiator. If you push them back they will not show and they will give you sufficient moisture if you fill them daily. A goldfish bowl, with or without the fish, is one of the best water-containers, because it is not easily upset and is not inartistic even when just filled with clear water. Be sure to put it near the radiator, near enough to insure a fair amount of evaporation, or near the stove or register—whichever system you have to supply heat. Buy a thermometer for every room and know the temperature Human beings have too many "feelings" to trust. If your thermometer registers sixty eight and you are not ill, you are warm enough, and you will avoid pneumonia and die even if you do think so. Probably you have been sitting about too much and need exercise, not heat, to warm you.

Saving on the Coal Bill

THOSE of us who use coal for cooking in the kitchen range need to plan meals carefully. One of the rules of economy that helps a great deal is to remember that we have an oven. On ironing-day, when the oven is hot, we try to keep it full of muffins and baked puddings and anything else we can think of that we can eat up in a couple of days. We render the fats saved from meats by keeping them in the oven in a frying-pan and letting the stove do the work. The fat poured off from this process is pure and good and only needs straining, and one gets all of it.

The saving of fuel in the kitchen range means learning how to bank the fire and to keep it overnight. It is quite a common practice to let the range fire go out every night, but it does not save coal as popularly supposed. The amount of coal needed to start a fresh fire is as large as the amount needed to keep one in, and when one adds to this the fact that the room has cooled off a good deal more because of the lack of a fire, letting a fire go out overnight becomes an extravagance, and the additional ash-sifting is a labor almost any of us would want to reduce. Dumping a fire always means sifting of ashes and nobody who calls herself a patriot can avoid ash-sifting. The rules laid down by the fuel controller for the care of a heater fire should govern a kitchen range. A fire pipe should be clean, the fire should not be shaken until red, but a thin layer of ashes should be kept on the bottom; coal should be added by the shovel and not dumped from the scuttle and the *fire should never be poked with a poker*. This is such a useful kitchen practice that I put it in italics. Poking a fire never did it a bit of good. It makes clinkers and it is hard on the fire box. A fire shaken gently will adjust itself so that the air gets through the crevices between the coal and supplies enough oxygen to keep it going.

I don't want any one to get the idea that I am preaching that we should resignedly settle into a down-at-the-heel, sloppy régime of living because this country is at war. Nothing is farther from my mind. The boys who have gone over there remember home as it was when they left, and they are not going to relish coming back to anything that is lower in standard; the standard is one of the things they are fighting for. No one has a moral right to let things go and to slip into a slipshod method of living; even the Red Cross would not want money saved on these terms, because the undermining of the morale of an entire people to accept anything but the best they can achieve under given conditions is false economics. Economize entirely possible without seriously disturbing the standard of living. Made-over napkins are still napkins and may be as fastidiously clean as any ornate ones. And cleanliness and nicety and discrimination have always, more than extravagance in the use of materials, marked a high standard for the individual and for the home. Making the most of what we have means exactly that, and when we make the most of it we use it so that it is at its best.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Desserts, Salads *and* Relishes for Fall days

Choose your Thanksgiving delicacies from them

Little mince meat puddings

Fill little greased ramekins with Libby's Mince Meat. Put in oven, in pan of water, for ten minutes. When cool, decorate with icing, put whipped cream and a candied cherry on the top of each

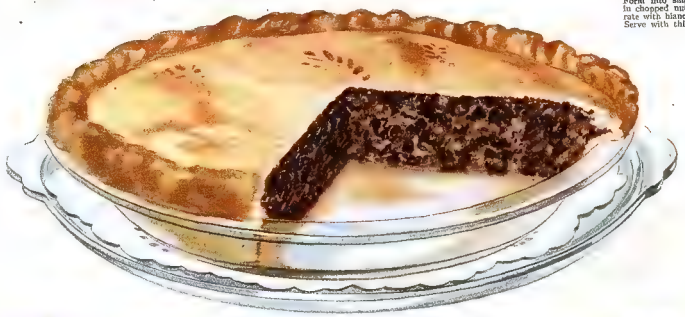
Icing—Cook a large quarter cupful of strained honey till it threads when dropped from a spoon. Pour it over the stiffly beaten white of one egg, beating continuously till cool. While beating add grape jelly a little at a time till the icing is the right color and consistency

Mince meat and nut balls

Chill Libby's Mince Meat. Form into small balls, roll in chopped nuts, and decorate with blanched almonds. Serve with thin salt wafers

The king of pies—with a victory crust

Sift 1 cup barley flour, ½ cup corn flour, ½ cup oat flour into chopping bowl. Add four rounded tablespoonfuls shortening, and ½ teaspoonful salt, chop till fine and dry. Cut into this ½ cup ice water—slowly. Roll out with a quick, light stroke. Fill with Libby's Mince Meat. Bake in moderate oven ½ to ¾ of an hour



Pineapple pudding—something new!

Put alternate slices of Libby's Pineapple, cut others into small pieces. Add water to pineapple juice to make 3 cups of syrup. Add 2 cups of any war bread, diced, the diced pineapple, 1 tablespoonful sugar, a pinch of salt, and 3 beaten eggs. Bake in buttered baking dish for 30 minutes—in slow oven. Cover top with whipped cream, and pineapple slices. Serves eight

A mince meat that makes grandmother think it her very own!

TART apples—raisins from California—red Valencia currants and citron from Greece—snowy white suet, choice beef—candied lemon peel, oranges—and spices from the Orient—

Just the *names* of the choice things that go into Libby's Mince Meat make you hungry!

And when you taste it! In thick mince pie! In plum pudding! In fruit cake! In specially luscious little mince meat and nut desserts! You expected it would be good—but you hadn't an idea it would taste better than any mince meat ever tasted before!

Make this Libby mince pie—it brings back all the Thanksgivings of your childhood! Have your grocer give you this finer mince meat, from the clean, fragrant Libby container—or get it in the jar—it is all the same high quality.

Shrimp salad—Libby

Just lettuce served with Libby's Salad Dressing becomes a satisfying delight. Its fine, blended flavor makes all your old salads taste like new ones

Try it on this Shrimp Salad—Libby. Wash carefully the middle heart of a head of lettuce, and wipe dry. Separate the leaves, fill with cold boiled or canned shrimp, decorate with pepper rings. Over all pour Libby's Salad Dressing

A relish—and a nourishing food!

A Libby's Queen Olive—with its glossy skin, juicy meat, and delicate flavor—is a condiment for Kings! And, three of Libby's Queen Olives contain as much fat as one butter ball! The luxury becomes a nourishing food!

Other Fall day delicacies

These other Libby delicacies will make your Fall meal planning easier. Such flavorous, easy salads and desserts—with Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple! And with Libby's Salad Dressing, all old salads taste like new ones. And Libby's Olives and delicious Apple Butter give variety and charm to the most commonplace meals.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 312 Welfare Building, Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.
48 E. Front Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada

Sweet, spicy apple butter

Spread on thin slices of bread. Libby's Apple Butter is delightful for breakfast or luncheon. So richly thick, so spicy, that you need no butter

Libby's

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

gives to cakes, cookies and other home baked foods a fresh, delicious flavor and superior keeping quality.

We will mail free our Red, White and Blue book of "Best War Time Recipes," revised to meet present conditions in the use of wheat and sugar. Address ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 129 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Try These Recipes for the Holiday Season

COCOANUT LAYER CAKE

½ cup shortening, 2 cup sugar, ½ cup white syrup, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup wheat flour, ½ cup corn flour, (or 1½ cups Victory Flour), 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream shortening and sugar and add syrup and yolk of egg. Beat well, add the milk, and the flour which has been sifted with the baking powder and salt, mix and add the flavoring. Fold in the beaten white of egg. Bake in greased layer cake tins in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

ICING

½ cup syrup, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup milk, ½ tablespoon shortening, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1½ cups shredded cocoanut.

Put syrup, sugar, milk and shortening in a sauce pan and allow to boil 8 to 10 minutes or until a soft ball is formed when tried in a little water. Remove from fire and add vanilla and cocoanut. Beat until stiff enough to spread and put between layers and on top of cake.

HERMITS

½ cup shortening, ½ cup corn syrup or ½ cup honey, 1 egg, ½ cup cornmeal, barley or oat flour; ½ cup wheat flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ½ teaspoon cinnamon; ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ cup hot water; ½ cup seeded raisins, ½ cup nuts.

Cream the shortening, add syrup and beaten egg. Add one-half the dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Mix well, add hot water and remainder of dry ingredients. Wash and dry the raisins and add with the nuts to the first mixture. Drop by spoonfuls on greased tins and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Christmas Dinner—Conservation Style

This Year the Housewife Must Plan Her Menu to Save Labor as Well as Wheat, Meats, Sugar, and Fats

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

Author of "MRS. ALLEN'S COOK BOOK"

IT SEEMED as tho Mrs. Uncle Sam simply could not celebrate Christmas with her two sons, Army and Navy, at the front; but as she sat making a stocking on her birthday knitting-machine she could almost hear them saying to her, "Come on, Mother, with that cheery smile of yours; we'd rather think of you on Christmas day with a tableful." "I'll do it," she said. "We'll have a real American-made dinner, and I'll fill up the gaps with boys from the training camp."

For a moment her courage faltered. "There'll be such a lot to do and so many here, how can I ever manage?" Other Christmases the dinner had meant little more than some extra thought and pleasant household bustle, but this year Mrs. Uncle Sam was alone, without her two faithful servants, for she was one of the splendid, well-to-do women who had realized that the Nation needed not only man-power, but human-power as well, so she had found positions in a munitions factory for her two maids for the duration of the war, and was throwing her own power into the household, thus making possible three more human units for the Nation's work.

At first it had all seemed very hard, and almost as tho she could not carry out her part, but soon she found that many things she had always thought necessary were really those that could well be abandoned: that true conservation meals are simple of preparation and that by expending as much of her systematic thought upon her household as she did upon her Red Cross work, and her woman's club committee, that housework, after all, was not bigger than she. To be sure, it didn't seem very patriotic to wash the pots and pans, but when Mrs. Uncle Sam stopped to think that for every dish she washed, Mary and Eliza were helping to turn out dozens of shells for the boys against the Boche, she began to feel almost as tho she were making those shells herself.

Experience had taught her that in order to be calm, unruffled, and rested, her cooking must be done largely ahead of mealtime. This thought was uppermost in her mind as she sat thinking out her Christmas menu. At the same time the question of cost had to be considered, for Mrs. Uncle Sam did not believe in eating up her War Savings Stamps and Liberty Bonds. "No, not even if it is Christmas," she thought aloud. "The heart of the great man whose birthday we celebrate would never, for a moment, harbor the temptation to gormandize, no matter how festive the day." The saving of the wheat, meats, sugar, and fats must go on as usual.

That presented another problem. All her "best" company dishes were made from recipes she had used for years, when economy, much less war-time conservation, was never even thought of. Mentally she crossed out the favorite menus of former Christmases. Away went the rich puddings made with wheat, sugar, and butter. The rich pastries with their extravagant use of sugar had to go: the clear consommé with its many meats and hours of work vanished. Either the chicken pie or the turkey must be eliminated; as for the bakery, all-wheaten rolls, those would never be made until Army and Navy were safe in the house again.

As usual Mrs. Uncle Sam's orderly mind asserted itself. "Instead of thinking of the things I can not have, why don't I make a list of those good things that lend themselves to war-time cookery? But there's no reason why the meal can not be just as delicious, if I am only sure to add those little touches that cost almost nothing, except a little thought and loving work."

Rapidly her pencil flew over the paper. Suggestions from the Food Administration bulletins, scraps from conservation lectures, practical bits from her favorite woman's magazines flooded her mind and before she realized it she had gathered together enough suggestive material not only for one menu but for several.

Mrs. Uncle Sam's Suggestive Menu List

(Choice of any one dish in each course)

THE APPETIZER

Cocktail. Fish or Peanut Canapes. Grapefruit. Orange and Prune, or Fruit Cup, sweetened with Jelly, or Honey. Vegetable Bouillon, or Meatless Consommé.

THE ENTRÉE

(To be served only if the salad course is omitted)

Creamed Oysters, Creamed Fish in Ramekins. Deviled Clams. Asparagus Timbales. Escalloped Cauliflower, or canned Mushrooms with Brown Rice.

THE MAIN DISHES

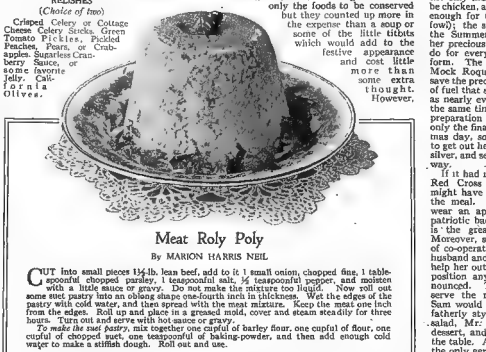
Roast Goose, Turkey, Chicken, or Duck. Braised Duck, Chicken or Fowl, with Corn or Celery Stuffing. Vegetarian Roast.

Accompanying vegetables—White or Sweet Potatoes, Onions, diced Rutabaga Turnip, or canned String-beans, Spinach, or Peas.

RELISHES

(Choice of two)

Crisped Celery or Cottage Cheese. Celery Sticks. Green Tomato Pickles. Pickled Peaches, Pears, or Crab-apples. Sugarless Cranberry Sauce, or some favorite Jelly. California Olives.



THE SALAD

(To be served only if the entrée is omitted)

Celery and Lettuce. Oranges, Celery, and Lettuce. Asparagus and Lettuce, with or without Celery. Tomato Jelly with Shredded Cabbage and Cress. Jellied Asparagus and Lettuce. String-beans, Lettuce and Canned Red Peppers. Sugarless Cranberry Jelly, Celery and Lettuce.

The Salad Dressing: French Dressing or, if the meal is very light, Mock Roquefort Dressing. If the latter is used, cheese should not be served.

The salad accompaniment may be crisped War Crackers. Bread should not be served in any other form during the meal; it is not necessary.

THE DESSERT

(All dishes sugarless and wheatless)

Honey Coconut, or Maple Ice-cream; Maple Pumpkin Pie; Ginger or Maple Bavarian; Steamed Conservation Pudding with Honey Lemon Sauce.

Sweets in the form of candies should not be served unless made absolutely without sugar, when a choice of two may be passed, the dessert portion being diminished accordingly. The coffee should be served without sugar or cream. The question of the lack of sugar "over there" is just as pressing at home.

MRS. UNCLE SAM'S list provided for a four-course dinner because she had found that when Army and Navy were at home it was much less expensive to fill them up with a variety of foods rather than with only a few, for the staples, such as meats, wheat, fats, and sugar, were not only the foods to be conserved but they counted up more in the expense than a soup or some of the little titbits which would add to the festive appearance and cost little more than some extra thought. However, to cut the cost still further, some might find it a good plan to omit both salad and entrée, altho then, Mrs. Uncle Sam thought to herself, they would be sure to eat much more meat!

She chose her menu, making it up in such a way that she would not be ashamed to have her sons, and all the Allied Sons in the trenches, see what was being eaten. A short time before, she had read a story about a young French soldier who turned up for an unexpected Christmas leave, after

Meat Roly Poly

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

CUT into small pieces 1½ lb. lean beef, add to it 1 small onion, chopped fine, 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley, 1 teaspoonful salt, ½ teaspoonful pepper, and moisten with a little sauce or gravy. Do not make the mixture too liquid. Now roll out some suet pastry into an oblong shape one-fourth inch in thickness. Wet the edges of the pastry with cold water, and then spread with the meat mixture. Keep the meat one inch from the edges. Roll up and place in a greased mold, cover and steam steadily for three hours. Turn out and serve with hot sauce or gravy.

To make the suet pastry, mix together one cupful of barley flour, one cupful of flour, one cupful of chopped suet, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and then add enough cold water to make a stiffish dough. Roll out and use.

SWEETS THE KIDDIES CAN MAKE

Peanut Clusters

CUT up a half pound of sweet dipping chocolate (which can be obtained at any high-class grocer's), and put it into the top of a small double boiler. Pour boiling water into the lower half, put it over the fire and set in the top part containing the chocolate, allowing it to melt gradually over the hot water. When it is melted, stir in a pint of roasted peanuts, measured after the shells and hulls have been removed. Then spread some sheets of paraffin paper on a big mixing-board and dip up a small teaspoonful of the chocolate-peanut mixture, dropping it on the paper. Do this with the whole amount, putting the candies a small distance apart. Let them stand until they are entirely firm.

Honey Crisp

CRACK enough walnut-meats to fill a measuring-cup and then break or chop them in coarse pieces. Thoroughly oil a "middle-sized" dripping-pan with butter or a little salad-oil and spread the nuts in it. Then measure out into a saucepan two cupfuls of extracted honey (not in the comb), put it over the heat and let it boil for five minutes, stirring it every little while. The fire must not be very hot or the honey will burn. Then pour the honey into the pan with the nuts and let it become hard. Crack it in pieces for serving.

Chocolate Honey Crisps

MELT half of a cake of dipping chocolate as you did in making peanut clusters. Then let take it off the heat and let it stand for about twenty minutes out of the hot water. Then dump, one at a time, small pieces of honey into the chocolate, taking each out with a fork before putting in another. Place them in neat rows on sheets of paraffin paper.

Christmas Fruit Balls

MEASURE three-fourths of a cupful each of layer figs, any kind of walnut-meats, stoned dates, and stoned prunes. Add a half cupful each of candied cherries and bits of candied pineapple, and grind them all together through the medium-sized knife of the food-chopper. Then add a tablespoonful of lemon-juice and the grated rind of one-fourth orange. Knead and mix this thoroughly with your hands until it all sticks together. Then put some shredded coconut through the food-chopper. (Of course the chopper must be washed.) Form the fruit mixture into balls the size of a grape and roll them in the coconut. Let them stand undisturbed overnight on sheets of paraffin paper.

MOCK ROQUEFORT DRESSING
WAR CRACKERS
MAPLE ICE-CREAM
SUGARLESS AND WHEATLESS SPONGE CAKE
BLACK COFFEE

NO WHEAT would be needed, every dish could be made without sugar, the only meat that she would need would be chicken, and fowl at that (she could save enough for two Thrift Stamps by buying fowl); the spinach she had canned during the Summer, and she could even make her precious one jar of canned asparagus do for every one by serving it in jellied form. The cottage cheese needed in the Mock Roquefort Dressing would help to save the precious fats. Besides, the amount of fuel that she would need would be small, as nearly everything could be prepared at the same time in the oven. And all of the preparation could be done the day before, only the final cookery being left for Christmas day, so she would have ample time to get out her prettiest dishes and counterpany silver, and set her table in a truly Christmas way.

If it had not been for her training in the Red Cross Tea-room, Mrs. Uncle Sam might have faltered at the idea of serving the meal. But she had learned that to wear an apron is both becoming and a patriotic badge of honor, and that service is the greatest privilege in the world. Moreover, she had learned the true value of co-operation and so depended upon her husband and her two young lady guests to help her out. The first course would be in position anyway when the meal was announced. The two young ladies would serve the main course, which Mr. Uncle Sam would apportion at the table in true fatherly style. She would look after the salad, Mr. Uncle Sam would serve the dessert, and she would pour the coffee at the table. As no bread was to be provided, the only general waitress-duty would be to keep the water-glasses filled. (It all turned out, too, just as she had planned, except that the "boys" wanted to help out, especially when the girls were serving, and sometimes these waits between courses seemed long indeed.)

The longer Mrs. Uncle Sam thought about the Christmas dinner problem the more impressed she was with its importance, and so she took her suggestive menu list and the recipes she intended to use to the Red Cross workrooms that afternoon. When the conversation grew perilously near to gossip she deftly steered it on to the question of the Christmas dinner. Every woman was interested and, before they knew it, as fingers flew above their work, their tongues were flying briskly with the conservation dinner problem. Mrs. Uncle Sam's recipes were discussed and altho no one realized it, a definite home-conservation exchange was established which, under Mrs. Uncle Sam's direction, was destined to grow into an organized Home Economics Study Club.

Here are some of Mrs. Uncle Sam's Christmas recipes:

Peanut Canapes

CUT a small round of war bread for each person, spread it lightly with butter or good margarin, and toast in the oven, while something else is baking. Then spread these lightly with peanut butter mixed with a little chili sauce and half the quantity of cottage cheese or butter and decorate about the edges with a little finely minced parsley and bits of canned red peppers or pimentoes. These can be made beforehand.

Meatless Consommé with Celery

THOROUGHLY wash a cupful of pinto or kidney beans. Add one-fourth cupful of sliced onion, two sliced, medium-sized potatoes, a bay-leaf, a teaspoonful of pickle spice, two and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, seven cupfuls of boiling water and two cupfuls of chopped celery-leaves. Boil very gently for an hour and a half, taking care that the beans do not become soft, lest the stock be made cloudy. Then strain, without sifting. Add one and a half cupful of diced cooked celery, a little white pepper, and add a little more salt if desired.

Deviled Clams in Ramekins

1 Pt. Clams	1 Minced Green Pepper (fresh or canned)
1 Cupful Top Milk	Few Grains Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter-substitute	½ Teaspoonful Celery Salt (optional)
2 Tablespoonfuls Cornstarch	½ Cupful Fine Dry Bread-crums Mixed with 2 Tablespoonfuls Butter-substitute
½ Teaspoonful Onion-juice (optional)	
¼ Teaspoonful Salt	

EITHER fresh or canned clams may be used. If the clams are fresh, clean them, separating the hard and soft parts, chopping each rather coarsely. Melt the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

They Spend Years On One Soup

To Bring You New Delights

Everybody wonders at a Van Camp Soup.

Such richness, such flavor was never before attained in a soup of its kind. It is always there, exactly the same — a savor that's unmatchable. And a million users wonder how we get it.

This Is the Way

The basic recipe is always the best we can obtain. Most of them came from Paris. Some of them won prizes in French culinary contests.

A famous chef from the Hotel Ritz first made up these soups in our kitchens. And each was a queen soup as he made it.

But later we placed scientific cooks in charge of the Van Camp kitchens. These are experts, college trained in the new-day culinary arts.

They applied their methods to each Van Camp Soup. Every ingredient was studied, and a standard was fixed for each.

Every material was brought up to this standard. Some are selected by analysis, some by other methods. So nothing below the finest grade gets into a Van Camp Soup.

Hundreds of Blends

Then they compare many different blends — sometimes hundreds of them. They compare methods of preparation. Years have been spent in this way to perfect a single soup.

Every step is recorded. Eventually a formula is evolved for creating an ideal soup. It gives minute directions, and often covers pages. That formula is exactly followed — and forever — by trained experts in our kitchens.

Always Alike

As a final result each soup attains the pinnacle of quality. The basic recipe, once famous, seems a very crude soup in comparison.

The perfected soup comes ready to serve. It costs but a little, and is always alike. It brings to your table a finer soup than Parisian chefs can serve.

Get a few cans from your grocer. Compare them with the soups you know. After that, we shall never need to ask you to insist on Van Camp's Soups.

VAN CAMP'S

Soups — 18 Kinds

Other Van Camp products include Pork and Beans — Evaporated Milk — Spaghetti — Peanut Butter — Chili Con Carne — Catsup — Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Pork and Beans

A famous dish made five-fold better through this scientific cookery.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

A great Italian recipe perfected in this same painstaking way.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

A new attainment in this delicacy, through these expert methods.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

butter-substitute, add the green pepper and the hard portions of the clams and cook slowly for five minutes. Then add the seasonings and corn-starch and gradually stir in the top milk. Add the soft parts of the clams, transfer to small, well-oiled ramekins, cover with the bread-crums and brown in a hot oven. These may be prepared, ready for browning, the day before they are used. Shrimps, oysters, or salt-water mussels may be substituted for the clams.

Braised Chicken with Corn Dressing

DRESS chicken or fowl as for roasting, filling not quite so full as usual with corn dressing. Brown the birds all over in butter-substitute. Dust them with salt and pepper and place breast down in a double-roaster or a braising-kettle equipped with a cover. Slice an onion and a small carrot into the pan, and half cover the birds with boiling water. Cook until tender in an oven at 350 degrees Fahrenheit. It will take about two hours for chickens weighing three to four pounds and five hours for fowl. If chicken is used, the amount of liquid should cover the birds only a third. When the time is half up, the birds should be turned on their backs; when they are done, the liquid should be thickened with a tablespoonful of corn-starch to the cup (moistened with a little cold water), and then strained. The birds may be prepared for cooking a day ahead.

Corn Dressing

FOR each bird, allow a cupful of canned, or dried and stewed, corn, two cupfuls of crumbled, stale bread, two tablespoonfuls of butter-substitute, a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, a teaspoonful of finely minced parsley, and, if desired, a tablespoonful of scraped onion and a teaspoonful of poultry seasoning. Heat the corn, together with the seasonings and butter-substitute, add the bread and stir until well mixed.

Sweet Potato with Nuts and Raisins

COMBINE a quart of mashed and seasoned sweet potatoes with three-fourths teaspoonful of salt, one-third cupful of corn-syrup, either white or brown, a cupful of halved raisins, and a half cupful of chopped walnut meats. Pile into a well-oiled baking-dish or casserole, sprinkle the top with an extra half cupful of raisins, chopped, and one-third cupful of chopped walnut-meats; pour over a tablespoonful of melted butter and brown thirty minutes in a hot oven. A well-beaten egg may be added to the sweet potato mixture if desired. This may be prepared ready for baking a day ahead.

Sugarless Cranberry Sauce

MIX a half cupful of dried chopped figs, measured before soaking, with a pint of cranberries, a cupful of water, and one and one-third cupful of white, corn-syrup. Boil gently until the figs are tender and the cranberries are well cooked, finishing the cookery over hot water if the sauce seems to be getting too dry. This mixture will jelly and may be molded individually. If desired very sweet, add a little honey to the mixture before cooking. This may be made two, or three days ahead.

Jellied Asparagus Salad

2 Cupfuls Diced Canned Asparagus
½ Cupful Diced Celery
1½ Tablespoonfuls Granulated Gelatin
¼ Cupful Cold Water
¼ Cupful Weak Vinegar
¼ Cupful Boiling Water
½ Teaspoonful Salt
3 Tablespoonfuls White Corn-syrup
½ Tablespoonful Lemon-juice
2 Minced Pimentoes
Lettuce
Mock Roquefort Dressing

COMBINE the vinegar, lemon-juice, and cold water with the granulated gelatin and let stand five minutes. Then add it to the boiling water with the corn-syrup and salt. When cold, stir in the asparagus, celery and pimentoes and when it has begun to thicken, stir and transfer to individual molds rubbed lightly with salad-oil. For serving, unmold on individual plates and garnish with cup-like lettuce-leaves into which the dressing may be put. A bit of parsley will add an attractive finish.

Mock Roquefort Dressing

COMBINE three-fourths cupful of fresh cottage cheese with one-third teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful each of pepper and paprika, a teaspoonful of very finely minced parsley if convenient, and a cupful of creamless mayonnaise, or boiled oil salad dressing.

Maple Ice-cream, Cafeteria Style

SCALD a pint of light cream with a few grains of salt and a cupful and a half of rich maple-sirup. Pour this into two egg-yolks which should be well-beaten, and chill. (This may be done the day before freezing) Then add a teaspoonful of vanilla and a pint of cold light cream and freeze in three parts of ice to one of salt. Serve in frappé glasses topped with whipped cream, flavored with maple-sirup; or with a sauce of maple-sirup boiled down a third, chilled, and combined with a few chopped walnut-meats, if nuts do not otherwise appear in the menu.

Ready to Use

HIP-O-LITE is the same preparation used by caterers for Marshmallow Sauces and Sundaes and for Cake Filling and Frosting. *It is absolutely ready-to-use.*

The following are the three professional recipes for its use in economically adding a touch of the Caterer's Art to home desserts.

Marshmallow Sauce

Put two or three tablespoonfuls of HIP-O-LITE into a small mixing bowl. Add a teaspoon or two of water or milk. Stir together half a minute — and you'll have the same marshmallow sauce that's served with sundaes at soda fountains and with so many luxury desserts in hotels. Delicious with gelatine desserts, tapioca, cooked and fresh fruits or any dessert that needs a sauce. *Costs less than plain cream and sugar!*

Cake Filling and Frosting

Spread HIP-O-LITE, just as it comes from the jar, on the layers and over the cake the same as you would spread butter on bread. That's all for a filling that will Stand Up, a frosting that Will Not Run. No cooking, no possibility of failure — *and NO sugar required!*

"The Richest Whipped Cream"

Soften HIP-O-LITE to the consistency of a heavy syrup and whip the same as "double cream." *Whips easily under any conditions,* has more body than ordinary whipped cream, is richer, can be made one day and used the following, will not sour and is the most *economical* way to use HIP-O-LITE. Wonderful!, you'll say

Order HIP-O-LITE of your grocer and avoid disappointment by refusing substitutes.

The Hip-o-lite Book of Caterers' and Chefs' Recipes will be sent free upon request to Dept. P-12-2

THE HIPOLITE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.

NONE SUCH Has Been The MINCE MEAT

"Like mother used to make"

for 35 years and it's as good in a Barley Flour Pie Crust as it ever was

Try Barley Pie Crust in War Recipe Book — free on request

Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, N.Y.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Fifty Cents for
Freeman's
FACE POWDER
is NOT an advance, because we now give double quantity

MOST everything has advanced in price. Material and labor cost more. Government taxes have increased. And now Uncle Sam wants to conserve in paper, board and labor.

We have met these conditions in the only way possible—packed *double* the quantity of powder in a *square* cornered box of practically the *same* size. This saves our government and us one box, and the packing and handling of that box.

For forty years Freeman's Face Powder has been *sold* at a uniform price. We do not want to increase it. Buying quality in *quantity* protects us both and helps win the war.

50 cents *includes Government Tax*

Remember—Freeman's Face Powder is distinctively a quality powder that delights the most fastidious.

The Freeman guarantee—money back after trial if not satisfied—still holds good.

All tints at all toilet counters or miniature box for 4 cents stamps.

Watch for the square box.

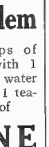
FREEMAN PERFUME CO., Dept. U, Cincinnati, O.

This Solves the Syrup Problem

Dilute 2 cups of corn syrup with 1 cup hot water and add 1 teaspoonful of

MAPLEINE

This makes an economical and delicious mapley flavored syrup which permits the uninterrupted enjoyment of the favorite war winning breakfast—the great American hot cake.



Send 2c stamps and carton top for MAPLEINE syrup and dessert recipes.

DEPT. P
CRESCENT MFG. CO.
(3811) SEATTLE, WASH.

Makes the Best Dishes Better

Faust Chile Powder is a "different" seasoning.

Too use it instead of pepper, spices, etc. It's a combination of all of them, except salt. For salad dressings, meats, gravies, stews, soups, there's nothing quite so good. Sold by most dealers in 10c, 25c, and 45c, sizes. If your dealer hasn't it, send 10c. for 1½-oz. can and Recipe Pamphlet prepared by Henry Dietz, famous chef of the historic Faust Cafe and Bevo Mill.

ISELIS—Ask Your Grocer. ISELIS—Main St.

C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Manufacturers of the world-famous Faust Blend Santos Coffee & Tea. Our best Instant Coffee is made by the same process and of the same materials and is therefore in no detectable degree inferior to our regular Faust Instant Tea, however, is a distinct improvement on Teas drunk as of yore.

JUST PLAIN WIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

blundering into a strange house when no one had answered the bell. But in his small-town way, in his distraught mental condition, he only thought of reaching Al quickly. Now he stood staring awkwardly about the place until the match burned down and nipped his fingers.

Then a queer prickly feeling uncoiled in the hair on the back of his neck and oozed down his spine.

A scream—a woman's scream—cut suddenly through the thick darkness that followed the final flicker of the match. Then came frantic voices in argument, a cry, an appeal, the thump of a heavy falling body—undoubtedly furniture—that jarred the unlighted gas-brackets.

Despite his fright, foot by foot, George made his way up the stairs. He turned the first landing. He tip-toed toward a heavily-paneled door at the front. Again came voices in angry altercation. Then one single scream—a scuffle—ominous silence! Immediately somebody knocked against the hall doorway and from the gyrations of the knob it was evident they were trying to open it but were hauled away before they could do so.

As the scuffle started again, George tried the door-knob. It yielded as the other knobs had done. He shoved the door open to get a clear view before entering. And what a sight! Chairs were overturned, vases lay in fragments, two portieres had been torn down and lay under foot, pictures were skewed on the walls.

But George noted these afterward. On the other side of the addled center-table, he saw Alwin Cowper, Al's face was puffed and bloated, his eyes glowed. Struggling with him was a woman, a woman whose clothing was torn, who was sobbing desperately—a woman who was not the brunette, not Al's wife as George had expected to find. It was the blonde, the cousin, Miss Bess!

"Al, Al!" George cried, running in. "For heaven's sake, man, have you gone stark raving crazy?"

Al turned his gaze on George and blinked at him stupidly. "Ken—she took the money! my money—and yours—Ken," the mental wreck declared. "She—took—our —money! Christmas! It's a hell of a Christmas for you and me!"

George looked down upon Alwin, who had sunk down on the edge of a davenport. The man was rocking from side to side with his face in his hands. George turned to the blonde and motioned her to the hall. They succeeded in getting outside, closing the door and barring Al in the room.

"What are you doing here?" asked George.

"Meg left me alone with him. I didn't know what to do. I was only tryin' to keep him from following her or doin' some shin' rash, until you came. Thank God I got away with it!" And the hysterical blonde sobbed in great gusts. "He's wrecked half the house," she went on hoarsely. "I called you because if I summoned the officers I knew it would mean Meg's arrest—"

"*Meg's?* Why her's?"

"Oh, she never cared much about him, anyhow—only the money he made. When she saw he was due for the scrap-heap, she salvaged what she could from his business by forging his name to checks and things. Havin' an eye out to the way the wind was blowin' I was the way she expressed it. And poor Al—"

"Had to forge notes in return to make good her drains on him?"

"He never forged nothing. He was too honest!"

"But he said he did! He borrowed money from me to cover a note."

"That's because he was square and took the blame on himself for what she did. Al wouldn't forge a circular letter. He took that money to pay one of her bogus notes. I happen to know. Poor Al! I don't waste any love on Meg! A woman with somethin' more'n looks would have made a big man of him. But now, that it's happened, what have we ought to do, Mr. Kenyon? Meg's flew the coop and she won't be back. And poor Al's gone plumb daft over this family mix-up—"

"We ought to get a doctor right away," answered George. He said it thickly, dazedly, almost unable to mentally himself at the sudden revelation. "Al doesn't belong in jail; he belongs in a hospital."

IT WAS around nine o'clock that night when George reached the hotel. He scarcely had strength to push the revolving doors and walk into the lobby. The officers whom he had summoned had taken poor Alwin in charge, his nervous breakdown complete. Added to the shock of that tragedy was the numbing realization that his savings had gone—gone to help a friend —but gone indeed—gone irrevocably by the machinations of a cheap woman. To tell Bess—that was the cruelty of it!—and in the happy holidays of the year, too!"

He moved down the lobby. Then in an instant he thought his own mind had gone back on him, that he was "seeing things."

For only ten feet away from him, rising out of a lobby chair, was none other than his own wife, Bessie. There was a little smile of anticipation on her face but it died quickly when their eyes met and she recognized things were not as they should be.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

The Errors Made In Tooth Pastes

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Why They Failed

The evidence shows that the tooth brush needs aid. Tooth troubles have constantly increased. Millions find that well-brushed teeth still discolor and decay.

Modern dentists know the reason. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which brushing does not end. Most tooth trouble finds its source in that film.

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It gets into crevices and stays. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So any brushing which omits that film does very little good.

Tooth pastes have aimed to remove food debris, or counteract acid, or combat germs. But the cause of tooth troubles lay imbedded in film, where the tooth brush failed to reach them.

Science now has found a way to combat that film. Able authorities have proved it by clinical tests. It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, and we are asking all to prove it by a simple test.

We Now Use Pepsin

That film is albuminous, so Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Ordinary pepsin mixtures cannot serve this purpose. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth.

But science has discovered a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. It is that method, used in Pepsodent, which makes it possible nowadays to keep teeth from film accumulation.

Many clinical tests have proved the effects of Pepsodent. They are now beyond possible question. You can prove them yourself, if you will make the test.

Send the coupon with 10 cents for a special tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

This test will give you a new conception of what teeth-cleaning means. And we do not believe you will ever return to old, inefficient methods. Cut out the coupon now.

SPECIAL 10-CENT TUBE
A size not sold in Drug Stores

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 237, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed find 10c for Special Tube of Pepsodent.

Name.....

Address.....

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(131A)

PLAYFUL puppy dogs, chubby little boys, and snuggly Ascher's sweaters! They go together, just naturally.

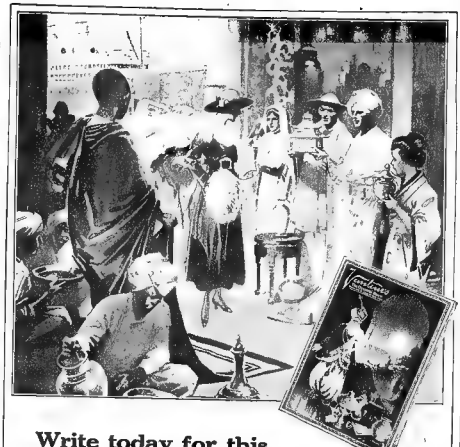
Ascher's Knit Goods are as charming as they are practical fit both for the blowy outdoors and for sheltered home and school

Stock the wardrobes with Ascher's Knit Goods—baby's, youngster's and mother's,—Bootees, Sacques, Leggings, Sweaters, Shawls, House Jackets, Caps, Spencers, Hoods, Mittens, etc. They are all the same, unsurpassed Ascher's quality, identified by the label of the lamb.

Simon Ascher & Co., Inc.
Established since 1879
362-F Fifth Ave., New York

Name and address of nearest dealer selling Ascher's Knit Goods furnished upon request.

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Write today for this

FREE CATALOG OF GIFTS

SIMPLY send us your name and address—a postal will do—and learn how you may sit comfortably in your easy chair, and without leaving your own fireside, select your Christmas gifts by mail with the absolute assurance of complete satisfaction.

For over half a century Vantine's has been the Mecca for seekers of gifts that are different—that cannot be duplicated elsewhere. The Vantine catalog brings the stocks of this wonderful store to your door and enables you to do your war-time Christmas shopping by mail pleasantly and profitably, at your leisure, in the privacy of your own home. Address Dept. 10.

A·A·VANTINE·&·CO·Inc·
Fifth Ave. & 39th St. NEW YORK

JUST PLAIN WIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

"Bessie!" he whispered hoarsely.

"George!" she cried. And passing people turned and stared. "What is the matter, George? Aren't you glad to see me? Sam made all the help a Christmas present of some kind or other. Seeing you wasn't there, George, he made ours cash if I would spend it on a little trip down here to come home with you—as a Christmas present—and the children are up to his house. Aren't you glad to see me, George? Aren't you?"

"Glad, to see you, Bess? Oh, Lord! Glad to see you? Come up-stairs to my room, Bess. Something awful's happened, Bess! I've got to tell you!"

They went up-stairs and into his room and George turned the key in the lock.

And—he told her.

"Our savings!—Our seven hundred and fifty dollars!—are gone, George!—and we won't ever be able to get them back!" she repeated dazedly when he was done.

"They're—gone—all gone, Bess!" he admitted bitterly. "I did it to help him, and his wife double-crossed us."

"His *wife*! What kind of a wife did he have to ever do that?"

"I don't know, Bess. But she did. And oh, Bess—we've lost it all!"

The woman sat on the edge of the bed. Her face was pale. Her lips were pressed tightly together, so tightly they quivered pitifully.

"Oh, George!" she whispered at last. "And that money came so hard—would have bought so much!"

"I know it, Bess!" he said. His voice broke. The admission was his penance.

SHE looked down at her hard-worked hands, reddened hands, empty hands, hands made so by the humble yet unceasing tasks of a poor little New England home where the money coming in each Saturday is heart-rendingly small. She drew a sigh, a sigh that was brave struggle for strength to stand the blow. Then, being only a woman, she broke down and wept.

George could do nothing, do nothing. He had to let her have her cry out. Then she dried her eyes with an inadequate little handkerchief and sat pulling it distractedly in unspeakable introspection. But she did not upbraid him; she had no censure for him.

"Well, George," she declared brokenly at last, "we worked hard to save that seven hundred dollars. But we made it by pulling together. We did it once. We can do it again!"

Something caught in the man's throat at the loyalty and the courage of it. He felt in that moment the small boy's definition of a sob, "Wantin' to choke back the weeps when they bust right out of themselves."

After a while Bessie added, "I guess that's what I meant when I promised to stand by you in sickness and in health and in times of prosperity and times of misfortune, George. Only I didn't realize how much it really meant when I promised it."

"And you ain't going back on me, Bess, on account of it?"

"*Going back on you?* Land sakes alive, George Kenyon—have *you* gone stark raving crazy, too? Don't you know me better than that? Oh, George!"

Then as George Kenyon looked down upon his wife, the real, true, deep value of such a woman came to him There were no fads or frills or fripperies of gewgaws about her. There were no exquisite coiffures and smart agrettes or slithery gowns—tho that is not saying that her poor hungry woman-heart did not long for these things. She was just honest and hard-working and faithful—partner-like by and with him through the cruel deprivations of poverty, "putting up" with many things—the wife whom he had married for love in a grimy little printshop, who had been willing to make a home with him in a plain little tenement on Cross Street because of the greatness of that love and her hope in the future and her trust in him. Maybe she was the wife who had a warm bed in the mornings the same as himself, the wife who had to hunt him with a deadly instrument to get him to change his union suit, who often had a headache when he wanted her to go out of an evening, who scolded him righteously for pulling out in company a handkerchief which was not all a gentleman's handkerchief should be. Maybe she was just plain wife, but dear God, what oceans of meaning were expressed in those words!

He sank down beside her and put his arms about her. In the sincerity of his emotion he kissed her—he kissed her with a caress more sincere than any caress he had given her in all of their married lives.

"Bess," he said brokenly, "I—love—you, Bess! God, how I love you! I've been crazy, Bess! Out of my head and crazy. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, George Kenyon!" she cried softly. Then after a time: "I wasn't wholly because you were going away to spend a lot of money that I cried that evening before you left. It was because I knew why you wanted to go—that you were dissatisfied with me—that I hadn't done my part!"

He walked to the window and stood looking down on the hurrying holiday throng with a heart that was very full.

"Bess," he said thickly, "Christmas is a wonderful season, ain't it? But I wonder what time in the morning we can get a train up to Vermont. I got to get back on the job!"

A Most Appropriate Gift

THIS year, more than ever before, thrift gifts are the vogue. And thousands of women will welcome these remembrances eagerly. Now many wanted appliances will be theirs—things they may have hesitated to buy themselves.

Chief among the home equipment needs that will bring lasting appreciation is a Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper or Carpet Sweeper. An hour's sweeping—drudgery under old methods—can be done in a pleasant half hour the Bissell way.

BISSELL'S
Easy to Empty
Vacuum Sweeper

conserves human strength and carpets and saves hours—a true thrift gift.

Bissell's powerful suction Vacuum Sweepers sell at moderate prices—$6.75 to $13.00. "Cyco" Ball-bearing Carpet Sweepers $4.00 to $7.00—depending on style and locality. Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet, "The Care of Rugs and Carpets," on request.

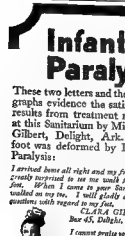
BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers
Grand Rapids, Mich. *Made in Canada, too*

Infantile Paralysis

These two letters and the photographs evidence the satisfactory results from treatment received at this Sanitarium by Miss Clara Gilbert, Delight, Ark. whose foot was deformed by Infantile Paralysis:

I arrived home all right and my friends were greatly surprised to see me walk fast on my feet. When I came to your Sanitarium I walked on two. I will gladly answer all questions with regard to my feet.
CLARA GILBERT,
Box 45, Delight, Arkansas.

I cannot praise your Sanitarium too highly for your great work. Clara's friends were surprised to see her feet straight. She has been quite a show girl since. We will gladly answer any inquiries in regard to your work for Clara.
MRS. CORDA GILBERT,
Box 45, Delight, Arkansas.



This private institution is devoted to the treatment of children and young adults afflicted with Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Curvature, Hip Diseases, Wry Neck, etc. Our valuable book "Deformities and Paralysis," with Book of References, free.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
933 Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

DIB

By Their Fruits

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

One of the fruits of Christian Science is

The Christian Science Monitor
An International Daily Newspaper

Here you see the power and value of Truth and Principle applied to the affairs of the whole world.

You see a newspaper without sensationalism, gossip, unsavory details, exaggeration or falseness. And yet—or rather because of it—a highly interesting and edifying newspaper. The Monitor is all the more interesting because its readers know that what they read is true, and therefore has a real bearing upon their thought and lives.

The Christian Science Monitor is $9.00 a year by mail, or may be obtained at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c; a single copy for 3c stamp.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY
BOSTON U. S. A.
Sole publishers of all authorized Christian Science literature

SAVE MONEY
BUY YOUR
MAGAZINES AT CLUB PRICES
Send us a list of the magazines you read, or the magazines you would like to read, and we will show you how to get them at reduced prices through our special club rates. A subscription to a good magazine is the best kind of a Christmas gift. Write for information or prices on any magazine or any list of magazines. Prompt service.
THE MAGAZINE MART, 2 West 39th Street, N. Y. C.

Healthy Feet

Foot-free youngsters develop normally in strength and health. Look carefully to your child's footwear—a lifetime's well-being depends on it. Coward shoes for children, made in sizes from infancy up, are considerate of tender muscles and helpful to growing bones. Their regular wear prevents bunions, fallen arches, weak ankles and corns in later life. Send for descriptions.

JAMES S. COWARD
262-274 Greenwich Street
New York City
(Near Warren Street)
Sold Anywhere Else Most Orders Filled

TURNED ANKLE STRAIGHTENED

The Coward Shoe

GLOLITE CANDLE BURNS OIL

THRIFTY, COZY LIGHT
CHEAPER THAN CANDLES

Brilliant clear white candle light on your dining table or in your bedroom without annoyance of candle drip, smoke or odor. Glolite gives 15 hours of steady white light with one filling of kerosene oil.

Perfect representation of candle—burns 6 times longer—100 times cheaper. The only candlestick or electric light that Elicits attention once a week! Will not burn shades—absolutely safe. Free booklet. Write today.

$1.50 per pair delivered without Shades. Money back if not delighted

H. G. McFADDIN & CO., 28 Warren St., New York
Makers of lighting devices since 1874

100 HOURS OF LIGHT FOR 1¢

A Delightful Christmas Gift

Three pencils, your name, Holly or Floral Box, 36 cts
Reindeer Boxes will please the children. Stamps accepted.
The Imprint Pencil Co., 538 Broadway, New York City

DERRYVALE
Genuine Irish LINEN
TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS
MILLS: BELFAST, IRELAND
EXCLUSIVE AGENCIES IN MOST CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" (Hand-finished) Underwear

2603—"Mérode" **2903**—"Harvard Mills"

Merino Union Suit for misses and children's fall and winter wear. In high neck, long sleeves; and dutch neck, elbow sleeves, ankle length.

Also made in vests and drawers.

891—"Mérode" **991**—"Harvard Mills"

Women's fall and winter weight merino union with double mercerized silkateen stripe. Low neck, sleeveless, ankle length. Also made in high neck, long sleeves, and in dutch neck, elbow sleeves.

Also made in vests and tights

829 "Mérode"
829—"Harvard Mills"

This number comes in winter weight fleeced cotton. Vests—low neck, sleeveless; high neck, long sleeves, dutch neck, elbow sleeves. Drawers and tights to match.

Same quality in union suits.

537—"Mérode"
831—"Harvard Mills"

A popular midwinter merino union; high neck, long sleeves, ankle length. Also made dutch neck, elbow sleeves, and low neck, no sleeves.

Same quality in vests, drawers and tights.

WITH our activities taking us out-of-doors more and more, with even our homes uncertain as to temperature, we owe it to our health to be comfortably, warmly clad. The children's clothing, too, is more important than ever.

While our grandmothers had to sacrifice clean-cut lines and don those bulky, shapeless "flannels," we of today enjoy the daintiness and perfect fit of "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" Underwear.

This attractive underapparel is cut and finished by hand and conforms to the lines of the body, allowing fulness where fulness is needed; it is as carefully tailored as your finest lingerie, and each seam is the patent Flatlock with only one thickness of material. Whether in union suits, vests, tights, or drawers, you will find the same attention to detail that distinguishes "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" (hand-finished) underwear and has given it a reputation for dependability.

You can select your undergarments and the children's from a wide variety of styles and sizes, weights and fabrics. There are special sizes for the tall woman and the stout woman. Prices range from 50c to $6.75 per garment.

We illustrate several popular sellers. Our general line, however, embraces all qualities, fabrics and weights. Good shops everywhere sell "Mérode" or "Harvard Mills" Underwear. Ask for it. If you have difficulty in procuring it, write us for descriptive price list and the name of your nearest dealer.

WINSHIP, BOIT & CO. (*Harvard Knitting Mill*), WAKEFIELD, MASS.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Pictorial Review Mother Club

Valuable Suggestions for Critical Hours

Conducted by ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

AUTHOR OF "KEEPING BABY WELL," "THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER'S OWN BOOK," ETC.

THE last meeting of PICTORIAL REVIEW Mother Club for 1918 is given over entirely to members who have contributed valuable suggestions covering prenatal care and critical periods of a baby's life during the first year. We hope you will enjoy each of these very interesting letters.

For 1919 we have some fascinating plans for our Mother Club. Watch for them in the January PICTORIAL REVIEW.

There is nothing so convincing as a "before and after" picture, so you will enjoy reading the following letter

"I was in very bad health when I married, consequently my first baby was a little, puny, crying creature. On account of a limited purse, a trained nurse was an impossibility. I was so near death's door myself that the kind friends who came in did not consult me about anything, but each of them knew something that would be good for the baby and, accordingly, gave it. The baby died when a week old.

"When I recovered, I began to study motherhood and babyhood. I was determined that I would bring into the world a healthy baby. I began on myself. I had a garden fenced and prepared ready for the seeds. I began to work in this garden early in the Spring, and worked every suitable day until Midsummer. I did all my housework. I slept an hour each day just after dinner, then I took a ride. When my next baby was born I was in fair health. The baby weighed seven pounds at birth and slept for thirty-six hours without nourishment. No one was allowed to touch him except his father, who turned him over when he whined, and he would go right back to sleep. When he was about forty hours old he was put to the breast, and, to my great joy, I found there was nourishment for him. After that I nursed him at first every two hours. When he was two weeks old I lengthened the time to every three hours. This I continued until he was fifteen months old.

"I never gave him any medicine. If medicine was needed, I took it myself. I allowed nothing to interfere with his two daily naps until he was two years old; then he took only one, which generally lasted three hours. He is now three years old and is a fine child, in perfect health. I hardly knew when he cut his teeth, so I do not believe that teething hurts a healthy, properly fed baby. My baby was not given potatoes and cucumbers as I have seen poor, ignorant mothers feed their babies and then wonder why they were sick. I feed my child abundantly, yet I am careful that the food is well-cooked and suitable to his age.

"MRS. S. E. B —, Arkansas."

It is not always possible to satisfy a child with breast milk up to the age of fifteen months MRS. B—— was exceptionally fortunate

Why the Hospital?

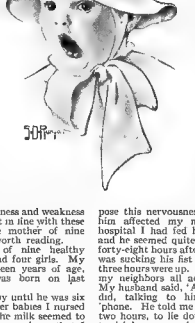
EVER since this department was organized, I have urged mothers, whenever possible, to arrange for hospital care during confinement. The following letter proves how a properly conducted maternity hospital reduces the danger of child-bearing

"Before marriage I was in school a number of years and was well in my thirties when married. However, with the exception of nervousness, I was in fairly good health. During pregnancy, I suffered with nausea and heartburn, but I read everything within reach on prenatal care, took daily baths, ate laxative foods, had plenty of exercise, and, with the exception of high reaching and heavy lifting, I did all my housework. As I am a farmer's wife, living where medical aid is not easily and quickly obtained, I decided to go to the nearest hospital when my baby came. How fortunate that I did, for it was found that owing to a pelvic malformation I could not bear a child normally, and a Cesarean operation was necessary. Had I been confined at home, with an ordinary physician, not a skilled obstetrician, in charge of the case, neither the baby nor I might have survived. As it was, my baby was born strong and healthy, and had the added advantage of being started right at the hospital, with regular hours of nursing, sleeping, etc.

"Previously to his coming, I had read 'Keeping Baby Well' by Mrs. Richardson, and also PICTORIAL REVIEW baby articles, so I was prepared to care for him in my farm home.

"I have not had a physician with the baby since we left the hospital. Having a tendency to constipation myself, I naturally had the same trouble with him. So I have had to be careful with my diet, especially while the baby was young, but now, at the age of ten months, I am supplementing his breast-feedings with an occasional Graham cracker or a drink of buttermilk from the cup. I have not allowed the family, friends, or relatives to interfere with his regular habits. He weighed eight pounds at birth and he now weighs twenty-two pounds.

"MRS. B. F. T——, Virginia."



IT IS hard to write of prenatal care without harking back to the bugaboo of "marking" babies. Gradually we are outgrowing that hideous superstition and acquiring a fine and beautiful belief in the power of the mother to give to her unborn child through right thinking, correct living, and earnest praying. One thing this war has done for all of us it has shaken us out of our self-sufficiency and brought us nearer to our Maker.

Among many admirable letters recently received are those which tell of bearing healthy, normal children in spite of illness and weakness during pregnancy. Right in line with these letters is one from the mother of nine children which is well worth reading.

"I am the mother of nine healthy youngsters; five boys and four girls. My oldest boy is nearly fifteen years of age, while my baby girl was born on last Christmas day.

"I nursed my first baby until he was six months old; but my other babies I nursed only a month or two. The milk seemed to be scarce, and I was so very busy that I found it convenient to substitute a bottle occasionally, so before they were four months old they were entirely bottle-fed.

"I had no great trouble with any of them, but shortly after my ninth baby's birth I was wishing that I could nurse her all the time, when there came to my attention an article on nursing babies. It said that if a mother really and truly wanted to nurse her baby, the milk would come What is chiefly required is that this conviction should enter the mind of the mother, and abide there, for the fear that she will not be able to perform this function, or that the milk will or does not agree with her child, has more to do with her supposed inability to nurse than any other one factor. This article fortified me so much that I pass the message on. I have plenty of milk for baby, and she is chubby and healthy, does not vomit sour milk, and she more than doubled her birth weight in five months I nursed her every two hours, or two and a half hours, as I found that three hours seemed too long. At six months she nurses about nine-thirty in the evening and sleeps soundly in her own bed until six in the morning or later. I do not rock her, just lay her down and close the bedroom door.

"I hope this letter will help mothers toward nursing their babies. It is more convenient for mother and better for baby. Again, in these times of war saving, it costs nothing but perseverance.

"MRS. A. B. B——, Illinois."

Will power is another gift worth cultivating in war time, to conserve physical strength

WHEN a baby is born in a hospital and started aright by doctors and nurses experienced in infant care and feeding, the first few days after returning to her home are critical ones for the young mother. The same may be said of the first few days after the departure of the trained nurse in the home. Then must a mother with her first baby be calm and firm, not only in handling her baby, but in declining the advice of relatives and friends. To all such mothers we commend the following letter.

"When I came from the hospital it just seemed to me that I could not handle my baby—he was so helpless and 'breakable,' I suppose this nervousness and fear of hurting him affected my milk supply. At the hospital I had fed him every three hours and he seemed quite satisfied. But within forty-eight hours after my home-coming, he was sucking his fist and crying before the three hours were up. My mother-in-law and my neighbors all advised bottle feedings. My husband said, 'Ask your doctor'; and I did, talking to him over long-distance 'phone. He told me to feed the baby every two hours, to lie down while nursing him, to drink cocoa and gruels made with milk and to stop fretting. He said that my nervousness had reduced the secretion and the strength of the milk and it was not satisfying him for the three-hour interval. As he became satisfied on a two hour schedule and stopped fretting, I regained my confidence and gradually increased the interval to two hours and a half, then three hours. With weaning came more well-meant advice, but, at eight months, I drove twenty miles to have the doctor who brought him into the world look him over. He ordered a diet of barley gruel, made with milk, to be changed to oatmeal in case constipation set in, gradually working in a rice gruel, made by cooking rice until thoroughly done, rubbing through a strainer and adding milk. This, with fruit juices, was all the food my baby had until fourteen months old, when I added vegetables as suggested by Mrs. Richardson's PICTORIAL REVIEW Diet List. Perhaps many mothers have done this, but I wonder how many would persist as I had to do it, with a mother-in-law and her dearest friend telling me that I was starving my baby simply because he was not fat and dimpled, but always happy and smiling? I think if relatives knew how unhappy they make young mothers, they would leave them alone to follow the directions of experts in baby raising

"MRS. J. R. H——, Indiana."

THERE is so much for mid-dle-aged women to do to-day in the service of our country, that it seems as if every grandmother of us might find something more important to do than to interfere with the raising of our children's children. The modern mother has so many helps, intelligent nurses and doctors, health lectures, sensible books on children, and mother clubs in the magazines, that she might be given at least a chance to bring up her own child. Don't you think so?

Yet here is a typical letter—which I publish not for mothers, but for *grandmothers*. You see I can do this, because I am a grandmother—and, dear me, how hard it is sometimes not to take a hand in the rearing of Junior—especially in his discipline. How often I catch myself about to say, "Well, my babies never did a thing like that." But they did—and babies always will!

Now for the letter.

"When my little boy was about one and a half year old his mother-in-law died and it seemed best for us to live with my husband's mother. She was fine in many ways —but she did not agree with me on the methods of raising our baby. She could not understand why the right kind of food was best for him at every meal time. The Saturday night dose of physic her children always got, or why I insisted that he sleep in fresh air. Her children had always slept the Winter in a room with windows closed tightly and a fire going full tilt. They had had sore throats, colds, etc., but then children *must* have such things. My baby has not had them, but oh, how I have fought for ventilation.

"Sonny is now four years old. A few days ago his grandmother told him that if he did a certain thing, the bad man would get him. My boy came to me immediately and asked if this was so. Do you see the moral of this? He does not believe his grandmother because she has never carried out foolish, old-fashioned threats, but he does believe his mother And his grandmother is beginning to feel that he does not love and respect her as he should. Children of to-day think more independently than we did. They seem to reason more Hence we must meet this new development with new ideas.

"MRS. V. H. A. R——, Missouri."

Rest for Mother

SPEAKING of habits, here is an excellent argument for having babies sleep alone. "Of my four children, the last, my PICTORIAL REVIEW baby, is the best and the least trouble.

"I put my other babies to bed alone, but when they woke in the night I would take them to bed with me to nurse them and there they would sleep until morning, when I would be more tired than when I went to bed

"Before my last baby was born, I had read PICTORIAL REVIEW articles about letting the baby sleep with Mother and not nursing at night after a certain age. So I made up my mind that my baby would go to bed and sleep as she should, and she did.

"When she awoke in the night, I would get up, feed baby, and then put her back to bed again. At four months, I didn't have to nurse her at all after ten o'clock, and now at ten months she goes to bed at eight o'clock and that is the last I hear of her until five or six in the morning. I get a good night's rest every night, which is absolutely necessary when one has all of her own housework to do with four little ones

"Baby also takes two good naps every day and is ready to be put to bed in a baby. My neighbors say they don't believe she knows how to cry.

"MRS. E. A. I——, Wisconsin."

SOMETIMES mothers become discouraged with the daily routine of raising a baby by system—of the perseverance which it requires. They see other babies raised without system, yet apparently thriving Well, suppose we emphasize the word "apparently"—and read the next two letters

"My little girl was raised by modern baby standards At seven months, twenty-one days, she was taken violently ill without a moment's warning. An hour after the doctors arrived, she was in a hospital and underwent an operation on the bowels.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB
REGISTRATION BLANK

Please register my name as a member of THE MOTHER CLUB and send me in return, free of charge, a copy of Baby's Weight Record.

Name .....

Address .....

Date ..... December, '18

SEND IN THIS REGISTRATION BLANK AND BECOME A MEMBER

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

SNOWDRIFT

pure, white, sweet, fresh
—and *creamy*

vegetable shortening

Snowdrift does not get too hard in cold weather nor too soft in warm weather. It is always easy and pleasant to use—just the right creamy consistency.

Does that seem a small advantage to offer as a reason why you should try Snowdrift? We mention it only as one instance of the pains we take to have Snowdrift please you—one of the many ways we try to make Snowdrift superior to any shortening you ever used before.

Most of us—probably you, too—have seen shortening that got so hard in cold weather you had to dig at it with a spoon or even a knife. And shortening that melted in warm weather until you had to spoon it up like thick soup. Snowdrift is delicate—as you speak of a "delicate" cake. And it is creamy in all weathers.

For over fifteen years we have been trying to make Snowdrift a *perfect* shortening. We want it to be the very best shortening that can be made—the choicest vegetable fat—the most wholesome—the purest—the freshest. But that is not all. We want it to be good to look at, as well as good to eat, and good to use.

One of the things we have learned to do, in these fifteen years, is to make Snowdrift stay soft enough in cold weather and stiff enough in warm weather so that you would always find it a pleasure to use it.

We are proud of Snowdrift's delicate texture and creamy consistency. It is the result of years of care and skill in selecting choice vegetable oil and in refining, chilling and "beating," as we call it.

So we mention creaminess as one reason you will like Snowdrift. Snowdrift is pure, rich, vegetable fat—snowy white—always sweet and fresh—and *creamy*.

Your grocer has Snowdrift now or can easily get it for you. In *full weight* 2, 4 and 8 pound tins. Won't you try it the next time you order cooking fat?

SOUTHERN COTTON OIL TRADING COMPANY
120 Broadway, New York

for shortening, for frying, for all cooking

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Send 30c. and get your Dolly this stylish little Dress

A miniature Cadillac Dress for dolly, as shown on arm of chair (12 inches long), made with the same dainty skill and fetching fashion as the *real* Cadillac Dresses for girls and misses, will be sent you for thirty cents in stamps or coin. Or, return a label from a Cadillac Dress with ten cents, and dolly's dress will be mailed you.

1048

1028—A charming model (holding doll of plaid taffeta and velveteen. The velvet sash en is bound with plaid silk and is held at the waistline by a plaid sash. A wonderful "fin fer' dress-up" occasion. Colors: Brown, navy, green and wine. Sizes 6 to 14. Price $25.50

1007—A high-waisted sailor dress made from purl-wool serge and trimmed with military braid and emblems. Full pleated skirt. Colors: Navy only. Sizes 6 to 14. Price $10.50

1007

For you girls who demand *genuine* style

CADILLAC DRESSES

have an irresistible appeal

"I KNOW that I can depend on the dress that has the Cadillac label on it," says this mother, who has three growing daughters to dress.

"My confidence is the result of many seasons' acquaintance with Cadillac Dresses. The styles are so individual —so full of the spirit of growing girls. They have that winsome charm that only youth possesses. And the careful, exacting way they are made is usually found only in 'homemade' things, where much love, patience and skill are put into the making."

You, too, will like Cadillac Dresses

You will like the selected materials used in their making. You will like the deft touches here and there that lift these dresses above the commonplace. And you will like the prices. Not "how cheap," but *how good,* is the Cadillac watchword.

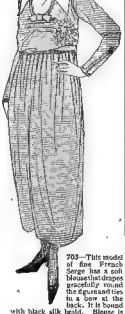
Write for FREE Booklet illustrating new styles

The 1918-19 fashions pictured in this booklet will delight you. Write for your copy. Use the coupon below.

Cadillac Dresses are sold in smart shops everywhere. If your dealer does not carry the line, write to us. We will see that you are quickly and conveniently supplied.

CADILLAC GARMENT MFG. CO.
Detroit, Michigan

1048—Dress of colored taffeta created for the lover of simplicity. Yoke, cuffs and pockets are hemstitched. The waistline is finished with velvet ribbon to color. Colors: Light blue, pink, corn, cadet and navy. Sizes 6 to 14. Price $17.50



703—This model of fine French Serge has a soft blouse that drapes gracefully round the figure and ties in a bow at the back. It is bound with black silk braid. Blouse is embroidered with colored zephyrs. Neck is finished with a white satin collar and shield. Narrow skirt fold in plaits to hip length. Color: Navy. Sizes 13, 15, 17 and 19. Price $35.00

705—In this frock of all wool serge, the neck is finished with a white satin collar and a colorful zephyr band fastened with knot ornaments. The skirt is plaited to hip length and is finished at the waist with a sash bound with black silk braid. Colors: Navy, cadet, wine and green. Sizes 13, 15, 17 and 19. Price $18.00

722—A simple model. Striped gingham made with a box-plaited skirt. The vest is trimmed with plain colors to harmonize with the stripe and is embroidered in white. Sleeves are full caught in tuck and then low in front. Colors: Assorted stripes. Sizes 15, 17 and 19. Price $8.00

716—Combination taffeta silk and French serge. Serge bolero extends below the waist in the back and is held in place by the sash effect of the draped silk. Collar, cuffs and band of serge trims the bottom of the tunic and falls over a large drop skirt. Color: Navy. Sizes 13, 15, 17 and 19. Price $35.00

Be sure to send for Dolly's Dress

Cadillac Garment Mfg. Co., Detroit, Michigan
Send me 25 FREE your Latest Style Book. Status name dress No.

Send me Cadillac doll dress, for which I enclose 30 cents for which I enclose $.
Write plainly

P. S.

Name
Address
State
My dealer's Name

Mother and Baby

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

I was heart-broken and discouraged for those five horrible days that we did not know if there was hope for her. And, of course, I was told by friends that my care had been a foolish waste of time and strength. I repeated this to one of the doctors and he said, 'Your baby's system is in perfect order. I have never seen a more beautiful little body, with such strong heart and lungs and stomach strong and free from poison of heavy food. If you had not given your baby the care you have, she would not now be alive.' He added that her acute bowel condition was caused by tedious labor at her birth.

"I have kept up the systematic care and now at four years old she is stronger, happier, and healthier than any other child her age in this neighborhood.

"MRS. W. H. B——, South Dakota."

A WORD about the prevention of "children's diseases," perniciously considered of slight account.

"My little girl was a fine specimen from the very start, altho she had a certain handicap because of my being on a severe diet with kidney trouble. However, I nursed her for six months, supplementing breast-milk with cow's milk, oatmeal gruel, orange-juice, and beef-juice. She has always been fed by 'rule' and with all the care possible. She has never tasted such atrocities as soda-water, pastry, or fried foods.

"She likes her simple meals and knows no other. So far as a diet can supply resistance to disease, she seems to have it. Now as to more specific means of preventing disease. I have brushed her teeth with a harmless antiseptic solution since the first one appeared at four months. I claim that her clean mouth has much to do with her resistance. She has been taught to have her nose sprayed or cleansed after being in a crowd or a hot room, or after possible exposure to germs. Of course I never say anything about the cleansing of it, but a clean nose and mouth, coupled with a proper diet, have prevented disease in her case.

"MRS. E. K——, California."

WEANING days, especially for breast-fed babies, are trying times for mother. Here is a cheering letter from a club member who conquered the terrors of weaning.

"Both my babies were breast-fed and I weaned them easily.

"From birth I had them on a feeding-schedule and they were nursed right at that hour and no oftener.

"They were never fed oftener than once during the night and this only during the first three months.

"I never allowed the baby to sleep with me, nursing a while and sleeping a while. Many babies are hard to wean because of this habit. When I was ready to wean my babies, they were in the habit of going from six P. M. to six A. M. without nursing.

"At the age of four months I began substituting for one feeding a glass of diluted cow's milk. I didn't wean to a bottle but to a cup and spoon. It takes patience to teach a baby to drink from a cup at that age but it can be done. Both my babies drank well from a cup at the age of seven months. This saved me weaning from a bottle later. Gradually increase this substitution. At the age of one year the child will be entirely weaned and not be aware of the fact.

"MRS. H. W. H——, Florida."

HERE are several little diet hints worth passing on:

"When my first baby was about eight months old, my doctor advised me to give her vegetable water with her milk. I used to cook peas, asparagus, or carrots in a very little water and pour off about two or three ounces to be added to the ten A. M. bottle.

"This water contains so much that is valuable to the growing child and I have never heard of any other doctor advising it so strongly. I began with a small amount and increased it.

"This same doctor also gave me a good suggestion for the care of the baby during teething when the bowels become loose. He told me to mash four tablespoonfuls of rice and cook it in two quarts of boiling water, slightly salted, until the quantity was reduced to about three cups. 'Add milk to this, bring to a boil, sweeten as you would the regular food for baby and it makes a nourishing diet. I have tried it many times for my children and in every instance the bowel movements have become normal inside of twenty-four hours. The rice-water is very soothing to the intestines and the proportions of the gruel and the milk can be varied. Sometimes I gave nearly all rice gruel, and sometimes just a little with the milk, according to the baby's condition.

"MRS. J. A. K——, Wisconsin."

Releasing Women for The Top

(which was only last evening) where the woman who sponged on others was more respected than the woman who worked.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

I almost feel like forgiving the war since it has, at least, changed that situation The sponge is going out of fashion. The waxwork woman is shocking. Young poets no longer write sonnets on the way she wears her eyebrows.

Even men at the "dangerous age" are finding her something of a bore, in war time, with her uselessness and her flutters and her gossip-guile.

It will be nice if she can be sunk without trace.

The next thing will be to dispose of the man who persists in sticking a pin through "Woman," fastening her on a card and labeling her.

He has made it harder for women to release themselves for overalls. The pin has pricked them so long that he made it harder for women to demand fair play in industry. He has made it harder for women to get a square deal from employers of labor intent on the higher cannibalism.

The card, the pin, and the label—they have made it especially hard for women to release themselves for the top, to release themselves from the traditions—represented by the pin and the label—that hold them back. To release themselves and secure proper training for administrative positions and then reach out and take the big prizes.

The women who do reach out and take and succeed in homesteading the high positions in business and the professions are rightly greeted with banners by other aspiring women—for it is they who are revolutionizing the position of women, not the toilers in overalls at greasy outposts.

Both the woman at the outpost and the woman at the top, in addition to the usual difficulties of their task, the temptation which constantly besets women to carry on home duties and business responsibilities at the same time. It is because many women have yielded to that temptation that the old fogies have had some foundation for their hard sayings. Egged on by circumstances, to do both a "man's work" and a "woman's work" the woman sometimes does neither of them well. Or her health breaks in her efforts to accomplish what the strongest man is never expected to do.

A woman who is now the administrative head of a large insurance company told me she could never have made the success she has made in her position if she had not had a "wife." The "wife" in her case happened to be a sister who fended her from domestic annoyances and darned her silk stockings and allowed her to keep all her energies for her big task.

Some equivalent of the "wife," some woman to take away from her home cares and responsibilities, is a necessity for a woman who has reached out and taken an executive position or a plain overalls job and yet wishes to maintain a comely home.

HAVING freed themselves from the pin and the card and the label, women must not feel called upon to prove their "womanliness" by knitting. And, failing the "wife," should some of the tasks of the labeled days persist, it is at least worth remembering that if certain things are worth doing at all they are worth doing poorly—darning stockings, for instance.

Still meditating on the work of women after the war, there is no question that, while much labor is neuter, some work is distinctively men's work while some other is women's business—coal mining, for men, and caring for young children for women, for example.

Will some woman in an equal-suffrage State please reach out and take the position of Secretary of State at the earliest opportunity, thus releasing the man who might otherwise hold the office for a real man's job in reconstruction days—road building, for instance? She will need to cultivate a good strong reach—but she will secure a real woman's job.

For all the tabu of old days, about half the higher political offices now held by men really belong to women because women can fill them better. More than half the work of social healing after the war can be best performed by women. The work called philanthropy once—now styled "social service," will be rightly known as "public service" after the war. Women should do three-fourths of all such work.

The war is establishing women's homestead rights to all forms of labor, we say. But that, after all, is merely a contention for her homestead rights to her own soul. Her homestead rights in her own individuality. Her homestead rights to the choice of her own way of life, with her own conscience and her own needs and her own limitations as her guide.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

IN this charming living-room, the Armstrong's Linoleum floor (a Parquetry Inlaid) is in perfect keeping with the decorative scheme. Its attractive hardwood tints and grainings run clear through the material. It would be equally appropriate for a hall, dining-room or library.

PARQUETRY Inlaid Linoleum Floors can be cleaned, waxed and polished like hardwood, and never need refinishing. They are sanitary, economical and durable.

Besides the Parquetry Inlaids, Armstrong's Linoleum can be had in six Jaspé (moiré) effects; in seven plain colors; and in numerous matting and carpet designs suitable for bedrooms, sewing-rooms and nurseries.

But in whatever room you put linoleum, have the merchant's expert *lay it right*. Then reasonable care will keep it right. The best way is to cement it down over heavy felt paper.

Linoleum is made of powdered cork, wood flour and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Genuine linoleum always has a burlap back, is flexible and not easy to tear. Be sure that you get it. Better still, ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name. There *is* a difference.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"
By Frank Alvah Parsons

This new book, by the President of The New York School of Fine and Applied Art, shows how to apply the modern principles of home furnishing and decoration, so as to bring out the most attractive and livable qualities of every room in the house. Additional chapters cover every phase of linoleum selection, laying and treating. Sent, together with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, prepared under Mr. Parsons' direction, on receipt of twenty cents. Write today.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LANCASTER, PA.
LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT

Armstrong's Linoleum

Circle A Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For Every Room (A) in the House

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Armour DESSERTS

Armour's QUALITY PRODUCTS

In any variety... for every occasion.

Make the Dessert an important part of the meal

THERE is much more to a dessert than flavor. It adds real food value to any menu. It meets fully the ideas of the Food Administration in helping to save sugar and foods needed to win the war. Pictured here are a few of the endless ways of preparing dainty dessert "surprises" from Armour's Quality Products, adding to the cheery hospitality of the holiday season.

There are no food problems for the housewife whose pantry is equipped with an Armour shelf. A wide selection of alternatives enables her to prepare easily and quickly desserts suitable to any occasion or pleasing to any taste. Not a single essential of a well-balanced menu is sacrificed.

Armour's Packaged Fruits, rich in sugar-content and fruit acids, not only gratify the natural need for sweets but aid digestion. So rich are they in fruit sugar that they are preserved largely in their own delicious syrup. The name "Armour" on desserts -jellies, jams, preserves, whole fruits in glass or tin—is an assurance of perfect fruits canned by perfect methods. Let the Oval Label be your buying guide and be assured of topmost quality.

Member U. S. Food Admin. License No. G-00...

Write for our *free* book, "The Business of Being a Housewife", which gives a wide variety of desserts with illustrations of attractive serving.

ARMOUR & COMPANY
CHICAGO

2574

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Man Who Jumped into the Sea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

of our lonesomeness and isolation, came over us, and we did not know what to do.

"Keep away from us! Keep away, I tell you!" one of the sailors shouted at him wildly. He dipped his oars into the water. The other sailors followed him, and our boat began to pull away.

Bob Scranton looked around. For a moment he seemed undecided. There was nothing in sight. That settled it. He turned on his side and followed us. He did not speak to us. He did not even look at us. He used a powerful crawl-stroke, and for a minute or two it looked as if he meant to try to keep up with us. He then settled down to a steady pull and thrust. He meant to hang on as long as possible.

And the distance between us kept growing longer.

WE DID not enjoy our advantage over him; certainly we took no delight in it, the we did what we could to hide our discomfort. Try as I would and did, I could not for an instant pry him out of my mind. When a swell hid him from my sight, my breath stopped until I saw him again. I became a double personality, and suffered with the pangs of two. It was I who was in the water, and I also who was running away. I became the actor and the spectator, and the two of me hurled accusations against each other. It was cowardly of me to run away from the drowning, and it was cowardly of me to wish to save myself by buying the life of another.

Suddenly there was a mix-up of oars and one of them broke in two. Less than a minute later, another one snapped. That left us with four, and we were furious. We hurled vile accusations at each other, cowardly denunciations, and foul-mouthed recrimination. We were ready to fall upon each other. Our boat rocked, and the women and children shrieked in the wildest panic. In the midst of the clamor, Bob Scranton raised his head from the water near our boat.

"Stop that, you men!" he commanded. "You'll drown the women and children!"

The uproar died down, and our boat was brought under control.

"Why do you run from me?" he asked, in an indignant voice. And then, in a quieter tone, in a voice only loud enough to be heard, or, rather, to be overheard, he added, "The other side would stop at nothing. Wipe out all my friends. I promised I would see them through." He spoke earnestly now, but without passion; with warmth, but without excitement. Every line in his square face vouched for the truth of his assertions. His voice, the voice of a person thinking out aloud, and his words bore the stamp of truth, rang with the ring of truth, the simple truth, insinuating and irresistible. "Can't you see?" he appealed to us. "I must hang on! Another day I shouldn't care."

It was impossible to question his sincerity. We could not doubt him. And we believed him. We felt that, at another time, he would have submitted without a struggle, without a word or sigh, quietly, calmly. I now recognized in him the man I had seen standing by while our life-boat was being loaded, looking on, ready to lend a hand where it might be wanted, making no attempt to save himself while the others clamored.

"Look here, old man!" Bob Scranton singled one of the sailors directly in front of me. "Have you got a family?"

"Sure I've got a family!" the sailor answered resentfully, not understanding the question fully, but fearing what might be in back of it. "Sure! The wife and four children in Chicago."

"What is your name?" Bob Scranton asked quietly.

"Olsen, John P. Olsen."

"Olsen, think what you could do for your family with plenty of money! You can make your family, your wife and your children, independent for life. You can open every door that is now closed to them. If you want to. Sell me your place!"

We squirmed in our seats. High over us the sky began to clear, and a cool wind came up from beyond the circle of the sky. The clouds began to crumple and fall behind the rim of the sea. Children began to cry with the cold. I took my steamer-rug and wrapped it about Josephine Flanders. She did not resist it, and I was happy.

"Your family, your wife and your children, will be able to buy everything they desire," Bob Scranton pleaded. "Live anywhere they like, go to all the schools and colleges they want. Think of it, Olsen! Plenty of money! Sell me your place! Name your own price!"

Olsen hung his head. His huge frame seemed to be shrinking before our eyes. He passed first one, then the other of his knotted hands over his face, as if trying to brush away the vision of a wife and children in some half-basement, small children trudging under loads of sweatshop clothing to be finished at home late into the night. The memory of a life-time of poverty would not be wiped out at will, and the words burst from his mouth:

"What'll you give?"

"Fifty—seventy-five thousand dollars! Name your price! Look here, Olsen. There are one, two, three—five sailors here besides you. I'll give your wife a hundred thousand dollars, five thousand apiece to each one of the sailors, on your account (the sailors squirmed)—that's a hundred and twenty-five thousand, and twenty-five thousand to charity. A hundred and fifty thousand dollars in all! Is that fair?"

Olsen moved his shoulders, stretched his neck, gave his trousers a hitch, scratched the back of his head, then narrowed his eyes and looked intently at the man who had just made an offer of fabulous wealth, endless days of ease and comfort for his family, and the respect of their neighbors. "What did you say was your name?" he asked.

"Robert Scranton, president of the Scranton Steel Company."

Olsen gripped the end of his oar under his arm, took from his pocket a flask containing snuff tobacco and shook some of it into the palm of his left hand; he then gathered the tobacco between the fingers and thumb of his right hand, forming it into an almond shape, which he placed upon his forefinger and carried thoughtfully to his mouth, depositing it slowly behind his right cheek. His heavy mind seemed to be laboring hard. Finally, he said:

"I guess that's on the square. You look like them pictures I saw in the papers."

It was now clear to us that Olsen meant to accept the offer We did not know what to do. What could we do? What should we have done?

"A hundred thousand dollars to my wife," Olsen repeated slowly, "five thousand apiece to my mates here, and twenty-five thousand to charity. That's straight, hey? No backing out?"

"That's right," Bob Scranton confirmed. "You can depend on me."

"You all heard him?" Olsen turned to us. "He can't back out if I do my part, can he?"

"You can depend on me, Olsen. I won't back out."

"Well, I guess that settles it. Come up here, Mr. Scranton, closer, and hold up the boat while I get out."

Bob Scranton came up close without saying a word. He placed his shoulder against the side of the boat and held out his hand to Olsen. Well, that settled it.

"Hold her!" Olsen ordered him. "Never mind me. I'll get out all right. Steady, now!"

Unable to take my eyes from him, I followed Olsen's every movement. But before I knew it, he had slid into the water like a seal, without a splash or splutter, and was up again in a moment, shaking his head.

"Save him! Save him!" Josephine Flanders appealed to me frantically.

"It's clearing up," were Olsen's first words in the water. "You'll be getting a lot of wind before long."

He came up to the side of the boat and took hold of the gun-whale with one hand, then stooped over like a boy playing at leapfrog. We all sat rigid, without making a sound, breathing fast and silently, and not daring to look at each other. Bob Scranton tried to appear unconcerned, but gave it up and put down his head. Josephine Flanders lay at my feet sobbing.

"Come on, get on my back, Mr. Scranton!" Olsen called cheerfully. "Pipe him! Lend a hand, here, Steve! Do something for your five thousand. And you, Irish!"

Bob Scranton began to maneuver with the determination of a police officer following a criminal into a dark alley. He reached out his hand, expecting to be helped in by one of the sailors. There was a sudden movement fore. Our boat dipped its nose to the edge, and Scranton was thrown back into the sea. The sailors emitted a wild yell and threw their weights aft. Thrusts and cuts filled the air.

"Hold your seats!" "You'll drown like rats!" "Get back!" "Easy, now!"

IT WAS fully a minute before order was again restored Bob Scranton, without my having noticed it, to the minutest settled himself in the seat vacated by Olsen. Josephine Flanders looked at me in her forlorn way. She did not want to be so near Bob Scranton. Nobody wanted to be near him. There was a continuous movement from bench to bench as he put in charge who could command order, and the task fell to Steve, who was the oldest sailor in point of service. His first order was that we light the lamps, which was done. That had the effect of quieting everybody. Olsen, who was splashing about without any of us daring to look at him, then called out to Bob Scranton:

"My wife's name is Christine. She lives at 1278 Huron Street, Chicago. A year ago, that was. She's there yet, I guess. You'll find her all right. Give it all to her and no strings. She knows how to take care of money all right, if she only gets it. Say, the water's cold all right." Then he added in a hoarse tone, "A hundred thousand dollars to the wife! You all heard him. That's a lot of money all right. I'm a high-priced man, I am!"

Without another word, he turned on his back, kicked out with both feet, and was off.

"Save him, save him!" Josephine Flanders appealed to me. "Don't let him drown! Why do you let him? Come back, Mr. Olsen, come back! Why do you let him?"

She tried to rise, but she was not strong enough; she attempted to pull herself to the side of the boat, but we restrained her.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

UNIVERSAL Christmas Gifts

Meet the Requirements of National Economy

With America facing her second war-time Christmas the necessity of care in the spending of money is evidenced as never before.

Especially in the selection of holiday gifts must discretion be used. These are practical times and only the most thoroughly practical gifts should be considered.

UNIVERSAL Home Needs offer a variety of articles all of which are designed to render service in the saving of food, the saving of time or the conservation of fuel and to make housekeeping an easier and more agreeable occupation.

In quality of material, in construction and in workmanship, UNIVERSAL Home Needs are of the highest grade and back of the UNIVERSAL Trade Mark which appears on each article is a manufacturing experience of over half a century.

On Sale at Hardware and Department Stores, Electrical Goods at Electric Lighting Companies and Electrical Dealers Everywhere.

Write to Dept. No. 113 for Free Booklet

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, New Britain, Conn.

This is the trade-mark that appears on all UNIVERSAL Home Needs. It is the basis of quality and your guarantee of satisfaction.
UNIVERSAL

LEARN NURSING—NOW!

The war is responsible for a scarcity of nurses in hospitals—their regular nurses are going to the front. Demand for trained nurses now greater than the supply. This is your golden opportunity to become a trained nurse and easily secure a fine position at $20 to $30 per week. You can quickly master our special Training Course during your spare time at home. Course endorsed by physicians. Many graduates in hospital emergency grips if desired. We help you find employment. Write at once for catalog. State age.

AMERICAN TRAINING SCHOOL, 1852 La Salle Building, Chicago

Mrs. Hans Made $5.75—

and had a perfectly lovely time at a County Fair while she did it. You ought to see the snug little chicks we send to Mrs. Hans. And she devotes only her spare time to representing Pictorial Review. The same offers and same rewards are open to you. Write today to—

Promotion Dept.

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
214-226 West 39th Street New York

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND Cream

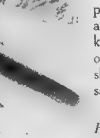
will keep the skin soft, smooth and clear regardless of wintry chill or dusty winds.—Soft skin seldom roughens or chaps. Soft skin is essential to an attractive complexion. Soft skin repels a tendency to small wrinkles and other evidences of advancing age. Soft skin is necessary for the satisfactory use of powder.

There's *something in Hinds Cream* that makes the skin soft almost as soon as applied; it overcomes sore, eruptive conditions, and adds a wholesome, refreshed tone that is charming.—Catchy fingers never trouble users of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Buy of your dealer today, or write for sample and enjoy the benefits that will surely result.

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial Cake Soap 6c. Sample Face Powder 2c., Trial Size 15c. Attractive Week-end Box 39c.

Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere, or will be mailed, postpaid in U. S. A., from Laboratory.

A. S. HINDS
258 West Street, Portland, Maine



Become the woman you wish to be

REGAIN your health, poise and figure. You can be so well and weigh what you should. *I can help you.* I know I can. Not one drop of medicine.

My way is the *natural* way—a scientific system, combining *exercise, bath, diet, rest* and *deep breathing.*

In a few short weeks, with my help, you will *surprise your family and friends.*

80,000 Women Are My Friends

I have won their friendship and respect because I have made them well taught them how to keep well, reduced and increased their weight, given them perfect figures all in the privacy of their rooms—and *I have kept their confidence.* May I help you?

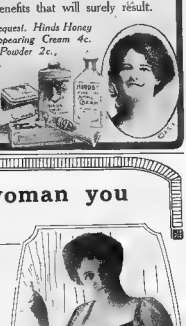
Physicians approve my work. Their wives and daughters are my pupils. Medical magazine advertise my work.

These facts are cited modestly with only a desire to prove that I can and will do all I promise. Remember—

You Can Be So Well! You Can Weigh What You Should!
It is easy to be well to be free from nagging ailments. Even the most *extreme* affliction, in nine cases out of ten are readily benefited by my help. *May I help you?*

I can *build you up or reduce you.* You have nothing to risk my simple directions and you feel no embarrassment. Write to me!

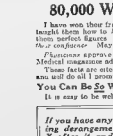
Write to me! Ask for my Booklet sent you without charge. Let me tell you all about my wonderful experience! Then you will understand the great work I am doing for womankind and how I can help you.



Susanna Cocroft, Dept. 74, 624 Michigan Ave., Chicago

If you have any of the following derangements, mark an X after it and send to me:

Excess Flesh in any part of body	Lack of Energy
Thin Neck, Chest, Shoulders or Arms	Nervousness
Round Shoulders	Indigestion
Improper Standing	Constipation
Improper Walking	Insomnia
Poor Complexion	Dizziness
Bad Circulation	Weakness
Sallow Skin	Rheumatism
Hollow Cheeks	Pimples
Headache	Torpid Liver
Sleeplessness	Malnourishment



Vapo-Cresolene

VAPO-CRESOLENE

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Established 1879

Safe, sure and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the distressing paroxysms of Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it checks the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and for *chronic sufferers* from Asthma it is a *dependable relief.* Experience shows that a *single attack of Croup can be prevented.*

Mrs. Mudgett Bock says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, a most sensible effect.

It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers

For the special all complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene at once takes account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 39 years of success.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of active principles of Cresolene, sugar and flavoring. They can't harm you. At your druggist or from us, 10c. Dozens.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

This Beautiful 42 Piece Blue Bird Dinner Set Given You

and liberal money commission besides for your efforts during spare time and in connection with your regular calling. War conditions prevent our men traveling. You take orders from stores and deal with in your neighborhood and wherever convenient. We furnish complete set of samples. Any woman can easily and quickly add greatly to her income

Write today for our plan and full particulars telling how to proceed. Grasp this opportunity and your sales catalogs will start promptly

LIBERTY ART WORKS COMPANY
Dept. 40, Box 374. BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE MAN WHO JUMPED INTO THE SEA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

I saw Olsen come to a stop, turn around and start back towards us.

"Steve!" he shouted as he came near "Steve! You write to Stina, 1478 Huron Street. Tell her I said she was boss and no strings. Don't forget. No strings! She'd better buy Hjalmer a bicycle. I said I'd buy him one the next time I came home. All right. By-by, everybody!"

Olsen again turned on his back, and for a moment he thrashed about and made various fantastic motions, like a boy showing off his skill as a swimmer.

"Don't—don't let him," Josephine Flanders called out to me. Her arms reached out convulsively, and her fingers closed on the air. Olsen was perhaps ten feet from the boat, but she seemed unaware of it. She kept reaching out for him. Her voice was terrifying, and her cries came in spasms, now a violent shout, now a barely audible whisper. "Don't let him."

Olsen eyed her for a moment, then came closer to the boat.

"You better stop that, little girl," he said. "What do you think I am? You'll be having me bochooing, the first thing you know. Better stop it. I'll pull off a piece and open up the hatches. By-by, everybody! See you later!"

He struck out with arms and legs and pulled away. We followed him with our eyes. He was swimming hard, and we soon lost sight of him in the darkness.

"Look, look! A light!" some one cried. We all took it up. "A light! A light! Come back, Mr. Olsen! Come back, John! A light! Look!"

A LANCE of light came from the direction in which Olsen had disappeared. It swept right over us, then returned, rested on us for a moment, then faded out suddenly and disappeared. We swung our lamps over our heads and shouted with all our might.

"Come back, Mr. Olsen! Come back, John! A light! Come back!"

But Olsen did not return. Something detached itself from the darkness and moved towards us.

"It's a boat, it's a boat!" we all shouted. "See, it's a boat!"

A few moments more, and we were alongside H. M. patrol boat *Prudentia.* A score of arms were pulling us up on deck.

"Say, Mr Scranton! That bargain we made holds all right, don't it?"

It was Olsen calling down from on deck. He had evidently been picked up before we had been.

"Don't let that money frighten you!" Bob Scranton shouted back at him. "I'm not in the habit of backing out."

Men and women kissed and embraced each other, wept and chattered. I went in search of Josephine Flanders, and found her with her arms about Olsen.

"Go easy, little girl," Olsen was saying to her, and in his clumsy way he tried to release himself. "Go easy, there. I'm not used to such things."

LEADING WAR RELIEF ORGANIZATIONS

See Pages 6 and 7

These Charities all have their headquarters in New York City

American Committee for Devastated France, 16 East 39th Street.
American Committee for Training in Suitable Trades the Maimed Soldiers of France, Room 154, Biltmore Hotel.
American Fund for French Wounded, 73 Park Avenue.
American Friends' Aid, 293 Fifth Avenue.
American Military Hospital No. 1, 171 Madison Avenue.
Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee, 1 Madison Avenue.
Commission for Relief in Belgium, 120 Broadway.
Committee for Men Blinded in Battle, 17 East 17th Street.
Committee for Protection of the Children of the Frontier, 2 Rector Street.
Duryea War Relief, 9 East 30th Street.
Fatherless Children of France, 563 Park Avenue.
Food for France Fund, 10 East 58th Street.
French Heroes Fund, 360 Madison Avenue.
Italian War Relief Fund, 347 Madison Avenue.
Lafayette Fund, 360 Madison Avenue.
Le Bien Etre du Blesse, 360 Madison Avenue.
National Special Aid Society, 259 Fifth Avenue.
National Surgical Dressings Committee, 299 Fifth Avenue.
Polish White Cross, 33 West 42nd Street.
Secours National, 16 East 47th Street.
Serbian Relief Committee, 70 Fifth Avenue.
State Women's War Relief, 366 Fifth Avenue.
War Babies' Cradle, 360 Madison Avenue.

There may be other War Relief Organizations not mentioned in this list to which you may wish to contribute. Contributions made out to their order will be promptly forwarded to headquarters if sent care of the Editor of Pictorial Review.

When Johnny has the Croup!

That's a cough with a croupy rattle, so hurry for the Musterole and rub it in right over the chest and neck. How it will tingle at first and then grow ever so cool. And how it will reach in and penetrate right to the spot! It will dissipate all the stuffy congestion which causes that hacking cough.

Why *shouldn't* grandmother swear by Musterole for colds and coughs? It is better than a mustard plaster—good as *that* was in the old days. And the explanation is this:

Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates under the skin, down to the part. Here it generates its own heat, and this heat disperses the congestion. Yet Musterole will not blister. Musterole, on the contrary, feels delightfully cool a few seconds after you apply it.

Try Musterole for Bobby and Helen and Dorothy's croup—and for your own cough, too. Try it for rheumatism—it's a regular router out of all congestions. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

PICTORIAL REVIEW SERVES THE BOYS IN THE SERVICE

Is your boy in uniform? Would a little extra money be welcome just now? Then do what thousands of mothers, wives and sweethearts are now doing. If you wish to devote your spare time to earning $5.00 to $50.00 a month write for particulars to-day to

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
214-226 West 39th Street, New York

California Helps

Children, older persons and those not needed at home for war work, find a warm winter haven in Southern California. Sunny skies outdoor recreation particiate activities. To conserve fuel and food come to a warmer climate. For information write Dept. 35

Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, Cal.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Ant-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Write for booklet and my sworn statement of how I restored my hearing. Or I'll tell you at my office

H. LEON SHAW
Suite 203, 70 5th Ave., N Y City

FREE BOOK

How To Learn Piano

Learn Piano!

This Interesting Free Book shows how no one can become a skilled player in less than one-quarter usual time at one-quarter usual cost by the wonderful Quinn Simplex method. Endorsed by thousands of music lovers and by leaders of State Conservatories of Music. They describe it as the most interesting, original, unique and valuable method ever made to understand. Fully explained in the booklet sent free to old or young. All music. Diploma granted. Write for booklet 64 page free book. How to Learn Piano or Organ.

M. L. QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio PY Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

TYROLER'S EAR CAP
PREVENTS PROJECTING EARS

Sold by Druggists, Drug Stores, Sick Rm. Furnishers, Department Stores, Men's Furnishers, Hatters, Boys to 20 years. Larger Sizes for Adults.
Tyroler Mfg. Co., 348 W. 14th St., N. Y. City

"I am never without BROWN'S Bronchial TROCHES

I find them so handy to relieve a cough, soothe an irritated throat, help voice strain, or to relieve hoarseness.

Medicinal troches, not confections. Safe to take, very efficacious, and so convenient to use. Ever try them?

The 15c Size Box fits the vest pocket
At all Druggists, 15c, 25c, 75c, $1.25

If your dealer cannot promptly supply, we will mail on receipt of price.

John I. Brown & Son, Boston, Mass.
Manufacturing Pharmacists
New York, U. S. A.—Toronto, Can.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE FINAL TEST

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE EDISON RECORDING LABORATORIES

BEAUTIFUL Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang the "Mad Scene" from Lucia for the December list of Edison Re-Creations.

Did Mr. Edison's recording experts succeed in obtaining an absolutely perfect Re-Creation of her voice? That was the all-important question and there was but one way to answer it. Miss Case stood beside the New Edison and began to sing the number again. Suddenly she paused and the New Edison continued the song alone. Was it possible to distinguish Anna Case's voice from the New Edison's Re-Creation of it? Other artists who also had made recordings for the December list listened to the comparison. The Re-Creation was pronounced an exact duplication of Miss Case's wonderful voice.

Similar tests with similar results have been made by thirty different artists in public before more than two million people and have been reviewed at length by America's principal newspapers. Ask for a copy of the booklet "What the Critics Say" containing reprints of what the newspapers have said about these amazing comparisons.

The New Edison, termed by the New York Globe "The phonograph with a soul," is the only sound reproducing instrument that sustains the test of direct comparison with the artists who make recordings for it. The New Edison is the only sound reproducing instrument that can bring into your home the work of great singers and instrumentalists exactly as presented by them on the stage.

May we send you a complimentary copy of our musical magazine "Along Broadway?"

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

Digitized by Google
Digitized from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Paris Says:

"It's the proper thing to dress economically now, and bad taste to buy new clothes when there are months of wear still in your last season's waists and dresses."

And Parisian Women, socially prominent while before I bought it economy, now boast of their dyed clothes

American women, too, are starting the real economy of making over last season's garments—heavy wool or filmy Georgette, with

Sunset Soap Dyes

They dye all fabrics and clean thoroughly at the same time. You have no chance of a dull, or streaky color when you use the work of the experienced professional dyer.

Sunset comes in the rich dark colors—artistic tones that are the choice of Paris—as well as the pastel shades. Doesn't dose out stain hands or stove or pan. Has a clasp sash if necessary its a convenience and no dyeing was a delight.

Always keep Sunset in the house for an emergency. Only by the users in assorting colors.

Ask your dealer for your favorite color or send us his name and 15cents and we can send it until we'll take prepaid

Pink, Scarlet, Cardinal, Wine, Light Blue, Navy Blue, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Light Green, Dark Green, Cream, Sand, Heliotrope, Yellow, Mustard, Old Rose, Old Blue, Orange, Black, Taupe, Purple, U. S. Olive Drab.

15c

SUNSET SOAP DYE COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. P New Rochelle, N. Y.
Sales Representative for P. & G. and Clemens.
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
NEW YORK AND TORONTO

Surpassing Loveliness

A charm surprising, and it stays on no matter what the occasion: dancing, golf, theatre, on the street, in the office, in society, through winds, sunshine, or penetrating artificial lights.

Is the Red Trimmed Oriental-Odor-ed Box-Seen Everywhere

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

stands supreme. It imparts that surpassing loveliness which attracts admiration

White, Cream, Flesh, Pink 50c Everywhere

"Mm- m—m-"
Baby just loves his
Baby Educator
FOOD
Teething Ring
Made of honey sweetened cereals baked hard
Soothes Feeds —Nourishes
At Druggists or Grocers or send 10c charges prepaid for 10½ cents
JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO
67 Educator Build'g, Boston
EDUCATOR CRACKERS

FREE $20 UKULELE Hawaiian Guitar, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet or Banjo
Wonderful new system of teaching note music by mail. To first people in each locality we will give a $20 superb Violin Mandolin, Ukulele, Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, Cornet or Banjo absolutely free. Very small charge covers lessons only expenses. We guarantee success or no charge. Complete outfit free. Write us—no obligation.
SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept. 469 CHICAGO, ILL.

The "Four-Square Plan" of Merchandising

Stop the Waste of Credit and Deliveries by this Method

By ELNA HARWOOD WHARTON

THE woman with a market-basket looked on while the customer in delicate gray silk gave her order. Oddly enough the items scarcely differed from the list in Mrs A's own hand—"flour, rice, corn-meal, string beans, coffee, canned peas, lamb chops, oatmeal."

"You'll send these up before lunch?" demanded Mrs. B, as she finished. "I simply must have them. I'm Mrs. B, you know—Manor Place. Yes, I usually telephone in, but I was driving by, anyway." The clerk politely held the door open for her as she stepped daintily out to the big car waiting at the curb.

"About time the B's paid something on account," muttered the proprietor of the store, in a tone not intended for Mrs. A's ears.

Mrs. A placed her market-basket on the counter and the clerk filled it. She took out a well-worn purse and slowly handed him the amount of her bill. She was doing some hard thinking.

"Something else, Madam?" inquired the manager, stepping nearer.

"No, thank you. But it doesn't seem right, does it, that my goods should cost me just as much as the things that customer ordered, when I am willing to pay you cash for them, and carry them home myself? I ought to get a discount, or something, oughtn't I? And you're not even sure she'll ever pay her bill!"

"Mistakes happen with you entirely," was the proprietor's unexpected reply. "For years every sort of retail business has been on a wrong basis. We go on increasing our service to our customers—largely because they have demanded it—and we have to base our prices upon that. Without getting any more out of it ourselves. Everybody pays more, altho many do not wish or need so much service."

Mrs. A put her basket back on the counter, and seated herself on one of the high stools

"HAVE you time to talk to me?" she asked. "If the case is as you say, I don't see why it wouldn't be perfectly simple to charge for service where service is required, and to have lower prices for those who do their own carrying, especially if they always pay. You don't know how eager we housewives are to reduce expenses, and still do the best thing by the grocers we have always dealt with. You can't very well blame us, tho, when a new cash store starts down street, if we transfer some of our trade because prices are less."

"I'm very glad of the opportunity to explain things to you, Mrs. A," responded the storekeeper eagerly, "because I have a remedy to suggest, if I can only interest enough of the intelligent buyers.

"Now, the two biggest service charges are, of course, *delivery* and *credit*," he went on. "There are many others—calling for orders, buying unusual articles, wrapping parcels, cashing checks, and an infinite amount of time and attention which are represented in the courtesy we try to extend our customers. This last service explains the attraction a store like mine for customers who want the personal touch, so to speak. But to go back to delivery.

"You can readily understand that if one of our drivers can deliver to fifty customers in an afternoon, it will take two drivers to serve a hundred homes, and four if they each want, like Mrs. B, part of the order before lunch and a later order in the afternoon. As a matter of fact, I have been keeping two automobiles and four wagons busy all the time.

"Naturally I can not give the delivery and comparison on prices with the cash-and-carry store you just mentioned. I have to add a percentage for delivery to the goods I sell, because thus far there has been no way of telling which articles would be required delivered. We can leave the 'atmosphere' of the store quite out of the question. Those who are willing, like yourself, to carry their purchases home do not get any benefit because at present they are entirely in the minority. Knowing that the goods will be sent free if you wish, you have really no incentive to make the effort to carry them, have you?

"Again, when I go out to buy my stock, I usually have to buy on credit, because a good many of my customers want to take their own time to pay me. If I could pay cash I could often get my commodities cheaper and sell them for less. The tremendous cash-buying power of a chain-store system enables it to undersell stores like mine that give credit. Sometimes I borrow money to make a good cash purchase from a jobber, and then the interest on the loan adds to the cost of my business. But customers do not pay interest on the food loans they have received—and I'm sorry to say that sometimes we grocers lose the entire principal. One bad debt will increase the price of everything in my store."

"You mean that if Mrs. X fails to pay her bill, I, paying cash every day, must pay a little bit extra on each item to make Mrs. X's bill good to you? It isn't fair!"

"If it amounts to that, exactly. Of course it isn't fair. And yet, we have done business so long on this basis that people don't realize it at all. As a rule, bad debts are never fully caught up, even when added in to the 'overhead' and distributed over the stock, because new losses will occur.

"Now, here is the remedy I referred to a few moments ago. I'd like to know what you, as a housekeeper, think of it. I would have all retail merchants—not only those dealing in foods, but dealers in any commodities where delivery and credit are involved, adopt these four principles:

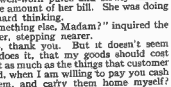
1. Price all goods as low as possible, on a cash-and-carry basis.

2. Charge a small fee, say 10 cents, for delivery, regardless of size.

3. Charge a small percentage, say 1 per cent., for the credit privilege.

4. Charge for both credit and delivery if both services are required.

"I call this the 'Four-Square Plan,' because you could illustrate it like this:



"And it's certainly square—square to the customers and square to the merchant.

"For instance, I would cut down my deliveries to only one a day. If women would plan ahead better, I could cut them down to three a week. As a matter of fact, all of those who have automobiles of their own could perfectly well take their purchases home, if they would, as a patriotic duty. Up to the present time, there has been no benefit to the customer in so doing. She very naturally feels she is doing me a favor, and putting herself to inconvenience. But if she realizes that she is both reducing the cost of her supplies and sparing a man or so for a more important work than my deliveries, perhaps the idea will appeal. Many light orders like yours could be carried easily, and by ordering staples in bulk and paying a small delivery fee once a week, you would once spare yourself much of the carrying. It costs me no more to send my team to your house with a barrel than with a cake of soap.

"There would be a noticeable difference in prices. Take this order you have in your hand:

Under Old Plan	Cash and Carry	Cash and Delivered
6 lbs. Flour. . .	$0.50	$0.45
2 lbs. Rice . .	.24	.20
4 lbs. Corn-meal	.24	.20
1 qt. String-beans	.15	.12
½ doz. Oranges . .	.23	.20
1 lb. Coffee . . .	.38	.35
1 can Peas	.20	.17
1 lb. Chops	.50	.40
1 box Oatmeal . .	.12	.10
	—	—
	$2.60	$2.19
		Delivery charge .10
	$2.56	$2.19	$2.29

For credit, carried, add 1 per cent., making a total bill of $2.21.

For credit and delivery, the total would be $2.31.

"You see, with lowered prices, even the service costs would not bring the expense up to the present level. The big overhead I am carrying now would be eliminated.

Also, with more cash to handle, I could buy cheaper and turn over faster. Since I am willing to give credit on a reasonable basis, I should be able to retain the trade of those who prefer to pay at longer intervals, or who value the 'atmosphere' of my store and my knowledge of their preferences. Delivery is not entirely withdrawn, and yet when the majority of my customers realize that they save money by carrying purchases home, I think they will be glad to co-operate in releasing delivery men for war activities. At any rate, I am going to take the plunge next Monday and do business on the 'Four-Square Plan.' I hope you will help familiarize the ladies with the benefits it offers."

"Indeed I shall," Mrs. A answered. "I'm very much impressed with the simplicity and fairness of it, and I'm going straight from here to talk to our Housewives' Good Citizenship League. I don't know a woman who won't be interested and enthusiastic. Why, we can all save a Thrift Stamp a day on an order like mine, and nobody lose by it!

THE merchant in the above conversation might have been Mr G. T. Murdough, of Springfield, Mass., or a member of the firm of Nilson & Co. of Oak Park, Ill.; or J. T. Power, of Indianapolis. There are a number of others who are considering standing on this eminently fair and straightforward plan. The wonder is we have been so long coming to it. As the merchant pointed out, the explanation lies in the continuously growing demand for *service*, more and more of it. Not only the small retail food store, but the large department store, paint and hardware man, the druggist, the florist, the haberdasher, all have been expected to send home their purchases without extra charge. The only way to prevent the actual loss of money was to include a delivery charge in the selling price. And people who didn't like to carry bundles, and others who feared to lose caste if seen with a package, have helped to fasten a faulty system on an unthinking public. Great strides in merchandising were made when A. T. Stewart set up a department store in Broadway, New York City, on the basis of "One price to all." Before that time the best haggler got the lowest price. The harm began when competition inspired the addition of "Free Delivery" to the attractions for sale. When will people learn that business offers nothing really free, and that delivery always has been, always must be charged for?

Murdough Bros., in Springfield, Mass., report at the present writing that they are very much pleased with their experiment. "Sales have been fully up to the average. While a few customers who have not understood have left us, many others have come in who would never trade with us under the old prices. We can report about forty per cent. increase in cash sales and about fifty per cent. less deliveries. We think that even conservative Massachusetts housewives are ready to accept new methods if they are convinced that it is a saving and will release men for service."

A novel variation of the delivery charge was made by a chain of cash-and-carry grocery stores in Topeka, Kansas. Forty little wagons were made out of scrap lumber and canned-goods boxes—children's wagons. These were loaned to customers whose purchases were too bulky to be carried.

No charge was made, provided the wagon was returned within twenty-four hours. When adult customers did not want to trundle one of their little carts through the streets, a combination of five cents and a small boy could usually be made after school hours.

The Bureau of Markets, United States Department of Agriculture, has heartily endorsed the "Four-Square Plan" of selling goods, and will be glad to advise and help any community which would like to give the system a trial. Women who are considering better ways of marketing and financing the family will do well to aid any movement in this direction. When properly presented to the business men of the town, the sound common sense of the idea must make an appeal. It is not necessary to adhere to Mr. Murdough's rates. For many districts they are probably too low. When a merchant must pay 5 per cent. or 6 per cent. for borrowed capital, a charge of 1 per cent. for credit does him little good. Any one who is willing to accept a loan from the merchant—and credit is really a loan—should be willing to pay for the use of the money.

The great point to bear in mind is that the merchant himself does not benefit, in most cases, from the service charges he has to include in his selling price. The system merely taxes the many for the luxury of the few. What we all want at present is *not more service*, but *lower prices;* and most of us are willing to do a good deal to get them.

THE MESSAGE

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

LAST night I could not sleep, and so
Just as the clock was striking two
With all the town as still as death
I made myself a dream of *you*—

It was the sweetest, maddest dream,
(I had not dared it, in the day)
Of eyes that met and lips that clung—
And in the dream I heard you say:

"Oh little love, I will come back!
Heart of my heart, be brave, and wait!
One night the small new moon shall hear
My hand, impatient, at the gate.

"One night, the small new moon shall see
Your bride-face hidden on my heart
Lips I have kissed, do I not know
That waiting is the harder part?"

Last night I could not sleep—could you?
In some dark dug-out did you make
Yourself a little dream of me?
Was that what beckoned me awake?

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Corrects Obstinate Troubles

Bran Muffins

Bran Bread

Bran Cookies

Bran *with* Cereal

THE special Pillsbury's Health Bran recipes on the package show how to make delicious cookies, bread, muffins, etc., that you will surely enjoy.

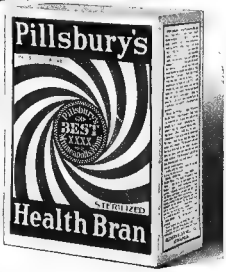
Be sure to ask for Pillsbury's as it is milled especially for human consumption. This extra clean, flaky, sterilized Bran supplies the roughage necessary to correct intestinal and digestive troubles.

Health Bran foods should be made a regular part of your daily diet. Ask your doctor.

You'll like bran muffins made the Pillsbury way. They have the desired laxative effect.

Insist Upon Pillsbury's At Your Grocer's

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



Pillsbury's Health Bran

The New

Western Electric No. 12 Vacuum Cleaner

Built from a Woman's Viewpoint

SUCTION alone will not remove the ground-in dirt and grit; that is why the New Western Electric Cleaner is fitted with a motor-driven brush—not a brush driven at the high speed of the motor, but a brush arranged at such a speed that it gently taps out the dirt without wear or harm to the fabrics. To stop the brush action entirely, you simply turn a little switch and the high-suction power goes on just the same.

Briefly stated, here are the reasons why the Western Electric is built from a woman's viewpoint.

1—It is lighter than any other motor-driven brush-type cleaner. *2*—It runs easily over rugs or carpets of any size or thickness without any adjustment. *3*—The worm-gear drive that makes giant trucks possible makes the Western Electric brush run at a speed not damaging to finest rugs without sacrificing any of the powerful suction. *4*—When using the cleaner on rugs and carpets when the brush may not be desired, the brush action may be stopped instantly. *5*—The combination of gently-tapping brush at proper speed, with powerful suction, removes dirt, lint balls, thread and hairs.

Mail coupon to our nearest house for booklet No. 81 CM, telling all about this new cleaner.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY, INC.

New York Chicago
Kansas City San Francisco

Other Distributing Houses in Principal Cities

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY Inc.

Gentlemen:
Please send me Booklet No. 81 CM, describing the new Western Electric No. 12 Vacuum Cleaner.

Name _____

Address _____

Those Pictures from Home

"If they only knew the pleasure they bring us * * * * I am sure they would come."

GUSTAVE GEBOERS

Translation of an extract from a letter written by a young Belgian soldier to a friend in America.

"And often I must take in my hand, the pictures from home. I look at them all, one after the other, and they speak to me. Then I am once more at home—I listen, and I live again. It would be too much for me to write you all that they say. But above all, they say to me '*Au revoir.*' I find them all a little thinner, and Father and Mother a little grayer of hair. *Tiens!* if they only knew the pleasure they bring us, these pictures from home, there would not be one remaining in Belgium. All the pictures would rush towards us; even if they had to pass through the electrified wire of the frontier, or if they had to swim through the Yser Canal, I am sure they would come."

IN THE FRENCH

Et chaque fois je dois prendre les portraits de chez moi en main. Je les regard tous, l'un apres l'autre et tous me parlent. Alors je suis de nouveau à la maison, je les ecoute et je revis, —ce serait trop de vous ecrire, tout ce qu'ils me disent. Mais surtout ils me disent, "Au revoir!" Je les trouve tous un peu maigris, et Papa et Maman un peu plus gris de cheveux. Tiens, si seulement on savait le plaisir que nous procure, ces portraits de la maison, il n'en resterait pas un en Belgique. Tous les portraits s'elanceraient vers nous, quand même s'ils devaient passer les fils electrique de la frontière; ou s'ils devaient passer à la nage le canal de l'Yser, je suis certain qu'ils viendrait.

GUSTAVE GEBOERS
L 282 2me Compagnie Armée Belge en Campagne

Thus writes Gustave Geboers a Belgian boy of twenty three. And your boy, our boys, will pictures mean less to them?

As they look at them all, "one after the other," the pictures will speak to *them* of home, will keep them cheerful in the days of waiting and when the storm of battle breaks will send them forth with the high courage that is born of love of home and of those things that are clean and honest and right.

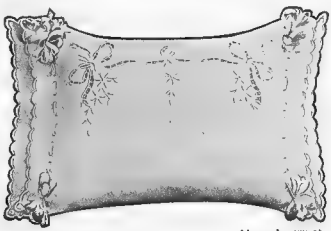
Your picture, the picture of your boy's friends and of his home—let them talk to him—and may they help him to keep light of heart until that day when in his magnificent strength he returns to you a bronzed veteran, a victorious crusader in the battle for democracy.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

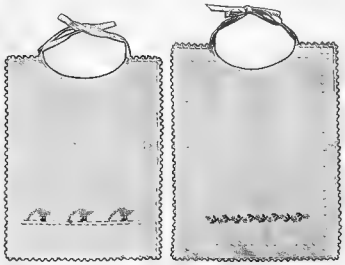
Give the Baby Something Useful as Well as Pretty This Year

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12363, blue. This includes 3½ yards each of scallop and four feather stitch designs. It is attractively illustrated on infants kimono No. 7368. Sizes, infants, 1, 2, and 4 years



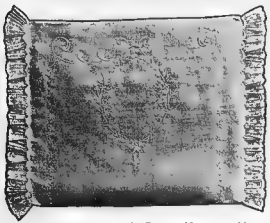
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12339, blue. A very attractive baby pillow embroidered in satin stitch and Roman cut-work with scalloped edges.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12330, blue, providing shape of collar and cuffs and embroidery design Shown on Coat 5356 One size.



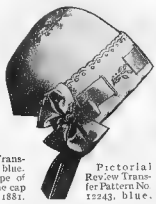
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12362, blue. A cunning feeding-bib showing geese in cross-stitch.

Here is another design which is included in pattern No. 12362, also embroidered in cross-stitch.



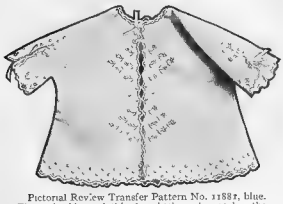
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12340, blue. Here is a dainty embroidered pillow-case for the baby. The design with scallop is 13 by 15¾ inches. The pillow may be of nainsook or batiste with lace edging.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12115, blue. Dainty sprays of lily of the valley for a baby pillow. The design is 6 by 13 inches. The embroidery is worked in raised satin, eyelet, and outline stitches

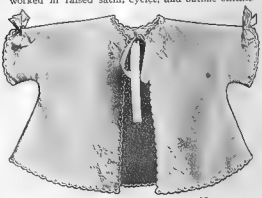


Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11880, blue. The design and shape of cap are provided. The cap matches sack No. 11881.

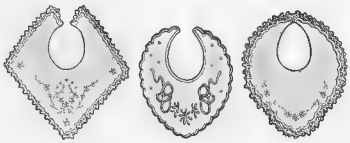
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12243, blue.



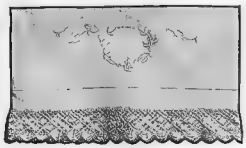
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11881, blue. The embroidery of this dear little sack matches the cap that is illustrated above at the right. The sack is Pattern No. 5021, one size. The cap is No. 11880.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12243, blue. A charming design for baby's sack illustrated on Set No. 5021, including a sack and cap, one size.



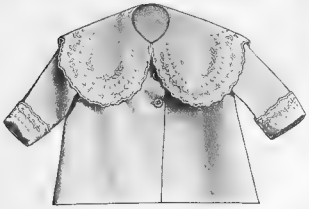
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12238, blue. Nothing makes a more acceptable gift for the baby than hand-embroidered bibs. The pattern provides three different designs, all very attractive.



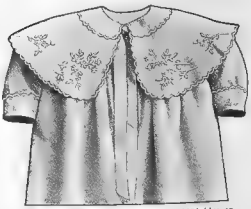
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11079, blue. Design for baby's pillow or towel

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12240, blue, on Gertrude Petticoat 4938

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11069, blue. Here is a handsome carriage-cover which may be fashioned of piqué embroidered in daisy design. It is 26 by 30½ inches.



Embroidery 12455 on Infants' Coat 7767

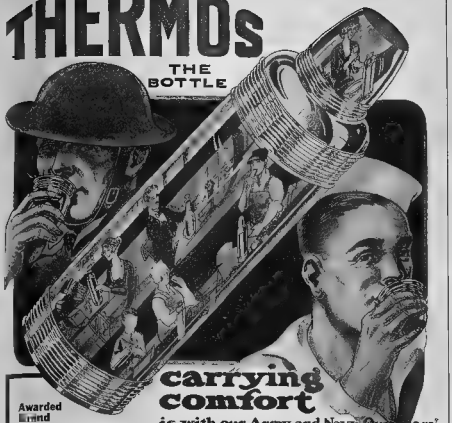


Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12077, blue, on Infants' Coat 5356

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THERMOS

THE BOTTLE



Awarded Grand Prize at all International Expositions

carrying comfort

is with our Army and Navy Over There and with our Industrial Army Everywhere

The Thrift Gift

Pays annually dividends to the recipient of many times the cost to you

Saves food, saves fuel, saves ice, saves doing the same thing twice.
Keeps contents hot from the morning meal throughout the day and night.
Keeps liquids or solid foods cooked at breakfast time to serve hot or cold at lunch or dinner.
Indispensable for the home, farm, nursery, or sick room.
Ideal for the automobilist and hunter—the **food container of a hundred uses**
Thermos Lunch Kits give the worker in office or factory, food or drink hot as it should be or cold as it can be.
Caution: The name "THERMOS" is stamped on all genuine Thermos products.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
35-37 West 31st Street New York
Factories: Norwich, Conn. Toronto, Canada

The Joy of Instant Beauty

How can I become more attractive—now—today?

FIRST apply Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin; also serves as a powder foundation. Now apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. Then a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. At once you have an added charm of beauty, and with a fragrance that captivates the senses.

These three beauty aids can be used separately, or together as a "Complete Beauty Toilette." Guaranteed pure and safe by the makers of the famous Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian HAIR Massage.

Pompeian DAY Cream
(Vanishing.) Keeps the skin smooth and velvety. Removes face shine. Good face-powder foundation. Has an exquisite, dainty perfume. Sold by all druggists, 50c.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder
Its fragrance captivates the senses. It adds a pearly clearness to the skin and stays on unusually long. Pure and harmless. Shades: white, brunette and flesh. Sold by all druggists, 50c.

Pompeian BLOOM
A rouge that adds the final touch of youthful bloom imperceptible when properly applied. Do you know that a touch of color in the cheeks beautifies the eyes, making them darker and more lustrous? With vanity mirror and French puff, in three shades, light, dark and medium (the popular shade), 50c.

SPECIAL HALF BOX OFFER
(Positively only one to a family)
To one person only in a family, we will send a box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 50c package) and 1915 Liberty Girl Art Panel and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only 2 dimes.
THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
2133 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 2133 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.
Gentlemen: Enclosed find two dimes, for which send me your special powder and 1915 Panel Offer
Name . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
City . . . . . State . . . . .

Vaseline
Reg U. S. Pat. Off.
Mentholated
PETROLEUM JELLY

A Refreshing Tube for Your Dressing Table

A tube of **"Vaseline" Mentholated** should be on every woman's dressing table.

This delightful preparation helps to ward off nervous headaches. Relieves neuralgia or sore throat. Cooling and soothing.

Specially convenient when you feel a headache coming on. Sold in tin tubes—the cleanest, handiest, most satisfactory way.

Refuse substitutes.

Interesting "Vaseline" booklet free on request.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY
8 STATE STREET (Consolidated) NEW YORK

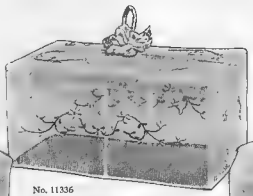
Buy War Savings Stamps

Digitized by Google

Novelties in Needlework that Will Make Charming Christmas Gifts

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12245, blue, 15 cents. To keep rolls or biscuits hot for the late comer for breakfast here is a daintily embroidered case. Design for two cases 17¾ inches square

THE woman who is looking for a dainty yet inexpensive gift will find a novelty that is most appealing in the embroidered net covers illustrated below on this page. They are useful for the tea table when it is on the porch in protecting the food from dust and insects



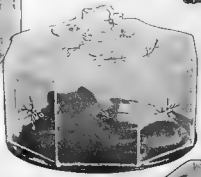
No. 11336

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11336, blue or yellow, 15 cents. Above is illustrated an oblong cover of net daintily embroidered which may be placed over a plate of cookies, sandwiches, or sweets. No. 11355 at left, 15 cents, and No. 11330 at right, 15 cents, also illustrate dainty net covers, embroidered, which serve to protect the sweets and sandwiches

No 11355

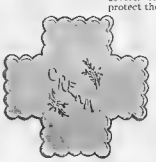
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No 12236, blue or yellow, 15 cents. Here is a dainty design including sixty tiny sprays for embroidering a net cover for the bonbon dish, the cake plate, or sandwich tray.

NOTHING appeals more to the housewife than embroidered household linens, and here are illustrated many that are easy to work and inexpensive to make up. We are all asked to restrict our Christmas gifts to the strictly practical.

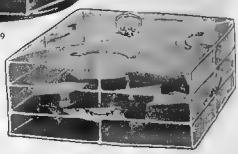


No. 11339

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12244, blue, 15 cents. Muffins and toast may be kept hot in an attractive case like this. Two are provided in the pattern, each 17¾ inches square. Attractive little napkins like these are much appreciated as holiday gifts. The Japanese lettering is worked in raised satin stitch, the sprays and dots in eyelets, the scallops buttonholed.

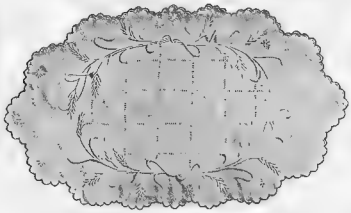


Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No 12303, blue, 15 cents. At right and left are illustrated cunning doilies to cover the cream-jug and sugar-bowl. These may be of linen with tiny sprays.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11810, blue or yellow, 15 cents. The plate of sandwiches is given a much more appetizing effect by being protected by one of these covers

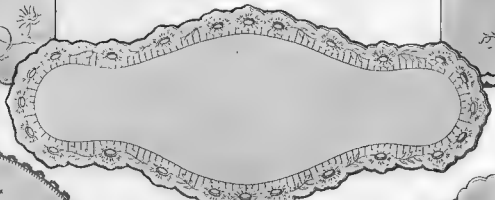
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12220, blue, 15 cents. Corn flower and bow-knot design for sheets and pillow-cases. Sheet design is 7 by 35 inches, and pillow-case or towel design is 4¾ by 20 inches.

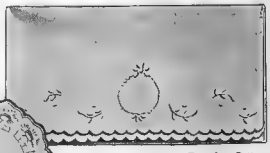


Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11842, blue, 15 cents Not alone attractive but practical is this oval centerpiece which may also be used as a doily for a large tray. It is 20 by 36 inches.

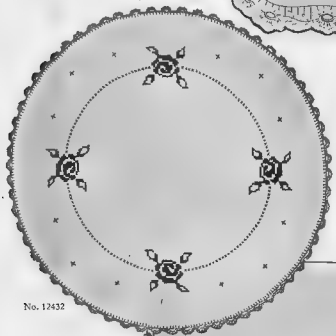
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12222, blue, 15 cents. Above is illustrated a very attractive design for a sheet and pair of pillow-cases that is easily worked.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No 12232 blue, 15 cents. Embroidery design for a pair of pillow-cases in raised satin stitch, or with dots and centers in eyelets





Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11682, blue, 15 cents. Transfers for two guest towels 15¾ inches wide are given in this pattern. The leaves and medallions are worked in raised satin stitch, the scallops buttonholed.



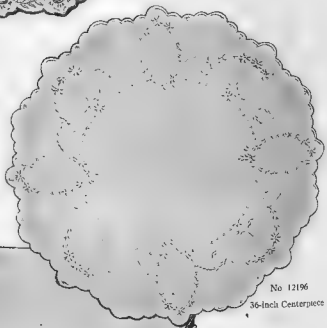
No. 12432

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12432, blue, 15 cents. A charming centerpiece 22 inches in diameter is provided in this pattern. Illustrated at the right are Transfer Patterns Nos. 12433, 15 cents, and 12434, 10 cents, both in blue only. No 12433 gives six 10-inch doilies. No. 12434, six 6-inch doilies

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12292, blue, 15 cents. Very unusual in shaping is this buffet scarf which is 15¾ inches wide by 38 inches long. It may be outlined with Delft blue embroidery cotton with black for the flower stems and lines

No. 12434

No 12433



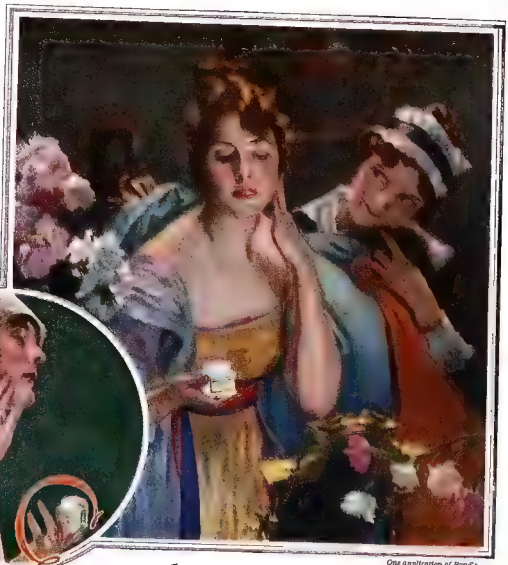
No 12196

36-inch Centerpiece

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12196, blue, 15 cents. Above is a charming centerpiece embroidered in wreaths and garlands of daisies worked in eyelet and raised satin stitches. Below at the left is shown Transfer Pattern No. 12091, blue, 15 cents. This scarf is 21 by 70 inches.

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Pond's Cold Cream has exactly the consistency demanded by masseurs



One application of Pond's Vanishing Cream makes your skin noticeably lovely

Every day your complexion pays toll to dust and wind

BUT WITH THESE TWO CREAMS YOU CAN KEEP IT RADIANTLY LOVELY

THE rough, cold winds chap and roughen the skin; dry heated air draws and parches it. The constant strain under which we live—the ceaseless activity of crowded days, the constant effort, the lack of rest—all these things take daily toll of the complexion.

You *can* protect your complexion from the wear and tear of winter—can prevent that tired, drawn look from appearing in your face, by giving your skin the care it needs.

Begin early in the season to apply Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you put on your veil and you will find your complexion keeps its pliancy, its brilliancy throughout the most trying weather

Every normal skin needs two entirely different creams

It constantly needs a greaseless cream to refresh, soften and keep it elastic, and at night it needs an oil cream for cleansing and massage.

Try these two creams on your own skin and see how different they are.

When you dress, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your face and neck before powdering. See how gladly the pores absorb it—your complexion becomes soft, healthfully rosy and refreshed. The cream completely disappears, leaving the skin soft, smooth and free from any "shiny" look.

(Photo by Lumière Studio)
Norma Talmadge, who needs no introduction to theatre-goers, says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream leaves my skin refreshed and clear."

(Photo by Campbell Studio)
Mabel Taliaferro, famous since her wonderful "Polly of the Circus," says: "I never knew a cream could make my skin look so well"

This fragrant, dewy cream contains a skin-softening ingredient of great value—that one which skin specialists recognize as most efficient in keeping the skin supple, for giving it the transparent freshness everyone admires.

Apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream when you motor or travel. Rub it in lightly. This will protect the sensitive pores from grit and grime, will keep your skin free from that parched feeling that generally follows exposure to dust and dirt.

For cleansing and massage you need an oil cream

Pond's Cold Cream is an *oil* cream.

Much of the value of a cleansing and massage cream depends on its consistency. Unless it is easy to work into the pores, it does not thoroughly benefit the skin. The moment you use Pond's Cold Cream, you will exclaim at its delightful softness and smoothness.

Do not expect one cream to accomplish the gratifying results you can attain by the use of these two *entirely different* creams. Neither cream will cause the growth of hair—both are obtainable at drug and department stores. Get a tube or jar of each today and try them. See how their use will improve your skin.

TRY BOTH CREAMS FREE

Tear out and mail the coupon before you turn the page—and get sample tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream *free*. Or send 10c and we will send you tubes of each cream large enough to last two weeks. Send today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 131-D Hudson Street, New York City.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.
131-D Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me, free, the items checked:

☐ Free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream; ☐ Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

☐ 5c sample Pond's Vanishing Cream; ☐ 5c sample Cold Cream

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Butler Serves and the Housewife Too

The charm of the Jell-O dessert is felt in every home—and it costs only a few cents.

Isn't it evident enough from the butler's face that he is proud of the dish he serves, though he didn't make it? And is there a young housekeeper who hasn't experienced the pleasure of making one just as good and serving it with her own hands?

The desserts in the two pictures are both simple. The Cherry Jell-O above has trimmings of whipped Jell-O and berries.

In the picture below the young mother has, for once added sliced oranges to her beautiful dish of Orange Jell-O. For a change from the plain Jell-O, she usually whips the Jell-O just as she used to whip cream before she began to save every penny for War Savings Stamps. Bavarian creams and snow puddings are made of whipped Jell-O without using sugar, eggs or cream.

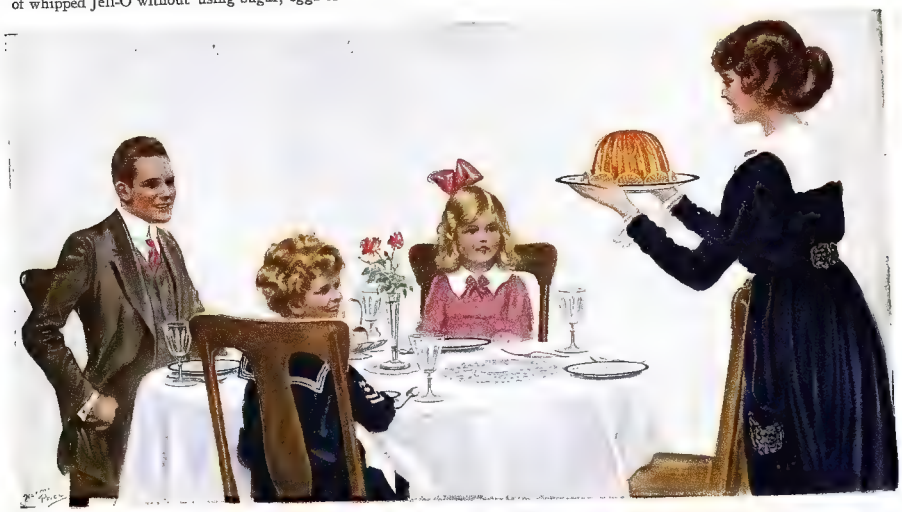
JELL-O

Jell-O is put up in six different flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. Any woman can make a dozen or more varieties of desserts and salads from each of them.

The price is **25** cents for **2** packages at any grocer's or general store.

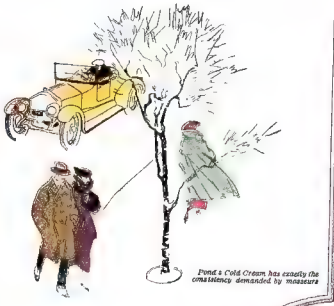
Recipes for delicious Jell-O dishes, that do not require sugar, cream or eggs, and save fats as well as work, and for many delightful salads, are given in the latest Jell-O Book, a copy of which will be sent free to any woman who will send us her name and address.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.



Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Pond's Cold Cream has exactly the consistency demanded by masseurs

One application of Pond's Vanishing Cream makes your skin noticeably lovely

Every day your complexion pays toll to dust and wind

BUT WITH THESE TWO CREAMS YOU CAN KEEP IT RADIANTLY LOVELY

THE rough, cold winds chap and roughen the skin; dry heated air draws and parches it. The constant strain under which we live—the ceaseless activity of crowded days, the constant effort, the lack of rest—all these things take daily toll of the complexion.

You *can* protect your complexion from the wear and tear of winter—can prevent that tired, drawn look from appearing in your face, by giving your skin the care it needs.

Every normal skin needs two entirely different creams

It constantly needs a greaseless cream to refresh, soften and keep it elastic, and at night it needs an oil cream for cleansing and massage.

Try these two creams on your own skin and see how different they are.

When you dress, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your face and neck before powdering. See how gladly the pores absorb it—your complexion becomes soft, healthfully rosy and refreshed. The cream completely disappears, leaving the skin soft, smooth and free from any "shiny" look.

Begin early in the season to apply Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you put on your veil and you will find your complexion keeps its glancy, its brilliancy throughout the most trying weather.

(Photo by Lumière Studio)
Norma Talmadge, who needs no introduction to theatre-goers, says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream leaves my skin refreshed and clear"

(Photo by Campbell Studio)
Mabel Taliaferro, famous since her wonderful "Polly of the Circus," says: "I never knew a cream could make my skin look so well"

This fragrant, dewy cream contains a skin-softening ingredient of great value—that one which skin specialists recognize as most efficient in keeping the skin supple, for giving it the transparent freshness everyone admires.

Apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream when you motor or travel. Rub it in lightly. This will protect the sensitive pores from grit and grime, will keep your skin free from that parched feeling that generally follows exposure to dust and dirt.

For cleansing and massage you need an oil cream

Pond's Cold Cream is an *oil* cream.

Much of the value of a cleansing and massage cream depends on its consistency. Unless it is easy to work into the pores, it does not thoroughly benefit the skin. The moment you use Pond's Cold Cream, you will exclaim at its delightful softness and smoothness.

Do not expect one cream to accomplish the gratifying results you can attain by the use of these two *entirely different* creams. Neither cream will cause the growth of hair—both are obtainable at drug and department stores. Get a tube or jar of each today and try them. See how their use will improve your skin.

TRY BOTH CREAMS FREE

Tear out and mail the coupon before you turn the page—and get sample tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream *free*. Or send 10c and we will send you tubes of each cream large enough to last two weeks. Send today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 131-D Hudson Street, New York City.

POND'S EXTRACT CO.
131-D Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me, free, the items checked:

☐ Free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream; ☐ Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

☐ 5c sample Pond's Vanishing Cream; ☐ 5c sample Cold Cream

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

66

The Butler Serves and the Housewife Too

The charm of the Jell-O dessert is felt in every home—and it costs only a few cents.

Isn't it evident enough from the butler's face that he is proud of the dish he serves, though he didn't make it? And is there a young housekeeper who hasn't experienced the pleasure of making one just as good and serving it with her own hands?

The desserts in the two pictures are both simple. The Cherry Jell-O above has trimmings of whipped Jell-O and berries.

In the picture below the young mother has for once added sliced oranges to her beautiful dish of Orange Jell-O. For a change from the plain Jell-O, she usually whips the Jell-O just as she used to whip cream before she began to save every penny for War Savings Stamps. Bavarian creams and snow puddings are made of whipped Jell-O without using sugar, eggs or cream.

JELL-O

Jell-O is put up in six different flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. Any woman can make a dozen or more varieties of desserts and salads from each of them.

The price is **25** cents for **2** packages at any grocer's or general store.

Recipes for delicious Jell-O dishes that do not require sugar, cream or eggs, and save fats as well as work, and for many delightful salads, are given in the latest Jell-O Book, a copy of which will be sent free to any woman who will send us her name and address.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

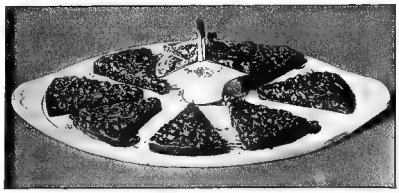
Candies for Christmas that Conserve Sugar

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

DANDY POTATO CANDY

INTO a bowl put one cupful of mashed potatoes, add gradually one-half cupful of sugar, then stir in one teaspoonful of lemon extract, one cupful of crushed corn-flakes and one cupful of chopped peanuts. Press into a greased tin, and set in a cool place for twenty-four hours. Cut into convenient-sized pieces.

HERE is another method. Take three tablespoonfuls of mashed potatoes, add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and work in sufficient powdered sugar to make a stiff dough. Roll out and cut with a small cutter. Place half of a walnut on top of each candy or, if liked, coat with melted chocolate and roll in chopped coconut. Chopped figs and dates may be added, if desired. Although this candy owes most of its flavor to the humble potato, it is really delicious.



CARROT AND COCONUT DELIGHTS

MIX two and one-fourth tablespoonfuls of gelatin with four tablespoonfuls of water. Pour one cupful of corn-sirup into a saucepan, add one-half cupful of sugar and one cupful of milk, bring to boiling-point and let boil until when tried in cold water a soft ball may be formed. Remove from fire, add one-half cupful of cooked and mashed carrots, one cupful of chopped coconut, soaked gelatin, one-half tablespoonful of butter, and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Beat until stiff and turn into a large, well-greased pan. Keep in a cool place overnight. This sweet has a novelty of taste that is unusually good, and will prove popular with the most discriminating.

BEAN YUM-YUMS

BOIL one-half cupful of corn-sirup, one-half cupful of maple sirup, one cupful of cooked and mashed beans, one cupful of sugar, and three-fourths cupful of water for five minutes, then add two and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatin dissolved in one-half cupful of lukewarm water and cook, stirring all the time, until it threads from the spoon, or reaches 218 degrees Fahrenheit by candy thermometer. Remove from fire, add one-half teaspoonful of peppermint extract and pour into wet tins. Allow to stand in a cool place overnight, cut into neat pieces, and roll in colored sugar. A really excellent and economical candy.

The Judges

Are the Children—Let Them Say

Leave these questions to the children:

First — What ready cereal do you like best, of all the kinds you know?

The answer will be Puffed Grains — these flimsy, flaky, toasted bubbles — as a million mothers know.

Then — Which Puffed Grain — Rice, Wheat or Corn? Their tastes will differ. Try them all, then serve them what they want.

The Unmatchable Foods

These airy, flavory, bubble grains are the supreme food delights.

Two are whole grains steam-exploded, puffed to eight times normal size. One is corn-heart pellets puffed to raindrop size.

All are shot from guns. A hundred million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion.

So let the children — who revel in Puffed Grains — eat them to their hearts' content.

Puffed Wheat being a whole-wheat product, no substitute need be bought with it.

Mix with Fruits

Or serve with cream and sugar. Or float in your bowls of milk. Use them as foods, not confections—as every-day delights.

Crisp and Butter

to eat dry, like peanuts, after school. Use like nut-meats as garnish on ice cream.

Puffed Rice

Puffed Wheat

Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1991A)

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

FAULTLESS
"Wearever"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RUBBER GOODS

SAVE W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS SERVICE

PAT. MCH. 20 06

Strong "Live" Rubber Makes

"Wearever"
Hot Water Bottles Give *Longer* Service

Use your old hot water bottle as long as you can. Get a new one only when you cannot put it off any longer, when it is urgently needed for a *necessary* purpose. Then *get a good one* that will give you satisfactory, long-lasting service and be the least expensive in the end. Help conserve rubber by taking care of it.

No. 40 "WEAREVER" Hot Water Bottle is MOULDED in one piece—*no separate pieces cemented together*. There are no bindings or seams to leak. The front, back and both edges are one continuous piece of rubber. There are no weak places anywhere. The Patented Wide-Spread Grid-Cord Construction adds strength at the corners, where most hot water bottles are weakest. The rubber is fine quality, "Ever strong, tough and especially processed to give long wear. No 40 has a smooth, sanitary surface, in Maroon color and comes in four sizes—Nos. 00, 0, 2 and 3. If you must have a new hot water bottle, for a useful, *necessary* purpose, get, a No 40 "WEAREVER."

"WEAREVER" No. 24 Fountain Syringe is another high quality article for home use, having the same distinctive "WEAREVER" features of superiority.

In fact the "FAULTLESS"—"WEAREVER" names identify a *complete* line of the finest Rubber Goods for Household, Toilet, Nursery, and Sick Room use. You will be sure of thoroughly satisfactory and long-lasting service if you insist on having Rubber Goods bearing these names. Measured by their quality, and by the better service they give, they are the finest values you can buy. When you need any Rubber Goods for your home, ask your dealer to show you "FAULTLESS" or "WEAREVER" Rubber Goods

Send for Free Booklet

We will send on request an illustrated booklet describing our complete line of Rubber Goods for the Home. Write for it today

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY
Makers of a Complete, High Grade Line of Rubber Goods for the Home.
1215 Rubber Street, Ashland, O., U.S.A.

PAT. MCH. 20 06

Faultless NURSER

Here Is a Page of Patriotic Holiday Gifts

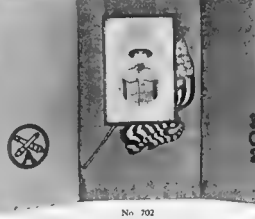
BECAUSE of necessary restrictions it is rather a difficult matter to plan a Christmas gift for the boy in service that shall be at once acceptable and practical. Here are a number of suggestions that seem to have solved the problem very successfully. The picture frames may be emblematic of the branch of service to which the recipient is attached. The pillow is another useful article, as are the handkerchiefs, and they may carry a little touch of embroidery even tho they be of khaki. The telescope cigaret-case for the men in the Navy will be much appreciated. The comfort-kit needs little description, everybody can appreciate how valuable this is. Just above the comfort-kit is a bag that may be used for knitting or as a work-bag, and this carries out in a most complete manner the Government request that we restrict ourselves to gifts of a practical and inexpensive nature.

No 700

Pictorial Review Perforated Pattern No. 700. Here is a patriotic picture frame of khaki-color satin with the insignia and initials embroidered in silk. The monogram in the shield is worked entirely in blue, while the rest of the insignia is in red, white, and blue.

No. 701

Pictorial Review Perforated Pattern No. 701. Here is a very attractive patriotic picture frame to hold the photograph of the boy in the service. It is 5¾ inches wide by 8 inches high, and a picture 4 by 2½ inches may be inserted in the opening.



No. 702

Pictorial Review Perforated Pattern No. 702. Here is a three-panel picture frame of khaki-color satin with the insignia of the 302nd Trench Motor Battery. The American flag is worked in the regulation colors.

No. 703

Pictorial Review Perforated Pattern No. 703. This shows a handkerchief corner with a monogram and artillery insignia framing it.

No. 704

Pictorial Review Perforated Pattern No. 704. This shows the insignia of the Ordnance Department.

No. 706—Any Insignia may be worked into this Pillow

No. 705

Pictorial Review Perforated Pattern No. 705. This is a cigaret-case of brown drab material with the cavalry insignia at the top and the initials F. P. in the lower left-hand corner. The case measures 3¾ by 5 inches and will hold twenty cigarets

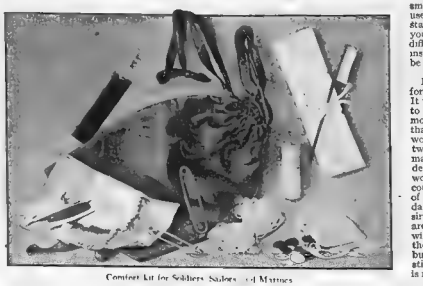
No. 707

Pictorial Review Perforated Pattern No. 706 A pillow is sure to be appreciated by any man in the service. In fact it would make a very acceptable gift for the mother or wife of the young man in the service. Instead of the one service star which is shown in the shield, two small stars could be used. Should the two stars be used, and the young men be in two different divisions, the insignia of both could be embroidered.

No. 708—An Inexpensive Knitting- or Work-bag

At the foot of the page is shown a comfort-kit which is illustrated at the request of the Red Cross in the hope that Pictorial Review readers will make these very useful articles for our soldiers, sailors, and marines. All information about this comfort-kit must be obtained from the Red Cross chapter in your city. From these chapters, the number of kits desired and all information may be obtained.

Pictorial Review Perforated Pattern No. 707 illustrates a telescope cigaret-case for the men in naval service. The case is of blue linen with red and white bars and white stars. The shape of the case is provided. Size, 3½ by 5½ inches.



Comfort Kit for Soldiers, Sailors and Marines

Pictorial Review Perforated Pattern No 708. It would not be possible to find a cleverer or more inexpensive gift than this knitting- or work-bag. To make it two ordinary wash-rags may be dyed any color desired, and then with worsted or heavy rope cotton the open meshes of the toweling may be darned in any design desired. The two cloths are then joined together with a darker shade of the cotton and the edges buttonholed or blanket-stitched. A draw-string is run through the top

Google

"I have found Cutex the quickest, easiest and most effective way of taking care of my nails"

Alice Brady

What *cutting* does to the cuticle

WHEN you cut the cuticle it is impossible to keep a firm, smooth outline around the base of your nails—every one notices how badly your hands look.

If your cuticle is inclined to push rapidly forward onto the nail surface; if it is difficult for you to keep it from breaking around the nails, from becoming sore and tender, don't cut it away. The more you cut the more trouble you will have.

Cutex removes surplus cuticle quickly, easily, safely! It is absolutely harmless, and leaves nothing of the inflamed look one often sees—no ragged roughness—but a firm, smooth, thin outline at the base of the nails.

See how lovely this way of manicuring makes your nails look

For your own satisfaction try a Cutex manicure today. Send for the sample set shown below. See what a very little time a Cutex manicure takes and what wonderful results you get.

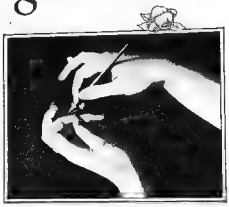
Wrap a little absorbent cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Carefully rinse the fingers in clear water, pushing the softened cuticle back when drying the hands.

If your cuticle shows a tendency to become dry and tough, as the cuticle often does in cold weather after using water on your hands, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort to the base of your nails to help keep the cuticle soft and pliant.

Finish with Cutex Nail White underneath the nails—a soft white cream for removing all stains. Then polish the nails with Cutex Nail Polish.

Now examine your nails!

When you see how smooth a Cutex manicure leaves the skin about the base of your nails—how free it is from ragged edges and rough places that make hang-nails, you will wonder how you ever got along without it.



Remove surplus cuticle quickly, easily, safely, without cutting!

Remove stains from underneath the nails with Cutex Nail White

Finish with Cutex Nail Polish

The Cuticle Remover comes in 35c, 65c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

This is the Cutex Traveling Manicure Set which sells for $1.50. For Christmas we have wrapped it in the extremely good-looking Christmas design shown. The box itself is beautiful—paper-covered, to resemble black leather, lined with pink.

The set contains full-size packages of the Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Paste Polish and Cake Polish, also a flexible steel file, emery boards, orange sticks and cotton. For Christmas this year these sets are especially appropriate. Their price is low, their usefulness no one will question. Sold in all drug and department stores.

The Cutex Compact Set—price 50c—contains trial sizes of the Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Paste Polish and Cake Polish; it has also a flexible file, emery board, orange stick and absorbent cotton—all for 50c. If your store cannot supply it, we will be glad to fill your order direct.

Send for this complete trial manicure set

Everyone who uses Cutex is so enthusiastic about it, we want you to try it, too. Send 21c (18c for the set itself and 3c for packing and postage) and we will send you this individual manicure set complete with orange stick, emery board and absorbent cotton. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 212, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, send 21c for your set to MacLean, Benn and Nelson, Limited, Dept. 212, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.

Send 21c for this complete Manicure Set

MAIL COUPON WITH 21c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 212, 114 W. 17th St., N. Y. C.

Name ----------

Street----------

City---------- ------State---------- --

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Decide to-day to give your skin a chance to restore its own natural beauty

Resinol Soap

Too much care can be as disastrous to the complexion as actual neglect! Nature never intended the delicate skin of the face to be clogged with impurities—no more did she intend it to be rubbed, kneaded, or treated with harsh cosmetics.

All the help she asks to build fresh, normal complexions is wholesome soap-and-water cleanliness—the simpler, healthier living which war-time is bringing about will do the rest.

But the soap you use should be the *right* soap. Some toilet soaps are really too harsh for the face. They take off the dirt, but they take off with it the delicate oils which keep it soft and pliable. So your soap must be pure. And if, as is too often the case, your skin now is not in the best condition, you will want in your soap a gentle medication which will allay the present trouble and give Nature a chance to build afresh.

Resinol Soap combines beautifully just these properties and is the pure, cleansing, healing soap you want. Why not begin today to use it?

Mothers find Resinol Soap excellent for baby's delicate skin, tending as it does to prevent rashes and chafings. Used for the shampoo it helps to invigorate the scalp, and keep the hair live and lustrous.

Resinol Soap is sold by druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

Men with tender faces find that Resinol Shaving Stick prevents irritation.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE FASHION DEPARTMENT

Photo by Abbe

THIS isn't taken from an old daguerreotype—it is the very latest in afternoon frocks. Black silk lace and black taffeta combine in the most artistic way, and Mme. Petrova gives a knowing finish by the addition of the huge cameo plaque that depends from the ubiquitous bead chain.

Photo by Abbe

NOTHING could be more flattering to the beauty of Olga Petrova than the sumptuous fur collar that trims this stunning coat.

Photo by Sarony

IRENE BORDONI, known for her exquisite taste in dress, presents here one of the newest fashion ideas—a trimming of ostrich feathers instead of fringe. Its soft delicate grace adds distinction to the satin frock, a distinction which is accentuated by the collarless neck and novel sleeves.

Several of the Most Charming of the Younger Stars of the Screen and Stage, Including Marjorie Rambeau, Olga Petrova, Hazel Dawn, and Irene Bordoni, Have Stopped in Their Busy Careers to Pose in These Very Original Models

Photo by Ira Hill's Studio

WHITE lace is again fashionable for evening frocks as one may judge from the dainty model that is worn by Hazel Dawn. Just straps of beads hold the panels of the blouse over the shoulders.

Photo by Strauss Peyton

HERE is a very charming photograph of Marjorie Rambeau who is starring in that delightful play "Where Poppies Bloom."

Photo by Ira Hill's Studio

ONLY youth and slenderness could carry off so successfully this simple frock worn by Hazel Dawn. White and black satin or white satin and black tricolet would be a charming combination.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Dinner and Evening Gowns of Velvet, Brocade, Net, and Georgette

7490—Ladies' Evening Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 8059—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Six sizes, 22 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch black satin—5⅝ yards 40-inch black dotted net—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The vogue of the black evening gown increases all the time, and there is a growing tendency to combine black net or black lace with black satin. The blouse features the new surplice sash model, closing in front, and carried around to form a girdle with sash ends. The skirt may have a single or double draped tunic of net over a one-piece gathered foundation skirt of satin closing at left side-front.

7965—Ladies' Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 7¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard narrow, 3½ yards wide filet banding—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for girdle—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. A charming frock of Georgette crêpe is presented in this model suitable for afternoon and theater wear and closing at the back.

8070—Ladies' Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. No. 7700—Ladies' Draped Tunic Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch velvet—2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—5¾ yards fur banding—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. There is a distinction to the simplicity of this frock that makes it particularly charming in velvet. The richness of the fabric requires little trimming. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and narrow fur banding outlines the oval neck. Narrow fur also makes an effective trimming for the flowing sleeves. Over a three-piece foundation a two-piece draped tunic is arranged. The closing is at the back. The tunic is softly plaited to form the drapery and gathered at the sides. The looped-under back panel may be omitted. It is tacked to the hem when used. This is admirable for all the soft silks and satins of the season as well as for Georgette crêpe, nets and velvet.

7601—Ladies' Evening Bodice. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 8081—Ladies' Three-piece Draped Skirt. Six sizes, 22 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3 yards 36-inch gold and black brocade—2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The combination of a fitted draped sleeveless bodice and a draped skirt of brocade and Georgette crêpe forms a stunning evening gown. The bodice closes at the back, and there are short sleeves should these be desired. The skirt is decidedly new in style with oddly draped tunic that is softly plaited to form the drapery. It is lapped and closed at the back.

8078—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7941—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe meteor—4 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Beading No. 12461, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 3½ yards of 2-inch beading border. Here is a frock that is suitable for both afternoon and evening wear. The blouse is in the fashionable kimono style with straight neck-line, and closes at the back. Included in the pattern is a three-piece slightly circular peplum which in this view is omitted. Accompanying the blouse is a smart double tunic skirt with waist-line raised three inches, and closing at the back. Either tunic may be omitted.

7938—Ladies' Panel Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. No. 7696—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse and tunic—2⅛ yards 36-inch satin for underskirt—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Beading No. 12468, blue or yellow.

8051—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. No. 8063—Ladies' One-piece Draped Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 36-inch velvet—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Braiding No. 12319, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 3½ yards of 1- and 9-inch borders. Velvet is among the smartest of the new fabrics for both afternoon and evening wear. In this model it is developed in an afternoon gown. The blouse has a rolled collar which extends into revers that may, if desired, be drawn through slashes in the girdle. These turn back framing a vest that is mounted on the front-closing underbody. For these revers may be substituted a vestee cut in one with pointed revers. The long sleeves are sewed into the armholes of the front-closing underbody.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Afternoon and Evening Gowns Are in Draped and Tunic Sty

7978—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch satin—4¼ yards 44-inch serge—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. A distinctive feature of this conservation frock of wool and satin is the diagonally draped tunic which descends from one side of the skirt to the other in a diagonal line. The waist is longer on one side than the other, forming a yoke effect, and is sewed to the top of the tunic. The tunic is draped over a two-piece foundation skirt that is closed at center-back and is lengthened by a straight flounce. Instead of the small shawl collar illustrated, a large cavalier collar may be selected. The dress closes at the back, and the neck may be in round or V-shaping. The tunic is in two sections, and the two-piece foundation skirt is attached to the underbody at regulation waist-line. The belt passes under the panel.

Blouse 7929
Skirt 7993

7992—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅓ yards 36-inch black satin—⅓ yard 36-inch white satin for collar, cuffs, and vest facing—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. No. 7993—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 5⅓ yards 36-inch black satin. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The snugly fitting bodice and the tucked diagonal tunic mark this dress as the newest mode. The style is adapted to afternoon wear and will work out well in both satin and velvet. Instead of the uneven pointed collar, the neck may be finished with a shawl collar, and gathered sleeves with deep cuffs may be substituted for the bell sleeves. The tunic is tucked on a diagonal line over a two-piece underskirt closing at left side. The waist-line is raised three inches, and the skirt is slightly gathered in front, and formed in soft pleats at the back. On the sleeves are adjusted oddly shaped cuffs of white satin.

7978

Dress 7978

7929

7993

7992

7677

Blouse 7992
Skirt 7677
Braiding 12485

7070

8059

7661

8081

8078

8063

8057

8054

8073

8083

Blouse 8057
Skirt 8054

Blouse 8070, Skirt 8059

Blouse 8078
Skirt 8063

Blouse 7661
Skirt 8081

Blouse 8073
Skirt 8083
Braiding 12419

7661—Ladies' Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch satin—¼ yard 27-inch allover lace for collar and cuffs. No. 8081—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt. Six sizes, 22 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The fashionable panel effect is introduced on this blouse which closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front under a tuck. Instead of the three-quarter length sleeves pictured, full-length sleeves gathered to deep cuffs may be selected. The skirt features a novelty in the draped tunic. The tunic is in one piece and is softly plaited at the top. The closing is at the back. The skirt has two-inch raised waist-line, and is lapped at the back. The model is adapted for satin, charmeuse, and velvet, and shows the new tendency toward draped effects.

8057—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. No. 8054—Ladies One-piece Draped Skirt. Eight sizes, 22 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4 yards 36-inch satin—2¼ yards 32-inch lace net—4¼ yards narrow, ⅛ yard wide fur banding—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Attractive for informal evening wear, for theater parties, and for luncheons is this frock that may be of satin or charmeuse with fur-trimmed blouse of net. The swinging panel at the back of the skirt, too, is weighted with a band of fur. The fur-edged revers are formed by turning back the fronts of the blouse, and a novel feature is the flaring collar at the back. The skirt is equally attractive, draped low down in front and with the folds of the drapery brought up high at the back ending under the swinging panel.

7992—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7677—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¾ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅝ yard 36-inch white taffeta for trimming—1½ yard 27-inch allover lace for collar and cuffs—¼ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Braiding No. 12426, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 6 yards of 4-inch border. The corselet bodice and side tunic are new and chic.

8070—Ladies' Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. No. 8059—Ladies' One-piece Draped Skirt. Six sizes, 22 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 7⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The simplicity of this charming frock of Georgette crêpe is relieved by rows of jet nail heads, and these are applied in groups of three straight lines each, so that no pattern is required for them. This is one of the newest trimming touches from Paris and is decidedly attractive. The blouse is in panel style, and is closed on the left shoulder and under the left arm. It is arranged over an underbody. The skirt shows a decidedly attractive draped tunic that may be single or double.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Long Simple Lines Prevail in the New Modes for Winter

8074—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Beading No. 12461, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing 3½ yards of 2-inch border. Despite the long time it has been in fashion Georgette crêpe is just as popular as ever for dressy blouses. This model closes at left side-front, and the front and back of the blouse may extend into a peplum.

8040—Ladies' Jacket. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge—9½ yards narrow braid for trimming—4¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining. No. 7830 Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 44 inch serge. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yard. The combination of this jacket and skirt makes a very good-looking tailored suit for Autumn and Winter wear. The high choker collar on the jacket crosses in surplice style in front and the collar buttons onto the jacket. At the sides there are peplum sections trimmed with braid which may be omitted. The skirt is a two-piece gathered model with 3-inch high waist-line, and closes at left side seam. This suit is typical of the new styles.

8042—Ladies' Single-breasted Coat. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch wool burella—⅜ yard 54-inch seal plush for collar and trimming. Length at center-back 47½ inches. A very comfortable feature of this coat is the high choker collar buttoning in front. For warmer days, the collar being convertible, may be worn low with the fronts turned back in revers. The high-chin collar of plush buttons in front.

8067—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7688—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4⅜ yards 44-inch white gabardine—⅜ yard 45-inch white organdy for collar and vest—1⅜ yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The semifitting bodice is cut down in deep oblong shaping to show a tucked vest of white organdy which is applied onto the front-closing underbody. The bodice closes on the left shoulder, and has extensions forming a girdle effect under which the long swinging panels are attached. The skirt is a perfectly plain model which may have large hanging or inserted pockets.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Google

These Models Are Characterized by Simplicity and Elegance

8073—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch satin—⅝ yard 27-inch white satin for vest and piping—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The newest blouses are in kimono style like this model. The sleeves which may be long or short are cut in one with the blouse. A vest buttoning at center-front is mounted on the front-closing underbody which may have square or V neck. Instead of the vest a gathered chemisette with round neck may be inserted.

8077—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch serge—3½ yards braid. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The tendency toward more semifitting effects is interestingly shown in this model of dark blue serge, the bodice of which may close at right or left side-front, in surplice style. A shawl collar and inset vest finish the open neck, and the long plain sleeves are perforated for shorter length. Rows of narrow braid trim the three-piece gathered skirt.

7897—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch Poiret twill. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Rows of machine-stitching form the only trimming of this attractive frock, which shows the fashionable straight lines. It has a yoke that extends into a panel at center-front and back.

8071—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Sizes 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch chiffon velvet for waist—2 yards 36-inch tricolet for skirt, collar, and revers. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Brown tricolet and hydrangea blue chiffon velvet are interestingly combined in this charming frock which shows the new kimono sleeves cut in one with the long-waisted blouse. The dress is slipped on over the head, and instead of the collar and revers illustrated, a shawl collar may be selected. Three-quarter length flowing sleeve sections are attached to the short kimono sleeves.

8056—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 44-inch check worsted—4⅝ yards 36-inch black satin for foundation dress. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yards. With such an attractive frock as this, wool conservation becomes a simple matter. Only the front and back panels are of the wool material, while the entire foundation dress is of satin. The neck outline may be square or round, and the long plain sleeves flare slightly over the hand. The closing of the waist is arranged at left side-front and on the left shoulder, while the panels close on the left shoulder. The four-piece skirt is plaited at the sides.

8072—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard Georgette crêpe for vest. The closing of this blouse is at left side-front, and the collar extends into revers.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Home and Morning Dresses Designed for the Stout Woman

7754—Ladies' House-dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard plain gingham for trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Below a square yoke the dress is gathered front and back, and at the center-front there is a full-length panel under one side of which the closing is arranged. A rolling collar finishes the open neck, and a smart touch is given the plain sleeves by the deep cuffs.

8031—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch cotton crêpe—1 yard 36-inch satin for collar and revers—⅜ yard 36-inch white organdy for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Instead of the round collar cut in one with the long revers which is illustrated, the neck may be finished with a double square collar, or it may be high with standing collar.

8053—Ladies' House-dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch striped percale—½ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. A shawl collar of white linen finishes the open neck of this simple frock. The waist is attached to a three-piece gathered skirt closing at left side-front. Gingham, chambray, and print are all suitable for making a house-dress of this type, or flannelet for cold weather.

8068—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch linen—⅜ yard 27-inch white lawn for vest, cuffs, and piping. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The waist closes at left side of the inset vest, and the collar forms revers extending below the girdle. The two-piece gathered skirt closes at left side seam

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Attractive Christmas Gifts that Can Be Made at Home

7819—Ladies' Pajamas. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 7 yards 27-inch cotton crêpe. Japanese lettering No. 12153, sizes 1 and 3 inches, blue transfer pattern. The front of the waist and the side-closing drawers section are in one, while the back of the drawers section buttons onto the waist. The sleeves may be long or short.

8080—Ladies' One-piece Slip-over Negligée. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 3½ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The negligée is plaited in slightly front and back, and the tiny plaits may be held with ribbon bows or ornaments. The neck is square and there are extensions forming a kimono sleeve effect.

Camisole 6810

Camisole 6662
Embroidery 11742

Camisole 7880

Boudoir Cap 6327

Pajamas 7819
Initial 12153

Negligée 8080

Pajamas 8069

Negligée 8029

Combination 8012
Embroidery 12143

Combination 8048
Embroidery 11728

Combination 7786
Embroidery 12175

Combination 7770
Embroidery 11569

8069—Ladies' One-piece Pajamas. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 6¼ yards 36-inch batiste. These one-piece pajamas are very popular with many women. The long kimono sleeves are perforated for shorter length. Nothing could be easier to make as the sleeves are cut in one with the front and back. The pajamas may be drawn in at the waist-line.

Nightgown 7199

Boudoir Cap 5018
Nightgown 8050
Embroidery 11741

Nightgown 6521

Nightgown 6995

8050 — Ladies' Nightgown. Sizes small, medium, and large. Emb. No. 11741, blue or yellow. No. 5018—Boudoir Caps. Sizes small, medium, and large. Requirements on pattern envelope.

6995—Ladies' Nightgown. Four sizes, 34, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch figured cotton crêpe.

Chemisettes and Collars 8008

8008—Ladies' and Misses' Chemisettes and Collars. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36 and 40 bust. Material requirements will be found on pattern envelop. For organdy, lawn, or satin.

8076—Girl Dolls' Set Consisting of Two Styles of Dresses, Petticoat, Drawers, Nightgown, and Cap.

Dress Sleeves 8065

8065—Ladies' and Misses' Dress Sleeves. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 38, and 40 bust. Sleeves in three styles. Material requirements will be found on pattern envelop. These are the newest models.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Let Us Send You The Book Of Furs

Every woman who is interested in Furs should possess a copy of Albrecht's famous book "Fur Facts and Fashions"—the recognised authority on this fascinating subject—This illustrated volume shows the accepted styles for 1919 and contains a wealth of valuable information that will save you many dollars — The priceless knowledge gained in 68 years by America's leading furriers, is yours for the asking— Albrecht Furs are made from superior pelts—purchased direct from the trappers—in quality—style—material and workmanship they are absolutely unexcelled.

Albrecht Furs

1855

Supreme In Quality

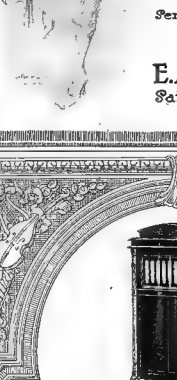
Society leaders and women of fashion buy direct from Albrecht. Our clientele includes the names of many distinguished patrons—All Furs are sold under the "money back" guaranty which insures complete satisfaction—We take the risk of pleasing you in every particular—

Fur Facts and Fashions

This book gives facts which enables you to make judicious selection—it tells the truth about furs—How furs are made and graded—How to detect imitations and avoid disappointments—What furs wear best—Fur trade names and common English names—Color effects and textures of furs—Costly furs and their substitutes—How to care for your Furs—Latest correct fur styles.

Send 3 cents -the edition is limited. Write today.

E. Albrecht & Son.
Saint Paul, Minnesota.
Dept.— R-2



STEGER

Music is an essential of life

THE voices of the greatest artists, the music of all the world, are yours, unchanged because of the faithful reproduction of the Steger, the finest reproducing phonograph. It plays all disc records. There are no parts to change. The patented Steger tone-arm gives the precise degree of pressure required by each record; the Steger tone-chamber gives you the melody unmarred.

This phonograph is encased in the beauty it deserves. Hear and play it at your Steger dealer's and realize its artistic worthiness.

STEGER & SONS PIANO MFG. COMPANY
Steger Building, CHICAGO, ILL.
Factories, Steger, Illinois, where the "Lincoln" and "Dixie" Highways meet

EARN $1 TO $2 A DAY AT HOME

Help to meet the big demand for Hosiery for us and your Home trade.

Industrious persons provided with profitable, all-year-round employment on Auto-Knitters. *Experience and distance immaterial.*

Write for particulars, rates of pay etc. Send 3 cents in stamps.

Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Ltd.
Dept. 108 E; 221 Jefferson Av., Buffalo, N. Y.

SILKS DIRECT FROM MILL
SAVE 25 TO 50 PER CENT
Write for samples of silks for all uses from which to choose, saving 2 profits—Guarantee to match your pieces with Home pieces
Rich Luster Velvets, 40 inch, 81.98 yd.
Smart Crepe de Chine, 40 inch, 81.35 yd.
Super Grade Taffeta, 36 inch, 81.75 yd.
We carry a complete line of silks. State material wanted. Ask for price list and for remnant Catalog No. 18
PATERSON SILK MILLS 30 & 32 n.h.st., N.Y.

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

8010—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. No. 7908—Ladies' Two-piece Draped Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3½ yards 40-inch black and silver brocade—2¼ yards silver lace—2¾ yards 36-inch net—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. There is a stately charm to this evening gown of brocade which is attractively shown in this model. The stiffness of the brocade is softened by silver lace and net. The blouse has girdle extensions and may be adapted to afternoon wear by adding a high neck and long sleeves. Over the two-piece skirt of net and lace is draped a tunic that is longer at one side than the other. The closing is at the left side.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

8078—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch black velvet—1 yard fur banding—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. No. 8068—Ladies' One-piece Draped Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 36-inch velvet. Many of the newest Winter frocks are of chiffon velvet and velveteen. This model features the new kimono blouse with a three-piece circular peplum. The simplicity of this skirt is relieved by a touch of drapery and the skirt closes under the drapery.

8073—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 8088—Ladies' One-piece Draped Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch crêpe meteor—2½ yards 36-inch velvet—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vest—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Braiding No. 12419, blue or yellow transfer pattern of 5 yards of border 5 inches wide. A simple kimono blouse is combined here with an attractive draped skirt having a two-piece gathered yoke.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

7937—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch washable satin. With a tailored suit this is an admirable blouse to be made with a shawl collar or buttoned to the top of a standing collar which is finished with a large turn-over.

7445—Ladies' Double-breasted Coat. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch velours—5 yards 36-inch satin for lining. The double-breasted panel and the high draped collar give a very cozy effect to this coat of wool velours. The panel buttons are mushroom-coated style, and the collar crosses and buttons.

7990 Ladies' Jacket. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch Scotch mixture—⅝ yard 27-inch velvet for collar and cuffs—4½ yards 36-inch lining. Length at center-back 43 inches. No. 7880—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 44-inch Scotch mixture. This suit displays one of the new long jackets that are so popular. The neck finish may be a square or shawl collar, and there are separate underarm sections with belt extensions. Lower-edge width 1¾ yard.

7820—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 32-inch velveteen—⅞ yard fur banding for collar. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. For semi-formal street frocks velveteen is exceedingly fashionable generally made up in some simple style like this model which is gathered below a square yoke in front. The collar may be worn high or it may be rolled flat with the fronts forming revers.

8028—Ladies' Panel Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅛ yard 36-inch net—⅛ yard 36-inch satin for collar. No. 8034—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Eight sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch black satin. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The combination of chiffon velvet and black satin is a very pleasing one, and is quite popular. The blouse has a panel front and back longer than the sides and perforated for diagonal outline at the lower edge. The closing is on the left shoulder and at left side-front. The skirt is a simple gathered model with fashionable high waist-line, closing at left side seam.

7816—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch navy blue Poiret twill. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. This smart street frock may button in double-breasted style with shawl collar as illustrated, or it may fasten in single-breasted style with square collar in two outlines.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

7927—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch velvet—⅝ yard white organdy for surplice yoke—¼ yard 27-inch allover lace for collar—2¼ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. A tunic with irregular lower edge is an attractive feature of this frock of black velvet.

7968—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch gabardine—⅝ yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The neck-line may be oval or U-shaped, and two swinging panels are arranged at the back that may be full-length or shorter. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard.

8090—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 6⅝ yards 36-inch black velvet—¼ yard Georgette crêpe for collar—1¾ yard braid for belt. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard.

8016—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 7 yards 36-inch tricolet—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge of gathered skirt, about 1½ yard; of accordion-plaited skirt, about 2¾ yards. The fashionable apron panel is an interesting feature of this frock of taupe tricolet. The skirt may be accordion-plaited or gathered.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

7880—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 32-inch chambray—⅛ yard 32-inch plaid gingham for collar. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The dress is gathered below a square yoke in front, and may close to the top of a standing collar, or the collar may be rolled flat and the fronts turned back forming revers.

8061—Ladies' House-dress. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch linen. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Over a plain front-closing waist is arranged a panel which is belted in at the waist and has the lower edge turned up on the outside to form large pockets.

7778—Ladies' House-dress. Six sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch plaid voile—1⅝ yard 27-inch white lawn. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Nothing could be simpler for morning and house wear than this frock.

7098—Ladies' House-dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 6⅜ yards 36-inch rep—⅝ yard 27-inch white lawn for collar, belt, and trimming. Width at lower edge about 2⅞ yards. The neck of this practical house-dress may be high with standing collar, V-shaped with large square collar, or it may be cut square and worn collarless.

8045—Ladies' House-dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch linen—⅜ yard 27-inch cotton crêpe for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. For the plain sleeves illustrated the new flowing sleeves widening out in bell-shaping may be selected. The three-piece skirt is plaited at the back.

8064—Ladies' House-dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch striped chambray—⅝ yard 27-inch white linen for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The fronts of the waist are rolled to form revers each side of the inset vest, and the sleeves may be long or short.

8020—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50, bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 44-inch serge—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar and belt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. This is excellent for afternoon wear for the stout woman. The waist is tucked on the shoulders, and two styles of collars are provided. At the sides of the three-piece skirt is arranged a gathered tunic section falling in a deep point.

8047—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—½ yard 36-inch contrasting satin—⅝ yard Georgette for vest.

8051—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette—⅝ yard 36-inch satin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

6810—Ladies' and Misses' Two-piece Camisole. To be slipped on over the head. Sizes small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 1 yard 36-inch washable satin —1¾ yard lace banding.

7880—Ladies' Camisole. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires ⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard filet banding.

6662—Ladies' and Misses' Camisoles. Sizes 32, 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ¾ yard 27-inch satin. Embroidery No. 11742, blue or yellow transfer.

8029—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Negligée. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36 and 44 bust. Medium size requires 4¼ yards 36-inch figured crêpe. This may be worn over an accordion-plaited skirt. No. 6387—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Cap. Sizes small, medium, and large. Any size requires ¾ yard 36-inch net.

7180—Ladies' Kimono Nightgown. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch nainsook.

8012—Ladies' Combination. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch nainsook. Embroidery No. 12413, blue or yellow transfer.

8048—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 2½ yards 36-inch batiste. Embroidery No. 11728, blue transfer.

7780—Ladies' Combination. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Embroidery No. 12175, blue or yellow transfer.

7770—Ladies' Bloomer Combination. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch washable satin. Embroidery No. 11569, blue or yellow transfer.

6521—Ladies' Nightgown with Yoke. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch flannelette.

8070—Girl Dolls' Set. Six sizes, for dolls 14 to 26 inches high. Material requirements on pattern envelop.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

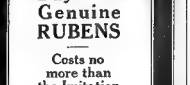
RUBENS
Infant Shirt

Buy the Genuine RUBENS

Costs no more than the Imitation

Price List Sent Upon Request

Manufactured only by
RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
28 N Market St. Chicago, Ill.



USE Crême de Meridor as both a "day" and "night" cream. It is wonderfully cleansing—removing blackheads and other little particles of dirt which soap and water simply cannot reach. Gentle massage with Crême de Meridor, the original greaseless cream, leaves your skin clear and glowing.

Write for a free sample or send 40c for a complete Lazell Beauty Box, containing soap, toilet water, talcum powder, face powder and a miniature jar of Crême de Meridor.

Dept. 74
Lazell PERFUMER Newburgh-on-the-Hudson New York

L-S

The L-S Sewing Machine Needle threads with one motion. *Slide* the thread into the eye. Saves time, temper and eyes, costs 10c. Threads instantly. Fits any machine.

L-S NEEDLE CO.
4947 Wakefield Street
Phila., Pa.

Easy Now to be a Nurse

Thousands of Nurses have gone to France. Thousands are needed quickly to replace them here. Hospitals and all private cases. Learn the system taught Miss Cyrille J. Jenkins, M. D. Thousands report 100 per cent. in 20 years.

Learn At Home In Spare Time
Let me show you how to become a trained nurse. Complete training course in Medicine, Surgery and Nursing. Our system has been taught by mail for over 30 years. Dr. Jenkins can teach you in the shortest possible time.

Book Free. Get our book and special offer. Write or mail this coupon for full particulars and graduates' letters. Don't delay. Send for your free copy today. State of Illinois. Chartered 1913. Address

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, Dept. 412, 1105 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME Large manufacturer of Stencil Outfits, Brushes and Dress Stands, wants wholesale representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Write for particulars. If you have time, Credit given. Send for particulars. Address FREEPORT MFG. CO., 76 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

8005—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 yards 36-inch velvet for overblouse—5¾ yards 36-inch satin for waist, sleeves, and accordion-plaited skirt—⅞ yard 36-inch organdy for collar. Width at lower edge of accordion-plaited skirt, about 2 yards; gathered skirt, about 1¼ yard. The closing of this dress is at the back.

7989—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—1¾ yard 36-inch satin for underbody and sleeves—¼ yard white satin for collar. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. In the fashionable overblouse style is this attractive frock.

8014—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch beige satin—3½ yards navy blue satin—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. A charming feature of this frock is the diagonal drapery which forms a tunic at the front and sides.

8009—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch black satin—⅛ yard tan satin for collar and pipings—⅛ yard fring—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The front jumper closes on the left shoulder and is draped around to form a girdle fastening under the swinging panel at the back.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

8018—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6 yards 36-inch satin—⅞ yard 32-inch white satin for collar, vest, and cuffs. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

8007—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch black satin—⅛ yard white crêpe de Chine for collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

6784—Infants' and Child's Long Kimono. Five sizes, Infants' 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Infants' size requires 2 yards 27-inch flannelet. Front, back, and sleeves are cut in one piece, and the sleeves may be gathered to a band if they may be loose as preferred. Perforations permit of shortening the kimono to form a sack. If a more dressy kimono is desired, white, pink, or blue washable silk may be selected with lining of the same. To make it warm, the kimono should be interlined with cotton batting or wool, and either quilted, or tufted with narrow pink washable ribbon. Other cute kimonos are fashioned of crêpe de Chine with lining of cashmere or albatross.

6985—Boys' Suit. Five sizes, 8 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 54-inch Oxford cloth.

7945—Boys' Suit. Four sizes; 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 3¾ yards 27-inch white drilling—¼ yard blue drilling for collar, cuffs, and belt. A cap is provided tho it is not illustrated.

7891—Boys' Military Suit. Seven sizes, 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 3½ yards 36-inch khaki.

8017—Child's Dress. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 27-inch figured cotton crêpe—1¾ yard plain crêpe for yoke, collar, and sleeves—2¼ yards velvet ribbon.

7681—Child's Leggings and Puttees. Five sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires for puttees ⅜ yard 44-inch material, for short leggings ⅝ yard 36-inch or 40-inch material, and for the long leggings ⅝ yard 44-inch material.

6967—Child's Legging Drawers. Four sizes, 1 to 6 years. Size 2 requires ¾ yard 54-inch broadcloth or serge.

7550—Baby's Sleeping-bag with Lining. One size only requires 1⅞ yard 27-inch corduroy with 1⅜ yard 27-inch flannelet for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

8025—Child's and Girls' Single-breasted Coat. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge—2¾ yards 36-inch lining.

7838—Child's Double-breasted Coat. Six sizes, 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch velvet—1¾ yard squirrel banding for trimming.

7957—Boys' Double-breasted Coat. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch cheviot—2½ yards 36-inch lining.

7800—Child's and Girls' Fur Set. Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 2, 6, and 8 years. Material requirements on pattern envelop.

7527—Children's Hat and Caps. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Two caps are illustrated. Material requirements on pattern envelop.

7078—Juniors' and Girls' Hats and Cap. Sizes small, medium, and large. Medium size requires for the cap illustrated ⅝ yard 27-inch velvet—⅝ yard 27-inch lining.

7846—Child's Dress. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy.

7844—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch plain gingham—1⅜ yard 32-inch check gingham. This dress closes on the left shoulder and at left side under a plait.

7855—Child's and Girls' Double-breasted Coat. Six sizes; 2 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool velours.

THE simplicity of present day fashions demands highest quality to give rich effects. Hence the widespread use among American women of

Skinner's

Silks, Satins, Taffetas
(36 inches wide)

Their rich colorings and soft draping effects, together with their greater *wearing quality* have made SKINNER'S silks the standard since 1848.

• "Look for the Name in the Selvage"

None genuine without it

William Skinner & Sons, New York City
Boston Philadelphia Chicago
Mills—Holyoke, Mass.

KAZOO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Suspender Waists
for Boys and Girls

Here's a suspender waist and hose supporter that properly supports clothing and is comfortable to wear. The weight of garments is distributed so that there's no undue strain anywhere. Little Kiddies can have a fine time romping when they wear the Kazoo. The sizes are 4 to 18 years.

The Kazoos are now 75c, or leather trimmed $1.00 20c extra in Canada. Ask for them at all good stores. If you have any difficulty in getting the Kazoo just order direct giving name of nearest dealer. We always return the full price of the Kazoo if it is not found satisfactory.

Kazoo in holiday package makes an appropriate holiday gift.

We want to send you our booklet "The Right Way to Dress Kiddies" Just let us know that you will be glad to see it.

THE HARRIS SUSPENDER COMPANY
Dept. H, 684 Broadway at 4th St., New York

Rock-a-Bye Xmas Presents Baby Will Enjoy

Perfection Rock-a-Bye. Doll Cradle . . . $ 7.00
Baby Grand Piano . . . 5.00
Auto Seat No. 2 . . . 2.50
Auto Seat No. 1 . . . 1.50
Baby Doll Trunk . . . 2.00
Baby Day Bed No. 4 . . . 7.00
Baby Nursery Seat No. 16 . . . 2.50

Order through your dealer or on receipt of price and we will promptly ship direct.

Perfection Mfg. Co.,
2102 Montgomery St., St. Louis, Mo.
Owners, You can save the Chair, make room in Bed & Buy Products. Send for Catalog

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
— Every Deaf Person Knows That —

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. Noone sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 2, 1920
GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
10 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

START IN BUSINESS AT HOME
Design dresses and gowns for your friends in spare time. Earn $100 a month. Write for free sample lesson.
Franklin Institute, Dept. S-852, Rochester, N. Y.

Just Dip the Brush
ANYWHERE ABOUT THE HOUSE
Kyanize WHITE ENAMEL
SEND FOR BOOKLET BOSTON VARNISH CO. EVERETT STATION, BOSTON

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

SOL SATIN
In Government Service

The highest sphere of usefulness which can be achieved by men or merchandise is that which fulfils a vital need of the Nation

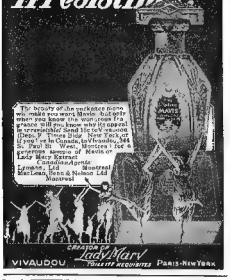
Sol Satin will be confined exclusively to the War Department for lining the uniforms of our soldiers.

For a time Sol Satin will not be available. But the recollection of its quality will remain.

May we look forward to a resumption of your valued patronage when the more vital need of Sol Satin ceases to exist?

S. M. HEXTER & COMPANY
Sole Owners
CLEVELAND.

VIVAUDOU'S
MAVIS
Toilet Water—Face Powder
$1.25 50¢
Irresistible!



The beauty of the necklace is only surpassed by the beauty of what you know its wearer has. If grace will you know why it appeal is irresistible! Send 10¢ (stamps if you prefer) for a Trial Size of Mavis or Lady Mary Perfume.

Canadian Agents:
Lymans, Ltd., Montreal
Harlan, Rexs & Nelson Ltd., Montreal

Created by Lady Mary
VIVAUDOU TOILET REQUISITES PARIS-NEW YORK

SANITOL
TOOTH
POWDER OR PASTE

Standard as a dentifrice—because medical science has failed to find a way to improve its formula for the preservation of teeth.

Free from coloring matter
Sanitol is white and pure

Fascinating New Winter Styles for the Young Girl

8030—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch black satin—2⅜ yards 44-inch blue serge—⅝ yard 36-inch white crêpe de Chine for collar and tie. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out about 2⅝ yards. Youthfulness is a feature of most of the new models, and it is charmingly expressed in this long-waisted conservation frock that minimizes the quantity of wool needed by making the waist of satin. The attached four-piece skirt is side plaited.

8066—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch check worsted—2¾ yards 36-inch black satin—1 yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Beading No. 12461, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Over a front-closing underbody that may have high or square neck, is arranged an applied beaded vest of satin cut straight at the top.

Dress 8030

Dress 7989

Dress 8005

Dress 8066
Beading 12461

Dress 8075
Braiding 12147

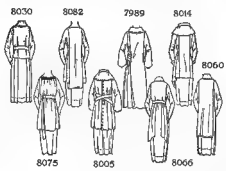
Dress 8082

Dress 8014

Dress 8060

8075—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch crêpe meteor—1¾ yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Braiding No. 12147, blue or yellow transfer pattern of three yards of ⅜-inch border. Over the foundation dress that consists of a front-closing underbody and one-piece draped skirt attached to a two-piece gathered yoke, is arranged a sleeveless overblouse which slips on over the head. Shirred tucks make an attractive finish for the low round neck, and the kimono sleeves are cut in one with the side-front and side-back sections of the waist.

8082—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse—2½ yards 36-inch velvet for skirt—1⅛ yard wide, 1½ yard narrow fur banding—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The dress closes at the back, and the kimono blouse is cut in one with the long sleeves. Narrow fur banding outlines the low round neck.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Newest of the New Are these Winter Styles

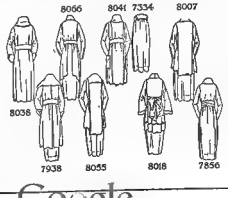
8088 — Misses' Double-breasted Coat. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth—4½ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

7988—Misses' and Juniors' Single-breasted Coat. Eight sizes, 13 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 36-inch velvet —½ yard 54-inch fur fabric for collar and cuffs. The collar and cuffs may be of fur for which no measurement can be given as skins vary in size. The collar is convertible, and an inverted plait is formed at center-back.

8055—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 44-inch serge—18 yards narrow braid for trimming—1 yard wide braid or satin ribbon for girdle. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. For the coat dress, which is such a necessity this season, here is an admirable model to be fashioned of blue serge or gabardine with trimming of narrow silk braid and bone buttons.

7856—Misses' and Juniors' Dress. Nine sizes, 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch check worsted—⅝ yard 48-inch white broadcloth for collar, cuffs, and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The simplicity that is such a prominent feature of the season's fashions is excellently shown in this frock of check worsted.

8066—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 44-inch white serge—1 yard satin—1 yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Fringed panels give an up-to-date look to this frock of white serge. On the front-closing underbody is applied a vest of white satin, and the revers of satin are a continuation of the round collar. The two-piece skirt closes at left side-front. Fringe trims the swinging panels that are attached each side front and back. These may be omitted.



8041—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch serge. No. 7384—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. The skirt is a gathered model in the pattern, but is sufficiently wide to allow it to be accordion-plaited. The collar of the jacket is convertible and may be worn high as illustrated or rolled flat.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

A Shoe That Needs No "Breaking In"

Dr. Edison CUSHION SHOE

"The Easiest Shoes for Women"

Comfortable and enjoyable from the minute you put it on.

A blessing to wearied foot nerves. A shoe to keep women at her highest point of efficiency, now that she has taken on so many new activities.

A very good looking shoe. Has an inner-sole of live wool felt, protecting sensitive, calloused, painful feet against the constant jar of walking. Quick relief from corns, bunions and other foot ailments. The trim fitting arch is a feature you'll like. In several pretty designs in soft black glazed kid.

Send for Style Book and name of dealer nearest you, who can show you these shoes.

UTZ & DUNN CO

Makers of

"Style Shoes of Quality" for Women

228 Canal Street, Rochester, N. Y.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY'S Toilet Preparations

ESTABLISHED 1884

ROSALINE Cannot be detected, gives the face an exquisite and subtle a delicate rose tint that is truly beautiful. ROSALINE is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. 50c. and $1.00.

DIAMOND NAIL ENAMEL In powder or cake form. Free from grit, producing an immediate and lasting polish. Its delicate rose tint will not discolor the skin or cuticle of the nails. Diamond shape box, 50c.

ONGOLINE bleaches and cleans the nails, removes ink, leathery and glove stains from the skin; guaranteed harmless. 50 cents, 50c.

CREAM VAN OLA For softening and whitening the skin. Feeds and nourishes the tissues. Preserves a beautiful complexion and removes a faded one. Jars, 50c.

Sold by dealers everywhere, or sent direct on receipt of price and 10c extra for postage. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of prices.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY CO.

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors

10 and 12 East 23rd St. New York City

The Famous Lane Bryant Maternity Corset

FOR your own sake, and for the sake of the baby to come, you MUST be correctly corseted during the maternity period.

The only corset that gives perfect support and that is fully and readily adjustable to all stages of maternity wear is the one here pictured

Special Combination Offer

7364—Lane Bryant patented maternity corset, as pictured, of white sateen, lace trimmed, strongly reinforced, price, $3.95. A book, "A Modern Mother's Experience," real leather bound, over 100 pages of useful information for expectant mothers; price, $1.00. Both, if you mention this advertisement, for **$4.65**

To ordering, give present waist measure, and your period of time.

FREE A big, 64-page Style Book, showing hundreds of Dresses, Coats, Suits, Skirts, Waists and Corsets—all specially designed for mothers-to-be—will be sent free upon request. Write for it today. Address Dept. 1707

Lane Bryant 127 Fifth Ave. New York

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh —Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome fatiguness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crow's feet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful.

Girls! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine for a few cents at any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.

The Gem of the Notions

Stars-nap

The Perfect Dress Fastener

Look for this Card - At Your Dealers

COLUMBIA FASTENER COMPANY CHICAGO Maker

TREO
"Paraknit"
Elastic Brassiere
MADE of "Paraknit," a new kind of light weight, open work, elastic material invented by us; very flexible, extremely stylish, and healthful
Reinforced diaphragm strip at lower edge supports and reduces diaphragm without pressure, and is advantageous
$2.00 and $2.50 at dealers, or write for illustrated booklet.
TREO COMPANY, INC
180 P. Fifth Avenue New York
Makers of Treo Elastic Girdle

Juvenile Styles that Are Selected by Sensible Mothers

7368—Infants' and Child's Long Kimono. Four sizes, infants', 1, 2, and 4 years. Infants' size requires 2 yards 27-inch white albatross for kimono—⅞ yard 27-inch pink albatross for revers and collar. Scallop No. 11659, blue or yellow transfer ¾-inch wide. The bottom of the kimono is finished with a feather-stitched border for which No. 12363 is used, blue transfer supplying 3½ yards of four feather-stitch borders.

Infants' and Child's Kimono 7368
Embroidery 12363
Scallop 11659

Infants' and Child's Kimono 6784

Girls' and Juniors' Apron 7435
Embroidery 12460

Misses' and Juniors' Dress 7856

Boys' Suit 6988

Child's Rompers 8058
Scallop 11661

Child's Rompers 8058

Boys' Suit 7391

8058—Child's Rompers. Four sizes, 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires if made of one material 2¼ yards 32-inch plain gingham. Scallop No. 11661, blue or yellow transfer pattern of ¾-inch scallop. If made of two materials as illustrated at the left of the page, size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 32-inch striped gingham—⅞ yard plain gingham.

7435—Girls' and Juniors' Bungalow Apron. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 4⅛ yards 27-inch check chambray—⅝ yard 27-inch white lawn for collar, shield, and belt. Embroidery No. 12460, blue or yellow transfer pattern. This apron slips on over the head, and the sleeves are cut in one with the front and back.

7856—Misses' and Juniors' Dress. Nine sizes, 12 to 20 years. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 36-inch linene—⅛ yard 32-inch check gingham. The sleeves may be long or short, and there are two styles of collars.

Child's Leggings and Pullees 7621

Child's Legging Drawers 6997

Baby's Sleeping-bag 7550

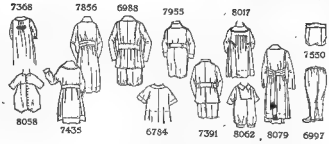
Boys' Suit 7955

Child's Dress 8017

Boys' Suit 8062

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8079

8062—Boys' Suit. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch chambray for bloomers—⅞ yard 36-inch dimity for waist. The separate waist closes at the back with kimono sleeves perforated for the shorter length illustrated. The front of the bloomers and the suspender straps are cut in one piece.



8079—Girl's and Juniors' One-piece Dress. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge—¼ yard white satin for collar. The new swinging panels are featured on this dress to which they add distinctive style. Square, round, or oval neck-line may be selected, and long one-piece flowing sleeves may replace the plain sleeves illustrated.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Comfortable Coats, Dresses, and Caps for Little Folks

Infants' Cap and Sack 6387
Scallop 11693
Infants' Cap and Sack 7502
Child's Coat 7528
Child's Coat 7862
Girls' and Juniors' Coat 8046
Child's and Girls' Coat 8025
Juniors' and Girls' Coat 7529
Child's Coat 7967
Boys' Coat 7957
Child's Coat 7333
Juniors' and Girls' Hat 7078
Children's Cap 7557
Child's and Girls' Fur Set 7500
Children's Cap 7557
Child's Dress 7848
Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7844
Child's and Girls' Coat 7855

8046—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool mixture—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining—½ yard 36-inch velvet or plush for collar and trimming.

7529—Juniors' and Girls' Coat. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 3½ yards 44-inch chevIot—3½ yards 36-inch satin for lining. The collar may be rolled flat and the fronts turned back in revers.

7502—Infants' Cap and Kimono Sacks. One size only, requiring for the sack illustrated ¾ yard 27-inch flannel—⅝ yard 27-inch silk for cap—¾ yard edging for cap—7 yards edging for sack. The pattern includes besides the sack and cap illustrated, another cunning little one-piece sack.

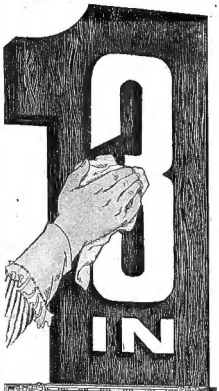
6387—Infants' Set. One size only, requiring for the sack ¾ yard 27-inch French flannel—¾ yard 27-inch batiste for the cap. Dotted scallop No. 11693, blue transfer pattern providing 6 yards of 1-inch scallop and 4 corners. The set includes besides the sack and cap illustrated, a bib and pair of moccasins.

7967—Child's Empire Coat. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch broadcloth—1⅞ yard beaver fur banding. In white or beige broadcloth this would be very attractive with trimming of narrow beaver. A shawl collar may be substituted for the collar illustrated.

7528—Child's Coat. Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch velvet. Velvet is among the most fashionable fabrics for dress-up coats for girls. This model is in one piece from neck to lower edge in front, but at the sides and back there are separate body and gathered skirt sections. The collar may be rolled flat if desired or closed to the neck.

7862—Child's Single-breasted Coat. Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires for coat with pockets as illustrated 1⅝ yard 54-inch Bolivia cloth—2⅜ yards 36-inch lining.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 79



Dust Without Dust

Make an economical 3-in-One Dustless Dust Cloth and it will pick up all dust instead of scattering it about to settle somewhere else. It's easy to make this way: Use any soft cloth. Sprinkle with

3-in-One

and allow a short time for the oil to permeate thoroughly. Then wipe furniture and woodwork as with ordinary dust cloth. Every particle of dust will stick to the cloth but can easily be shaken off outdoors. This is the sanitary way to dust—the 3-in-One way. Try it. At all stores in 30c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Can.

FREE Sample and Dictionary of Uses. A postal brings both. Write for them today.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 165 A Gen. Edwy., N.Y.

Mother is the Home Doctor

Almost daily she is confronted with a little hospital work—cut fingers, bruises, burns, and various preventive measures against children's ills. She must be prepared to take just the right remedial measure promptly and for that reason should always have Absorbine, Jr., at hand,

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

is quite a complete first-aid cabinet in itself. It cleanses and heals cuts, bruises, sores and wounds. It kills germs and is a dependable spray or gargle for sore throat. It reduces swellings and inflammation promptly and gives quick relief from aches and pains.

Absorbine, Jr., is a safe, clean, efficient household necessity for the busy mother—only a few drops are required at an application.

Many competent chemical laboratories have made exhaustive tests of Absorbine, Jr., and have approved it. Detailed reports mailed on request.

Absorbine, Jr., $1.25 a bottle at druggists or postpaid

A Liberal Trial Bottle will be sent to your address upon receipt of 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
173 Temple St. Springfield, Mass.

AGENTS: $40 A WEEK

A brand new hosiery proposition that beats them all. For men, women and children. All styles, colors and fancy stripes, including the finest line of silk hose.

Guaranteed One Year: Most wear 12 months or replaced Free! A prospect in every home. Often sell 20-ex pair to one family. Repeat orders make you a steady income.

Easy Sales—Big Profits
Work spare time or full time. Any man or woman can sell this wonderful line of guaranteed hosiery at less than store prices.

Silk Hose Free Try our hosiery before selling it. Write quick for particulars and state size of hose worn.

Thomas Hosiery Co., 8454 Elk St., Dayton, O.

Soothe Your Itching Skin With Cuticura

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura," Dept. R, Boston.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Lady Sealpax

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Athletic Underwear for Every Woman

Lady Sealpax—the All-Season Underwear for All Women

Lady Sealpax gives women the same comfortable, loose-fitting athletic type of underwear that men enjoy. To the active woman of today, *Lady Sealpax* is a real necessity—a joyously comfortable garment.

Women in every walk of life, from the athletic schoolgirl to the untiring Red Cross nurse, are wearing *Lady Sealpax*. It is the real sensible, year-'round under-garment of real sensible women.

Ask your dealer for *Lady Sealpax* Athletic Union Suits, in sanitary envelopes, at popular prices. *Write for booklet and send dealer's name.*

THE SEALPAX COMPANY, Ladies' Dept., Baltimore, Md.

Also Makers of Men's Sealpax Underwear

On the Hike or Drill Ground

Luden's allay thirst—quickly relieve huskiness. Sweeten the breath, clear the voice, remove throat tickle. A handy throat comfort for soldier or sailor.

Look for familiar Luden yellow sanitary package

Wm. H. Luden, Reading, Pa

LUDEN'S

Menthol Cough Drops

Give Quick Relief

Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine

is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

Tired Feet cause mental depression. They steal your comfort and retard your work. COMFY SLIPPERS *rest* tired feet! And by resting the feet, they rest the whole body.

Look for the Comfy trade mark. It identifies the genuine.

Comfy Slippers

Daniel Green Felt Shoe Co.

106 East 13th St. New York

SO-E-Z *Snap with the Turtle Back.*

The DRESS FASTENER GUARANTEED NOT TO INJURE THE GARMENT. For sale at all Notion Counters, 10 cents, card of 12 —made in six sizes, black and silvered. Send 10 cents for card.

Made by THE AUTOFIT COMPANY

A. L. CLARK & CO., Inc. *Sole Distributors* 652 Broadway, New York City

The Season's Books for Holiday Gifts

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

JUST as there occasionally springs up a new writer who establishes a school for others who produce ultimately the same material, so there are certain books written about some phase of human emotion that so aptly reveal the situation in a nutshell, that all other books group themselves naturally in the same class. Sometimes we have no new type of book to set the pace for others for a long space of time, and sometimes there are books published one after another that are good enough to stand on their own merits and are therefore representative types. So it is with a great many of the late Fall and early Winter books, a few of which can be chosen as excellent examples of holiday fiction.

THERE was a new type of book given to the public when MacMillan & Company published Hermann Hagedorn's "Barbara Picks a Husband." This sounds frivolously banal from the title, but is, instead, a subject treated with satiric humor. The heroine stands alone, she is utterly different, and defies comparison with any one. We disapprove of her even while we are interested, and altho the mechanics of the book show too plainly every now and then, in the main the story is refreshingly different in treatment. Just as Barbara stands out as a different heroine, so does the hero make of I. A. R. Wylie's "Towards Morning" (John Lane), a different war book, instead of just another added to an already long list. The hero is a German individual pitted against a régime and the book is a psychological study of a man's life with the war as a background.

NO SEASON is ever complete without its typical English novel, and Agnes and Egerton Castle have given it to us in "Minniglen" (D. Appleton & Company). No better comment on this book can be made than to compare and contrast it with a typical American novel of the same kind. If "Virtuous Wives," written by Owen Johnson (Little, Brown & Company), had been English instead of American we should have noticed more than ever the similarity in idea between the two books. "Minniglen" is stiff with tradition, but rather fine in its basic idea, even while the characters are affected. "Virtuous Wives" has nothing very new in its make-up, but there is a certain facetiousness about it that makes interesting reading. "Minniglen" discusses the war and two lovers from the romantic standpoint, while "Virtuous Wives," with a true American disregard of the "tired-happily-ever-after" motif, begins the story of the war after the marriage of the hero and heroine and uses it in dissecting their marriage relations.

"BOONE STOP," by Homer Croy (Harper & Brothers), has blazed a new trail. Not since the days of "Huckleberry Finn" has there lived so human a boy in so peculiar an environment. Altho the author errs, at times, in making his boy hero too sophisticated, still there is quite an unusual quality in this book that is unmistakably good. "A Girl Named Mary," by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins (Bobbs-Merrill) also opens the way for authors who can throw a new light on the old-fashioned heroine. Mary, who has been stolen in infancy, and who is sixteen when she discovers her wealthy mother, has the courage of her convictions and refuses to change her life which, altho humble, is entirely satisfactory to her. Because Mrs. Tompkins also has the courage of her convictions, we have an unusual view-point here and one that lends fanciful interest to an otherwise light tale.

LEST there be a new type of heroine or hero omitted from this list of season's offerings, a word might be said right here of the heroine in "One of Them," by Elizabeth Hasanovitz (Houghton Mifflin). The author is herself the principal figure in this story, which is termed a passionate autobiography, but in which there is nothing passionate but protest. There is so much of the latter that we weary of it long before it stops. The author might have made her point if she had seen anything at all in America deserving of her praise, but we doubt whether there can be conditions so unrelievedly bad as she paints them. The book is interesting and worth reading, however, for the reason that it discusses life in the small boarding houses that crowd every New York side street, the labor question, and living condition possibilities, all from the point-of-view of a Russian immigrant girl who has more than a little executive ability and who uses it to try to better the condition of her sister wage-earners, but who manages to stir up discontent wherever she goes. However, it has been said that all progress arises from discontent, and altho our minds are in constant turmoil as we follow our heroine through her various vicissitudes, perhaps we can feel that eventually she reaches the goal she has set for herself.

ANY one of the books mentioned in this column would make a splendid Christmas gift. They are all representative types of the best fiction, and make thoroughly enjoyable reading.

Gum tenderness a serious tooth-menace

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
FORMULA OF
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
NEW YORK CITY
SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION

It is true that four out of five people over forty suffer from gum-shrinkage, or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). But many people even under thirty have Pyorrhea. Women, particularly after the baby comes, are peculiarly subject to Pyorrhea. At such time they cannot be too careful about their teeth.

Pyorrhea commences with tender gums, or with gum-bleeding, at tooth-brush time. Gradually the gums become spongy. They become flame and then shrink. The teeth become exposed to decay at the base and tiny openings in the gums become the breeding places of disease germs which infect the joints—or sensible—or cause other ailments.

Beware of that first gum tenderness! Try Forhan's for the gums. It positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. No ordinary tooth paste will do this.

And Forhan's cleans teeth scientifically as well. Brush your teeth with it. It keeps them white and free from tartar.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

30c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

FORHAN CO.
127 5th Ave., N. Y.

Send for Trial Tube Free

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

Her Wonderful Eyes

would be unattractive if they were not adorned with long, luxuriant eyelashes and well formed eyebrows. They give the eyes a deep, soulful expression, with wonderful charm. Eyebrows and lashes add beauty to eyes or dress a beautiful frame for a picture.

If Nature has denied you the splendor heritage of long, dark eyelashes and eyebrows, dark brown, it is now quite possible to have them if you will apply just a little

Lash-Brow-Ine

persistently for a short period of time. Its purpose is to nourish and stimulate them in a natural way, thereby promoting the growth, thus adding charm and expression to the eyes and beauty to the face.

LASH-BROW-INE is a pure, harmless preparation, guaranteed not to injure the eyes. It has been tested and approved by the most eminent oculists and beauty specialists throughout the country. Thousands of women have been delighted with the results obtained by its use—why not you?

Two Sizes, 50c and $1

Send coins and we will mail you LASH-BROW-INE, in plain wrapper, postpaid. Write plainly. Mention if you wish it prepared under white cover. Sold by most druggists; if, however, not by yours, send to us. Don't accept substitutes. If dealer cannot supply you, we will fill your order direct. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. A usual disappointment with inferior preparations.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4305-33 Grand Blvd., Chicago

BE YOUR OWN MANICURIST

It's easy and inexpensive to have beautiful nails when using the Cuticle when using SIMPLEX CUTICLE REMOVER. It quickly removes rugged skin, giving the Cuticle a beautiful transparent outline. Comes in 30c. and 60c. Bottles. At all Good Stores.

FREE Simplex Trial Manicuring Outfit consisting of Cuticle Remover, Nail Polish, Nail Enamel, Nail Whitener, Orange Stick, Emery Board, also "Home Manicuring Lessons." Send 12 cts. for postage and packing.

Dr. W. G. KORONY, 112 W. Main Street, Louisville, Ky.

Simplex MANICURE PREPARATIONS

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc.

100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes $2.75. Write for Samples. 100 Visiting Cards, 75c.

P. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1051 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Marilyn's Secret

By EDITH ELLIOTT LINDLEY

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD A. POUCHER

"I thought those society women would never stop admiring your gown. You certainly occupied the center of the stage."

Poucher

How Much Fuel Will You Save?

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The United States Fuel Administration is depending upon the people in millions households of the nation to effect a great saving in fuel this Winter. Millions of tons of coal and coke and gallons of oil can be added to the Government's war supply this year if every housewife does her fair share. How much will YOU save? To help you conserve, the United States Fuel Administration has outlined the following suggestions:

NO HOUSEWIFE to-day scorns a single method of economy. So tyrannical is the coal bill, the gas bill, the light bill, that she watches for bill, fuel leaks because she must protect her pocketbook.

Stronger than the demands of money economy are the demands for war economy of fuel. The war plans of the Government are dependent on coal for sending ships and supplies and for making guns, shells, ships, and explosives, will be arrested if the flow of coal to ships' engines and factory furnaces be stopped.

No saving of fuel is too small to count. None is too great to undertake. Millions of saved tons must be conserved in American homes.

To effect this saving, the Fuel Administration urges:

1. The householder to clean his heater. One one-hundredth inch of soot has the same power to resist heat that ten inches of iron have. The householder is urged to clean pipes, chimneys, stoves, and heater, and to *keep them clean* throughout the year. *Now* is the time to make the first clean-up. Then repeat the cleaning process every two weeks while the stoves are being used.

2. That pipes be examined for leaks. The piping should be closely connected that no heat may escape through breaks and cracks.

If the janitor refuses to make such repairs, the householder is urged to report the matter promptly to his county or State fuel administrator.

3. That the householder himself care for his furnace this Winter. The United States Fuel Administration urges that each householder consult his local fuel administrator for instruction and advice on running his heater intelligently.

The housewives' fuel-saving memoranda read:

1. Fireless cookers, made at home, pressure cookers, and steamers are fuel-savers, dollar-savers, and work-savers.

2. Open fires are heat-wasters and fuel-wasters.

3. Lights burning when not absolutely needed rob the Nation of fuel and fuel-power.

4. Kerosene is as precious as coal. Clean heaters and lamps save oil.

5. In place of coal hauled by freight cars on railroads needed for war transportation, burn wood hauled by team or truck.

6. Sleeping-porches protect the fuel supply and guarantee health.

7. All the rooms of the house need not be heated all the time. Some can be shut off entirely.

8. Common-sense clothing for indoor wear reduces the coal bill and, ordinarily, keeps members of the family comfortable at a reasonable temperature of not over 68 degrees. Bedroom temperatures ought to be higher if there are old folk, very little children, or invalids in the family.

THE housewife's ally nowadays is her local home demonstration agent. She is prepared to help her economize. Into cities and towns and villages and into the wide open stretches where country homes lie, the home demonstration agent, employed by the Government, has gone. She is a scientifically trained home-maker, but she turns science into common sense. In simple, clear kitchen English, she plains and demonstrates to audiences or to a woman in her own home, how fuel-saving in any other wise home-making method may be practised.

If the housewife does not already know her local home demonstration agent, a post-card, sent to the States' Relation Service, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking the agent's name and address, will bring a reply giving her the information, provided her locality has such an agent. If it has not an agent, then she should petition the State Agricultural College for one.

It is every housewife's duty to study all the new fuel-saving principles with her local home demonstration agent.

Even before she has found the helpful point of contact with her demonstration agent, there are clear-cut directions she can apply about cooking for the agent's personal help. The United States Department of Agriculture has prepared full and accurate directions for making at home, the fireless cooker, that first fuel-saver that should be installed in a home. The Department of Agriculture says:

"The fireless cooker can save fuel in Winter and make your kitchen comfortable in Summer. It will give you better food. It will save you time and labor, for you can have your dinner cooking while you attend to other duties or go away from the home. Make one for yourself. It may cost less than a dollar and will pay for itself in time and fuel saved. Or buy a ready-made one."

HOLDING full-length in front of her the dainty creation of ivory-tinted satin and rare, old lace, to which she had just added the finishing touches, Marilyn faced the long French mirror, smiling. It was the kind of dress most women wear but *once* in their lives—a wedding gown. And to be sure, it wasn't Marilyn's *own*. She had designed and made it specially for her good chum, Miss Dorothy Wallis Houten, whose patronage, with that of many other women of the city's most exclusive social set, had made "Mme. Marilyn's" little dressmaking shop a remarkable success from the day of its opening.

To women who understand them as Marilyn did, clothes speak a wonderful language. So it was that when the little modiste looked upon that filmy garment in the mirror, the smile faded from her lips and she caught her breath in a half-stifled sob.

As in a dream she saw herself kneeling in bridal attire before the altar with the man to whom her heart belonged. Her day-dream carried her on through such a honey-moon spent close to nature in the far North woods and the rapture of living in her own little home—oh! such a home, with everything a man and woman, loving one another, could desire! She saw herself trying from the first to be a real helpmate to her husband—taking so much pride in being trim and neat and economical! She thrilled at the thought of happy days with her husband forging ahead rapidly in his work and of glad nights before the open fireplace with he and she together planning the golden future.

Marilyn's day-dream was interrupted by the sound of hurrying footsteps in the outer office. She had just time to lift the wedding gown from the floor where it had fallen to a more respectful place on the table where the drafting table, when Margaret, her young assistant, came in and handed her a cablegram.

WITH trembling hands, Marilyn tore open the yellow envelope and read the message. Then with a little cry she sank into her chair and wept hysterically.

When she looked up some time later, Margaret was looking in alarm at her and then at the open cablegram on the desk.

"I'm sorry if it brought bad news," she said. "Can I do anything?"

"Oh! It *wasn't* bad news, Margaret," Marilyn replied. "It was the very *best* news that could possibly have come—and my tears are tears of happiness. But—yes, you *can* do something. I want you to listen to a secret."

She handed her assistant the cablegram and Margaret read:

Have been promoted to Captaincy and assigned Camp Mason. Will arrive New York next month. Arrange to dispose of shop and go west with me.

JACK.

"Then you are going to be married and close the shop!" said Margaret, trying not to show her own bitter disappointment. "I hope you'll be very happy."

"I don't think it will close, Margaret," said Marilyn, happily, "after you've heard the secret I'm going to tell you—and the little plan I have in mind.

"I'm not *going* to be married, because I *am* married and have been for three years. That cablegram is from my husband, who has been in France as a lieutenant since Spring. I've kept my daughter's name old at home. You see, I've simply *had* to keep from talking about my home and my husband—I couldn't stand it!

"But now—it's all right. And—oh, Margaret, won't Jack be proud when he knows how wonderfully successful I have been—how well I did my bit? And I'll write and tell about it, but I know he thinks I'm telling him good news just to keep him happy. He doesn't really know the things I've written him about my patrons and the money I have made!

BUT let me tell you how it all happened. When we were married, Jack had just begun to gain recognition where he was employed. We rented a little flat—one with pretty rose arbors at the gate and no two people could have been happier than we were. At first Jack's salary was hardly large enough for our needs. And I did everything I could to help him.

"I saw that one of the most important ways in which I could save money would be by learning to make my own clothes. I had never learned to sew at all, and I was just planning to take some lessons from the dressmaking establishment where we were born. Then, of course, it was out of the question, because we had no maid. So I had temporarily given up the idea, when my older sister, Ida, who lived in Detroit, wrote me a long motherly letter.

"She said I ought to learn dressmaking, just for the sake of having the kind of clothes I liked, even if I didn't care about saving money. She said that about six months before she had joined an institute of domestic arts and sciences—and she gave me the address—which had developed a wonderful new method by which any woman or girl, anywhere, could learn right in her own home, in spare time, to make all kinds of dresses and hats. She said it was really amazing how rapidly she had learned to make dainty, stylish clothes for herself and the children at a mere fraction of what they had cost before!

"Well, Jack and I talked it over and I told him I was going to find out more about this school. So I wrote and asked the Woman's Institute how I could learn to make my own clothes.

"The information I received proved a revelation to me. The Institute provided just the opportunity I needed, so I became a member at once and took up dressmaking.

IT WAS so eager to begin that I could scarcely wait until the first lesson came. If I had any lingering doubt about the plan, that first lesson dispelled it for good and all. The language was so simple a child could understand it and the pictures were simply marvelous. There were nearly 2,000 of them in the dressmaking course and they illustrated perfectly just exactly how to do everything.

"The best part of all is that almost right away you begin making actual garments. Why, from the third lesson, I made a blue grey organdie waist, a delightfully simple one, not unlike what I have on to-day. The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two a day. And *any* woman who is at all interested in clothes couldn't help learning rapidly. The textbooks foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take just as personal an interest in you as if they were right beside you.

"Besides learning how to make every kind of garment for myself and Genevieve, and dealing fully half the money we had spent before, I also learned what proved to be even more important to me later—the secrets of distinctive dress, what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to really develop style and how to add those little touches that make clothes distinctly becoming to the wearer.

"The lessons followed each other so naturally that I was soon working on elaborate dresses and suits. I learned, too, to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the streets, or in fashion magazines. In fact, this wonderful method of the Woman's Institute had really made me more capable than most professional dressmakers—after just a few months of spare-time study at home!

"Of course, as a member, I had an opportunity to learn a great deal about the Institute and its work. Margaret, it's perfectly wonderful what this great school is doing for women and girls all over the world! You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is so disadvantageous if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish and just whenever it is convenient. This has made it possible for women and girls in all circumstances to take the Institute's courses.

"Among the members there are housewives, school teachers, business women, girls at home and school, girls in stores, shops and offices. They are of all ages from fifteen to sixty. Why, altogether there are more than 100,000 members of the Institute's courses. Most of them live in the United States, but there are hundreds in Canada and in foreign lands—all learning dressmaking or millinery at home just as successfully and easily as if they were together in a class room.

"BUT I am getting away from my story. Well, a year ago Jack entered the service. At first he didn't think he could go—with a wife and child to support.

"When I sat here at the desk as you came in, I was thinking of the night when first he told me what he thought he ought to do—my dumb, horror-stricken realization of its meaning—my fight against despair—my final reconciliation to the sacrifice we both must make—and then a little light in Jack's eyes when I told him, smiling through my tears, how I could make it possible for him to enlist by going into business as a dressmaker—thanks to the thoroughness of my Woman's Institute training.

"In no other way could I have had the kind of clothes I wanted for my little girl and myself—much less such success with the shop! The gowns, suits and other garments I have designed and made, as you know, are worn by the wealthy and fashionable women in town. I have had a fashionable

my prices time after time, as work came in so fast I could not handle it, but I never lost a customer! They paid the higher prices cheerfully and brought me their friends besides!

"So that's my secret, Margaret—all of it, except that if you will let the Woman's Institute put the finishing touches on the practical training you have had with me, I want to make you manager of the shop when I go west with Jack—it's much too good a business to lock up and leave. And hundreds of professional dressmakers, who have had their own shops for years, have found the Institute gave them just the help they needed to make them successful. What do you think?"

"Think!" exclaimed Margaret, "I'd work my head off for the chance! I'm simply crazy to begin! And can I really learn to plan and design such costumes as have made you the most successful dressmaker in the city?"

"What *I* did with the help of the Woman's Institute, *any* woman or girl can do," said Marilyn confidently.

TWO months later, as Captain Norwood and Marilyn were leaving the dining-room of a famous New York hotel one evening just before they started for his new post, the captain said:

"Well, dear, it's really a relief to get out of that place! I thought those society women would never stop admiring your gown. You certainly occupied the center of the stage. *They* are wondering who your modiste is—and *I* know. She's the bravest, dearest, most wonderful little woman in the world!"

"Well, that's only your opinion," Marilyn smiled indulgently. "But—Jack, did you notice the transformation of Margaret today? The dresses she has made since starting with the Institute only a few weeks ago show what her course will mean to her. She is getting along wonderfully and I'm so glad for my business over to her. What fun it will be for me from now on—planning and making dainty clothes for just Genevieve and myself, so Captain Norwood"—she saluted him gally—"won't be ashamed of his family!"

MARILYN'S secret has a practical application to *your* needs. Over 13,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success, as Marilyn did, in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. And it will take only a minute of your time. Just send a letter, post-card or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation—by return mail, the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business, to women and girls all over the world. Please be sure to say which subject interests you most.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 2 M, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name .....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Bigger Salaries for Women

Business is calling more and more insistently for trained women. Besides the normal demand, places left by men gone to the war have opened thousands of splendid business positions for which women can easily qualify. Right now there are opportunities for the expert woman accountant; the woman who can write good business letters; the woman who knows banking methods; the woman who can handle Spanish correspondence; the woman who understands International Commerce and Railway Traffic and the woman who knows Law. Train now for one of these paying positions and be independent. The chance and the salary will be ready whenever you can show that you have the specialized knowledge that Business alone pays for.

Train Under Experts

LaSalle Extension University will train you by mail, in your own home, to hold an important position. If you are now employed, you need not give up your present work. Three hundred and fifty LaSalle business experts will help you qualify for a position that affords congenial work and the highest pay women can command. You can pay for the course on our easy terms—a little each month if you wish. Mark with an X below, the kind of training which interests you and mail the coupon now. We will send full information regarding the opportunities for women in the special field you indicate. Also our valuable book "Ten Years Promotion In One." Investigate now. There is no cost or obligation on your part.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
"The World's Greatest Extension University"
Dept. 12383-WR. Chicago, Illinois

Send me information about the opportunities for women with special training in the subject which I have marked with an X. Also your book "Ten Years Promotion In One."

☐ Higher Accounting	☐ Business Management	☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ Business Letter Writing	☐ Commercial Spanish	☐ Business Law
☐ Banking	☐ Railway Traffic (office positions)	☐ Law

Name.....

Address.....

Protect Your Baby

Every means within our control must be taken to conserve life in babyhood. It must be protected against disease—it must be safe from every form of accidental injury.

Much of baby's life is spent in the high chair, but there's always danger in the ordinary wooden-tray chair. Don't take chances. Buy baby a

Northwestern Safety First High Chair

It's just the chair the American mother has been looking for. It has safety features not obtainable in any other chair.

One piece, white porcelain food tray prevents food absorption. Hot cloth always keeps it sweet and clean. Safety strap keeps baby seated—can't climb up or slide through. Wide flaring legs prevent accidental tipping.

Styles to Suit

Made in many styles—period and solution in both wood and reed. Send for our free amazing descriptive folder No. 40 and our factory prices.

Northwestern Mfg. Co.
Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Established 1865

The "Womanly" Way To Remove Hair

El-Rado

Youthifying the underarms with El-Rado sanitary lotion is an agreeable way to remove the hair. Easily applied with absorbent cotton to the face, neck, underarms or limbs. After removing the hair from your underarms with El-Rado you can wear chiffon sleeves without any dress shields, and enjoy a delightful sensation of comfort and cleanliness. Entirely harmless. Ask for "El-Rado" hair remover at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 50c and $1.00. Money-back guarantee.

Orders filled direct on receipt of stamps or coin if dealer cannot supply you.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. "H" 112 E. 19th St., N. Y.
CANADIAN ADDRESS 1321 St. Paul West, Montreal

POULTRY Miller's GUIDE American
—tells all about raising chickens, cure, feeding, etc. Contains beautiful colored pictures of best FREE laying varieties and best layers, sent absolutely
Eggs and Poultry for hatching at special low prices.
J. W. MILLER CO., Box 409, Rockford, Illinois

The War in Fact and Fiction

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

THE war is still a reality and war books seem as popular as ever. If possible, the authors seem to give us more and more of realism, as tho with the obvious intention of stirring our imaginations and stimulating our minds to an appreciation of the war as the greatest piece of realism possible. Here are a few of the very best.

WHETHER or not there has been a book written since the war, dealing in a satisfying way with the problems of the sea, no fault can be found with "The U-Boat Hunters," by James B. Connoly (Scribner's). The story is all about the part our destroyers are playing in convoying the troop-ships safely to France. Each chapter deals with a different phase of life on the sea. The style is simple and forceful, and there is a vein of humor running through it that is delightfully simple. Seekers of information on the subject should read this book; they will find it all that the name implies.

"HUNTING the Hun," by Captain James Norton and Lieutenant E. C. Odell, is the real thing in trench warfare. The Battle of Vimy Ridge, famous for its modern methods of "carrying on," is one of the features of the book (Appleton). There is a briskness about the action that shows the hand of a soldier, and a human element, a touch in handling facts that makes the atmosphere singularly graphic.

THE war has some lighter moods, however, and Ruth Gaines, of the Smith College Unit, has touched on some of them in her story, "The Friendly Friarcy" (Dutton). There are tears lying close to the smiles, however, even in the relation of the many humorous incidents, and the underlying purpose of the tale, which deals in the main with the reconstruction work undertaken by this unit of determined young women, has a certain grimness that characterizes all of the war books.

A SUGGESTION of new faith comes to us from Winifred Kirkland, for she discusses the question of immortality in her book, "The New Death" (Houghton Mifflin). It is a faith built around self-sacrifice, an element the war seems to have developed in the most selfish of us. Miss Kirkland feels that the boys facing death in battle have left behind them a more convincing argument on immortality than years of reading and study have yielded. This book will be a comfort and an inspiration to those who watch and wait at home.

AND now for a good example of war fiction, "The Unpardonable Sin," by Rupert Hughes (Harper's). No more excellent novel has been written. The story deals with two American women, a mother and daughter who are stranded in Belgium at the beginning of the war. The two women suffer agonies of degradation until they are finally reached and rescued by the other daughter and the man who has pledged himself to help her. Perhaps the most interesting thing about the novel is the fact that at the beginning of the war the hero, who was a German-American, had German tendencies. His ultimate awakening must be typical of a great many of our loyal citizens. The book is written with all of Mr. Hughes's facility, and with his sense of the dramatic working overtime. Certainly it is one of his best efforts and worth the distinction of being one of the really good books of the season.

STRANGELY contrasted with this thrilling tale is Freeman Tilden's novel, "Khaki" (MacMillan). It has a foreword "How Tredick Got Into the War," and is the story of one of the little villages scattered over this country. Each one, perhaps, has a problem to solve, and to each one the war appears in a different light. "Khaki" deals with the village of Tredick, its life, and its people. Tredick resented the war, it was slow to respond to the call, but once aroused, it teemed with eagerness and inspiration. The central figure is a boy who also rebels against the call. The story is extremely well written and because it has nothing of a thrilling nature to impart, it gets its effects through sustained interest and the consistent charm that lingers around the dwellings of home-loving people.

DIFFERENT among the war stories is "The White Road of Mystery," by Philip Gibbs (Doran). There is a "Holy Grail" atmosphere in it, for the author has taken a gruesome subject and invested it with the elevation of a quest. The white road is the road taken by the American Ambulance, and like brief glimpses seen while traveling its length, are the different milestones of army life. There is an impressionistic sketchiness about the book that revives the effect of details recorded just as they impressed the author, and, therefore, an absence of studied narrative. We see the pride, the "Tommy," their side of the war, the glimpses of hospital life, everything touching on the life of the Ambulance Corps in a totally different light. This book is thoroughly worth while.

ALTHO not essentially a war book, "The New Voter," by Charles Willis Thompson (Putnam's), is timely. Problems that are directly or indirectly a cause of the war are constantly arising. It takes a better knowledge of existing circumstances than ever before in order to vote intelligently. Every man and woman should read "The New Voter," for at this stage of the game it takes co-operation and political foresight to settle the country's problems.

Pictorial Review's Mother Service

DON'T take chances on your baby's health. Keep him well by studying hygiene and preventive medicine.

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S Healthy Baby Pamphlets will show you the way.

The Prospective Mother's Own Book.
Feeding Chart for Bottle-fed Babies.
Colic and Its Cure.
Diet Suggestions—Ten Months to Four Years.
Hot-weather Dishes for Young Children.
Diet for Listless Babies.
Treatment for Constipation in Breast-fed Babies under Six Months.
Treatment for Constipation in Babies from Nine Months to One Year.
Treatment for Constipation in Children of Two Years and Over.

These Practical Pamphlets have been compiled especially for us by Anna Steese Richardson, editor of our Mother and Baby Department. Select the one which you *need*, and send a stamped and self-addressed envelop for it. The entire set of leaflets, a compact library on baby-care, will be sent on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.

Free for prospective mothers—our Special Fashion Sheet of Maternity Clothes and Layette.

Address Public Health Editor, Pictorial Review, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Why Have Baby Worries in Your Home?

Your anxiety will vanish quickly if you will read

KEEPING BABY WELL
By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON
Editor of Pictorial Review's Mother and Baby Department

It is written in a practical, common-sense way, and solves the many knotty points in Mother and Baby problems.

It is designed to serve as a hand-book in preventive medicine and aims to keep the baby so well that a physician's services will seldom be required.

Every mother must have a copy.

Beautifully Illustrated
Price, 35 Cents

Address, Mother and Baby Department, Pictorial Review, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York.

Pictorial Review's Correspondence Course in Sex-Education

By LOUIS HENRY LEVY, M. S., M. D.

Not only for mothers, but for teachers, nurses, brides, and brides-to-be who wish to secure information on the important subject of Sex-hygiene.

Over thirty thousand of these booklets have been sold to our readers. Order your copy now.

Price, twenty-five cents, cash or stamps. Address, Public Health Editor, Pictorial Review, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

You brushed your teeth but—

did you clear your head?

Wise and patriotic mothers are taking every precaution to keep their children free from colds and catarrh this winter.

That's why they insist on nose-cleaning and head-clearing with Kondon's, at tooth-brushing time.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

is guaranteed not only by us, but by "Forty" several million of Americans. If Kondon's doesn't do wonders for your cold, sneezing, cough, chronic catarrh, nose-head, headache, sore nose, etc.—we'll pay your money back.

Free "20-Treatment Coupon"

Address KONDON'S Catarrhal Jelly Minnespolis, Minn.

A tin large enough for 20 applications will be mailed to you free of charge on receipt of your name and address.

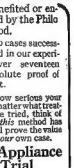
Deformities of the Back

Greatly benefited or entirely cured by the Philo Burt Method.

The 30,000 cases successfully treated in our experience of over seventeen years is absolute proof of the statement.

No matter how serious your deformity, no matter what treatments you have tried, think of the thousands of sufferers *this* method has made well and happy. We will prove the value of the Philo Burt Method in *your own case.*

The Philo Burt Appliance on 30 Days' Trial

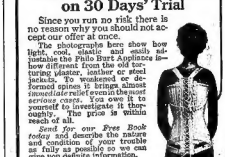


Since you run no risk there is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once.

The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—entirely free from the old burdensome plaster, leather or steel jacket. To weakened or deformed spines it brings almost immediate relief from the most *serious* cases. You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.

Send for our Free Book today and describe the nature and condition of your trouble as fully as possible so we can give you definite information.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
770 Odd Fellows Bldg., Jamestown, N.Y.



DIRECT FROM MILL

Let us quote you direct-from-mill prices on highest quality Crepe de Chine, Georgette, Taffeta, Washable Satin, Faun de Chine, Peau de Soie, Satin Duchesse, and Messaline. Every new and popular shade. You will be surprised at our low prices.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES

Let us send you samples so you can compare prices with those charged elsewhere. Large assortment of varieties, shades and prices. Send to-day. Write to-day.

THE INTERNATIONAL MERCERS, INC.
Dept. E 25 E. 26th Street New York

Cultivate Your Beauty

Have a youthful appearance, clear complexion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows and lashes, beautiful neck and arms. Fascinating, attractive hands, comfortable feet. Remove wrinkles, lines, pimples, blackheads, strengthen sagging facial muscles—all through following our simple directions. Thousands have done it. No risk, no big expense and quick results. Write for latest ideas in natural beauty culture—all free.

GRACE MILDRED CULTURE COURSE
Dept. 12, 624 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Founder of Business Correct Dress

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY